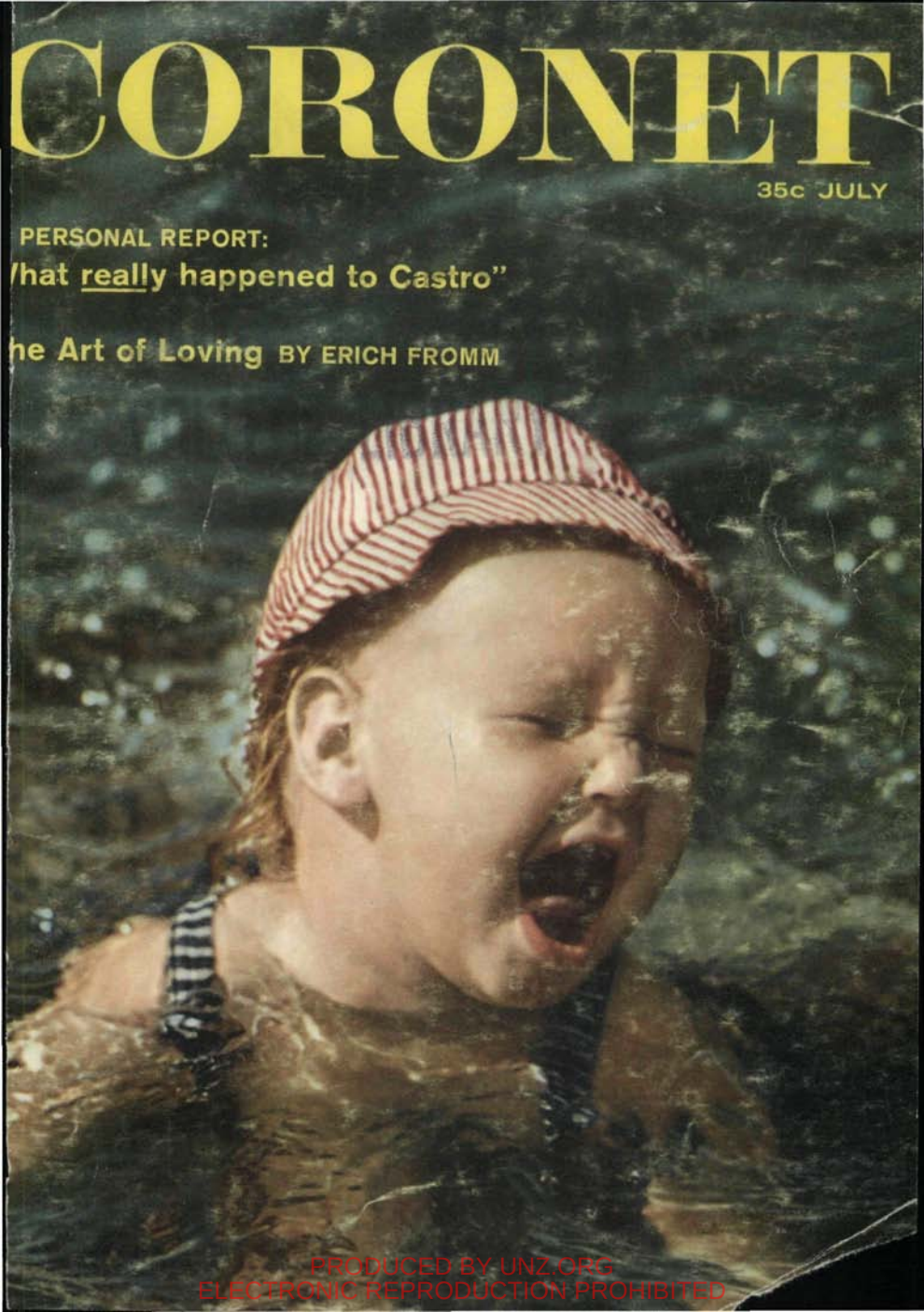
CORONET

35c JULY

PERSONAL REPORT:
/hat really happened to Castro"

he Art of Loving BY ERICH FROMM



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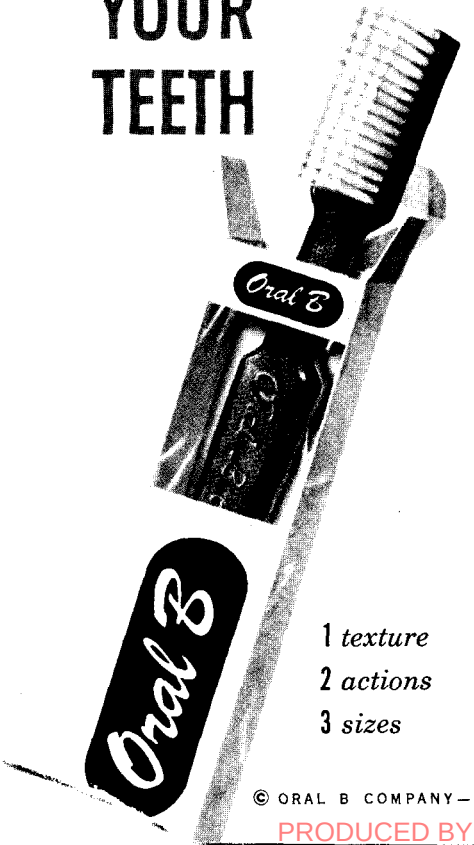

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DR. ERICH FROMM is an unusual author. He has achieved international fame in three separate fields, as a writer, teacher and psychoanalyst. *The Art of Loving,* extracts from which begin on page 154, is his most unusual book. It is both deeply intellectual and widely popular, and in four years has become a classic. Although Dr. Fromm did not come to America until he was about 34, a fugitive from Hitler's Germany, he soon achieved such mastery of English that the *Saturday Review* declared "his touch is as sure as that of a great novelist."

Fromm: he calls Freud puritan.

No cloistered practitioner, Dr. Fromm studies man's emotional problems against the background of his social environment. His involvement with world affairs is reflected in his *Escape From Freedom* (1941) which gave a psychoanalysis of Nazi behavior, and in his current sponsorship of the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy. He dared to break with Sigmund Freud, the father of psychoanalysis, and called him a "typical puritan." In *The Sane Society* (1955) he warned that both capitalism and communism are turning men into robots, a theme continued in *The Art of Loving:* "From birth to death, from Monday to Monday, from morning to evening—all activities are routinized and prefabricated," he wrote. "If man is to be able to love, he must be put in his supreme place. The economic machine must serve him, rather than he serve it."

A native of Frankfort, Germany, Fromm studied sociology rather than medicine in preparation for his psychoanalytic training in Berlin. Heidelberg University awarded him a Ph.D. in 1922 and he lectured in Europe before settling in New York in 1934. Here he has taught at Columbia, Yale, Bennington College and at psychoanalytic institutions. In recent years, the 60-year-old analyst and his wife have been shuttling between Michigan State University, New York and Mexico, where he is a professor at the National University.

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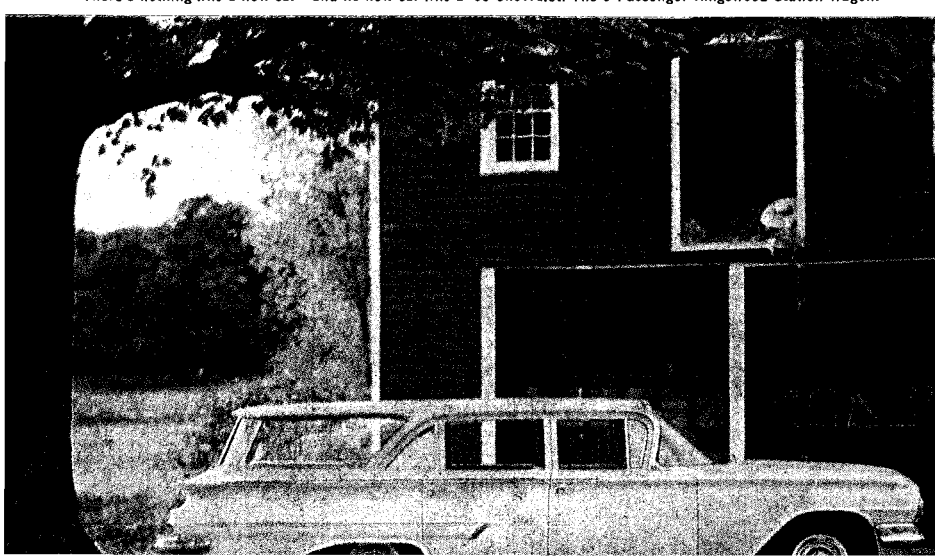

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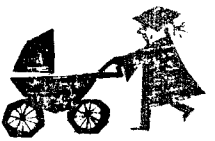
all about you

When students marry; teenage diet dangers; how safe is your home?



MARRIAGE CUM LAUDE

When college students marry, their grades improve and the marriage usually gets off to a good start. Marriage reinforces the values of an education and promotes seriousness of purpose, reports Dr. Joseph E. Lantagne of the University of California's Santa Barbara campus.

At the University of Michigan, where nearly a fourth of the students are married, Dr. Robert Blood observed that the sharing and equality found in student marriages make for happy unions. But he warned that "undergraduate marriages should be undertaken only by those willing to postpone parenthood." Both studies showed that money problems worried students most. Dr. Blood recommended that parents who had been financing their children's education continue to do so until graduation.

EGG-STRA SERVICE

Since 35,000,000 women drive cars, it is natural that service station owners, who say 60 percent of their business is with women, are turning to extras with feminine appeal. One item, according to Lippincott and Margulies, Inc., industrial design consultants, is the oval company sign. This shape "has long been a symbol of the mother relationship, the egg and the home," the designers state, and women subconsciously prefer to buy gas under oval auspices. The gas station may soon be unrecognizable. For oil company surveys stress the feminine sales value of bright lights, hedges and flowers, pastel-tinted credit cards, attendants in Bermuda shorts and machines that sell everything from lipstick to diapers.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Teenage girls who diet may be risking anemia through loss of iron in their systems, declares Dr. Felix Heald of Washington's Children's Hospital. Because girls between 12 and 18 use up a lot of iron during quick adolescent growth and the beginning of menstruation, they need a diet balanced with iron. Yet this is the age when girls are likely to have bad eating habits and a fear of becoming plump. Actually, young girls normally *add* a layer of fat at this age, Dr. Heald notes. When they seek to get rid of it by diets,

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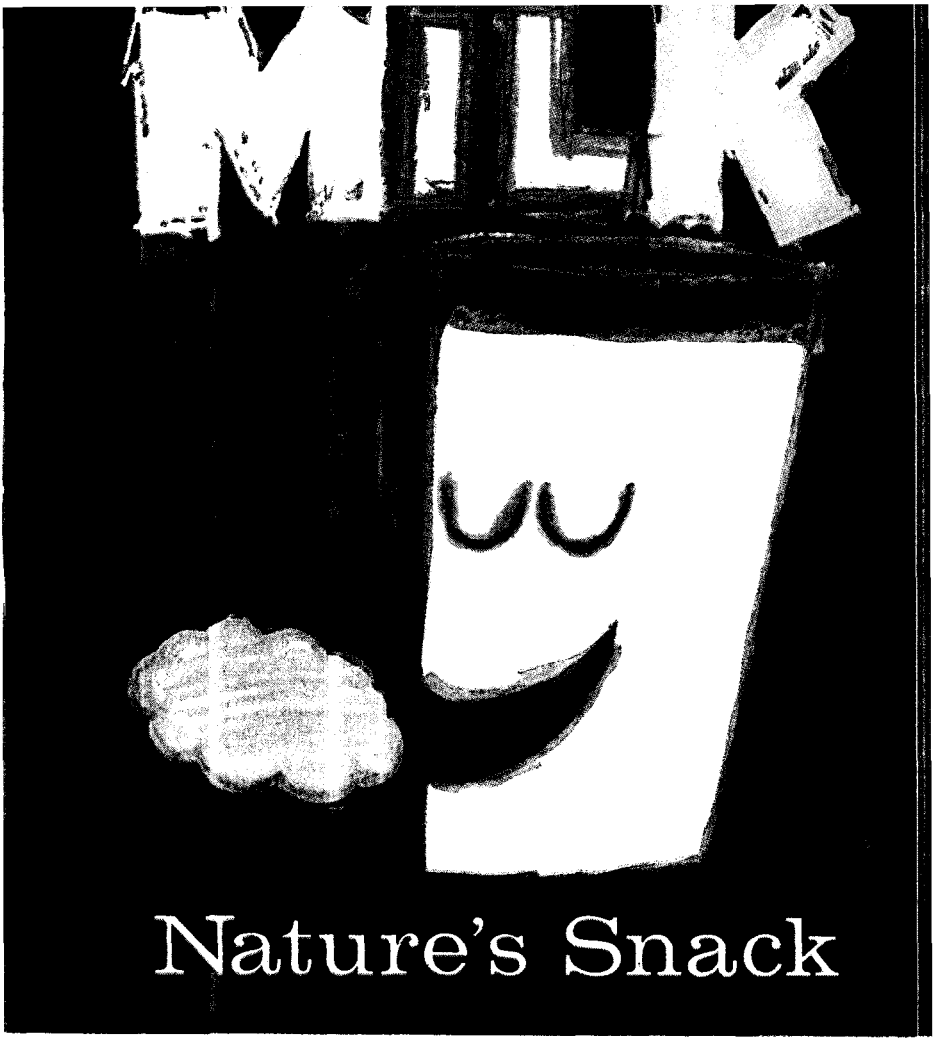

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One along the way...
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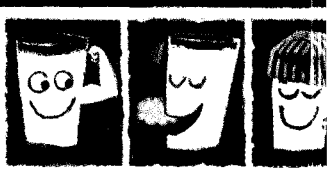

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all about you *continued*

iron deficiency, with symptoms of "bone tiredness," headache, coarse hair and cracked fingernails and lips is a frequent result. But once the deficiency is corrected by medication or improved nutrition, the symptoms quickly disappear.

BRIGHTNIKS

Not all gifted children are bookworms. Some may be found among the black-leather jacket and hot-rod set, says Dr. Elizabeth M. Drews, Michigan State University education professor. She groups gifted students in four categories: studious "A" scholars who are conformists and know how to work for good grades; social leaders who "choose to make their impact felt in the realm of people" and grow up to become executives and club women; "intellectuals," whom teachers do not always like, but who are the future scientists, artists and writers; and rebels, who may have high I.Q.s but low grades.

DANGEROUS LIVING

The perils faced by those who stay "safe at home" are almost as lethal as the dangers risked on highways, according to reports made to the Greater New York Safety Council. While automobile fatalities are the leading cause of accidental death in the U.S. (37,800 in 1959), in second place (26,500) are household accidents, over half of them falls. An additional 4,000,000 persons were disabled in home mishaps. Rickety, badly lighted or poorly carpeted stairs caused most of the falls. Spilled hot coffee or tea is the chief cause of burns among children; fire and explosions were the second cause of accidental death for youngsters under five, according to a study by Dr. Gordon D. Jensen of the University of Washington.

Regular checkup of potential hazards in and around the house, inspection of wiring and appliances, safe storing of poisons and inflammable materials, plus family first-aid training are wise precautions.

HAIR-RAISING CLUE

The search for the cause and cure of baldness has produced more theories—and fewer results—than many more weighty problems of science. Up to now, hair loss has been blamed on reduced flow of blood in arteries under the scalp. New research by Dr. Philip Corso at New York's Memorial Hospital reveals that small veins, not arteries, are most probably involved, and that circulation is reduced by a "cap" composed of a fibrous layer of tissue overlaying them. When these fibers are stretched tight, blood flow is diminished, and hair loss results. Surgery may be able to loosen the layer, improve circulation and check falling hair, Dr. Corso concludes.

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Career policy pays off

I STARTED ACTING because my father is an insurance broker," says **Dwayne Hickman,** 23, star of C.B.S.-TV's comedy series, *The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis.* "He tried to sell a policy to the head of Meglin Studios which teach children dance, drama, voice, and so on. Meglin agreed to buy it if Dad enrolled my brother Darryl in his studio. Soon Darryl was in movies and later, so was I."

The Hickman boys appear together occasionally as brothers on *Dobie Gillis,* but Darryl, 28, begins his own N.B.C.-TV series, *The Blue and the Gray,* this fall. Dwayne frankly admits, "I was in so many flops as a child actor that I didn't work again until after my college freshman year."

Seeking a summer job, he had taken a civil service examination for a municipal post when his old agent telephoned: "Robert Cummings needs someone to play his teenage nephew in a pilot film for a TV series. Go see him."

Dwayne got the job and $300. Then, rather than toil for the city, he loafed all summer. "By the time I started back to college—I was an economics major—the series was sold and me along with it," recalls Dwayne. "For a year and a half, I tried combining college and TV acting. It was too tough. So I quit school.

"I had five years' training with Cummings—one of the best comedians in the business. And he taught me the most vital thing of all, comedy timing."

Author Max Shulman spotted Dwayne on the Cummings show. When it ended, he signed him to portray the collegiate Dobie. "So I would look different for my new character, they insisted I bleach my hair," says Dwayne. "But I despised it, and viewers complained about its artificiality. I'm letting it grow back now to its natural dark brown shade."

College-boy Dobie economizes on one soda for two.

Dwayne says his series leaves him little time for dating. "Anyway, I only seem to meet actresses with angles," he says glumly. He lives at home with his family in Los Angeles, plays golf occasionally and collects old celluloid comedy routines.

"I'm studying singing," says the 5'9", 148-pound actor, "for a personal-appearance act. But I have no ambitions to be a singer or a dramatic actor. I just want to play comedy—and Dobie."

—MARK NICHOLS

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can you afford to be cured?

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Double pride of Wisconsin

Tracy and March make **Inherit** sizzle with courtroom fireworks.

A PAIR of two-time Academy Awards winners—Fredric March and Spencer Tracy—lock horns for acting honors in **Inherit the Wind,** scheduled for release late this summer. Adapted from the Broadway hit play about the Scopes "monkey trial" of 1925, *Inherit* pits March, in the character based on William Jennings Bryan, "the silver-tongued orator," against Tracy, as the Clarence Darrow-inspired lawyer.

Both actors were born in Wisconsin—March in Racine in 1897 and Tracy in Milwaukee in 1900—and served theater apprenticeships in stock companies before crashing the movies. It took the craggy-featured Tracy longer to establish himself as a leading man; March's good looks (he was once a model for magazine illustrators) and resonant voice won him romantic parts immediately.

Both men married their summer-stock leading ladies. March wed Florence Eldridge in 1927; they adopted two children, Penelope, now 27, and Anthony, 26. Tracy's bride in 1923 was Louise Treadwell; their children are John, now 36, who was born deaf, and Suzy, 28. Mrs. Tracy founded the John Tracy School for the Deaf in Los Angeles.

Acclaimed for their thorough characterizations, the two actors have different approaches to their work. March analyzes his character's regional background and marks every script line for accents; he also underlines every word to be stressed. "That way I can study the script quickly," he explains. Tracy rejects such elaborate preparations: "I just act," he says. And he reserves all his acting for the sound stage. He shuns personal publicity, believing it doesn't help to sell a movie.

After 30 years in films—March began in 1928, Tracy two years later—the pair are wealthy men. Tracy collects a pension from his long-time employer, M-G-M, and March has invested his earnings profitably. Both say they want to make only one movie a year now, but quickly add, "Of course, if a good part comes along. . . ." —M.N.

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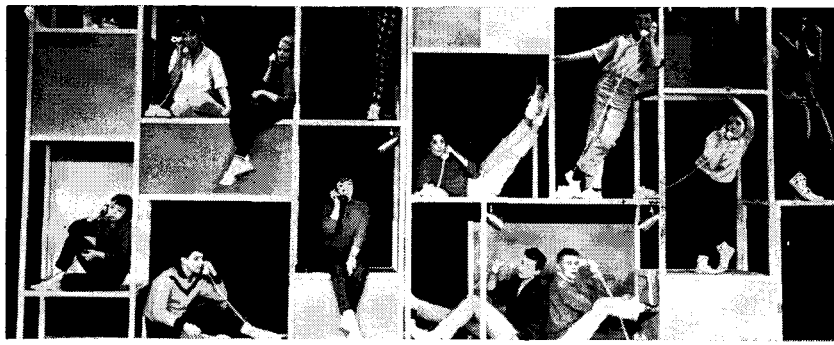

In show-stopping scene from **Bye Bye Birdie,** teenagers caterwaul at cross purposes in a telephone maze.

A ROCK 'N' ROLL star named Conrad Birdie (Dick Gautier), about to be drafted into the Army, is taken to Sweet Apple, Ohio, to sing his latest hit, "One Last Kiss," to rotate his pelvis and to kiss one of his teenage girl fans good-by. The plot of the new, very funny Broadway musical, **Bye Bye Birdie,** revolves around this slender incident and a triangle consisting of Birdie's manager (Dick Van Dyke), Van Dyke's long-time secretary and girl friend (Chita Rivera) and his mother (Kay Medford).

Miss Medford, a saturnine lady with eyelids discreetly lowered like the awnings in front of a pawnshop, is the apex of this triangle. The silver cord, with which she has roped and tied her aging adolescent son, is longer and tougher than the cables supporting the Golden Gate Bridge.

This is a bright, inventive show, bringing a new look to Broadway. Much of the credit goes to director-choreographer Gower Champion who keeps things spinning from before the opening curtain—by projecting a funny film on the curtain—till the satisfying end.

One brilliant scene is a kind of jungle gym, occupied by 17 teenagers, singing at cross purposes on the telephone. Another is a dream ballet in which Miss Rivera fantasies killing Van Dyke in various gory ways: by guillotine, firing squad and gallows. A bright spot is teenager Susan Watson trilling in a lyric soprano "How Lovely to be a Woman," as she climbs into argyle socks, worn jeans and droopy sweater. Also delightful is a slapstick ballet danced by Chita Rivera and a group of Shriners.

It's a youthful show and very good-natured. Noteworthy is the fact that it's largely about teenagers who *aren't* juvenile delinquents at all. The people who worked to put the show together are young, too, but, as the young producer Edward Padula says, "ripe." Among them: Michael Stewart (Yale Drama School, class of '53), who wrote the book; Charles Strouse and Lee Adams (music and words) who've been working together since 1950 off-Broadway. A good show.—W. R.

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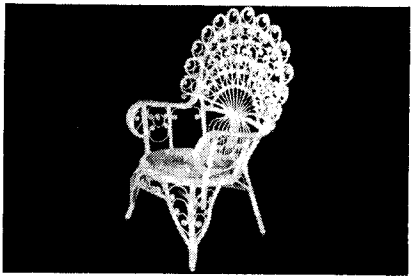
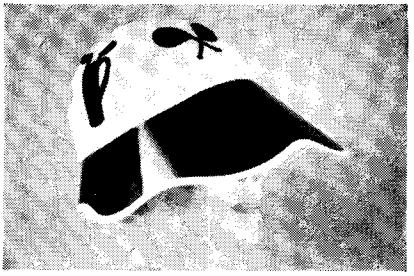
PRODUCTS ON PARADE

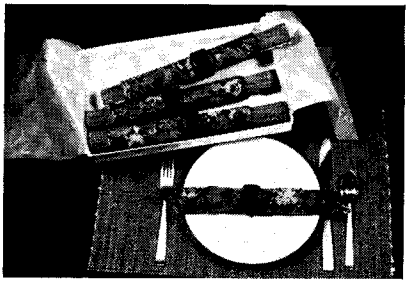
edited by Florence Semon



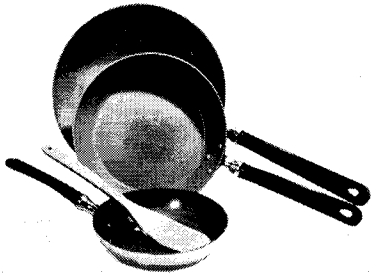
You'll be proud to own this peacock chair imported from Hong Kong. An exotic touch in any setting—patio, bedroom, porch, etc. Of unpainted natural-white rattan. Back soars 47″; $10.99 freight collect. Akron Co., Dept. COR, 4402 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 27, Calif.



She'll be a shaded lady when she wears this hat with wide transparent plastic brim. Cloth crown in white or beige appliquéd with green felt golf clubs, tennis rackets, etc. One size fits all; $4.00 pp. Boutique Etoile, P.O. Box 2844, C, Grand Central Sta., N.Y. 17, N.Y.



Japanese settings provide gay background for summer dining. Woven grass mats with matching cloth napkins and napkin rings. Lavender, rust and purple or aqua, olive and green. Four settings, $6.50 pp. Spectrum Unlimited, COR-1 236 W. 10th St., N.Y. 11, N.Y.



Amazing new frying pan allows you to fry, sauté or pan-broil with almost no oil or fat. Silicone lining prevents sticking; wipes clean after cooking; 7½″ in diameter, $5.00; 9½″, $7.50; 11″, $9.50 pp. Fully guaranteed. Pampered Kitchens, Inc., R, 507 5th Ave., N.Y. 17, N.Y.

Merchandise may be ordered by sending check or money order to the source indicated. Prices listed include postage. Firms agree to accept all but personalized items for refund.

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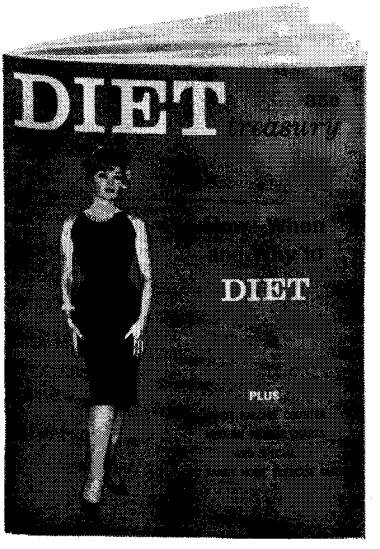

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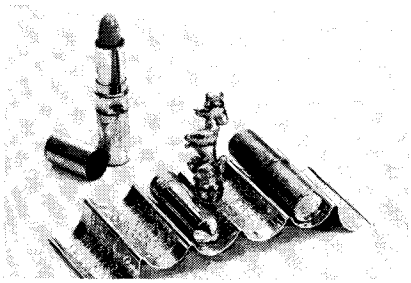
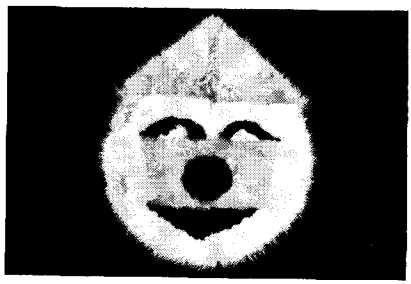
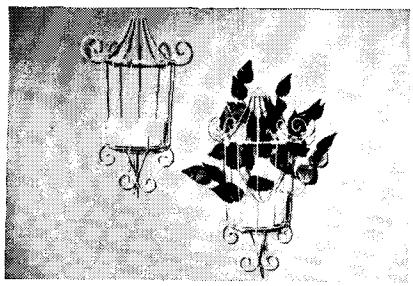


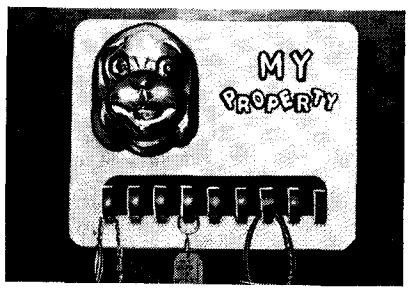
Poodle lipstick tray is chic and practical accessory for milady's dressing table. Made of gold-plated metal; 6 tiers hold lipsticks, eye pencils, brushes, etc. Gold poodle stands guard in center of tray; $1.00 pp. Mercury Products, C, 1265 Broadway, New York 1, N.Y.



Cuddly Clown rug is especially made for the patter of little feet. Colorfast and washable; made of non-allergic Acrilan. White background, clown's hat and features in gay colors. Measures 30″x24″; $5.95 pp. Kay Krafts, Dept. C, 33 Harrison St., White Plains, N.Y.



Put your greenery in these Bird Cage planters to enhance the décor of a room. Fit flat against wall; each measures 17½″x11″. All metal construction with removable containers. White, pink, black or gold; $9.95 pr. pp. Unique Gifts, Box CR-164, Glen Ridge, New Jersey.



Dog rack holds the family pet's personal belongings. Made of gold-colored high impact plastic; 9 hooks hold collars, leashes, sweaters, etc. Easily attached to wall by self-adhesive backing. $1.39 pp. International Industries, Box 509, Dept. C4, Culver City, California.

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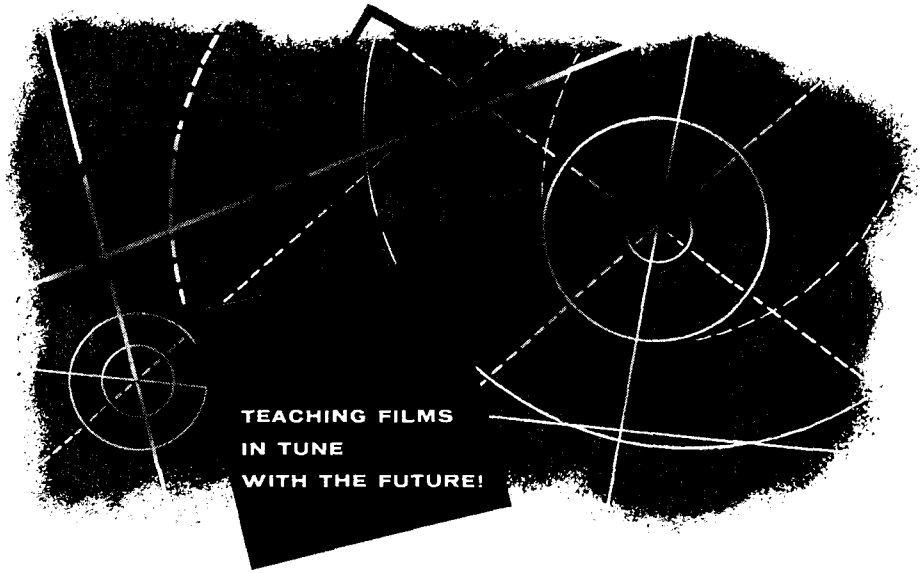

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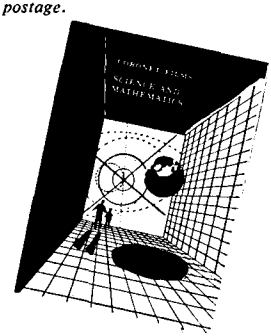

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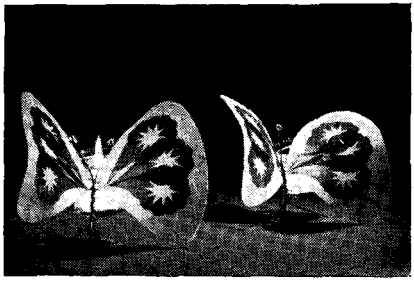
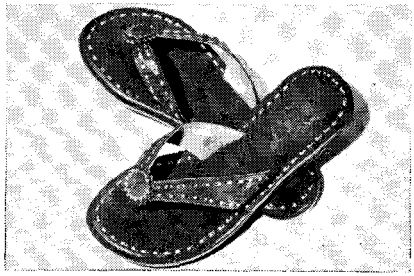
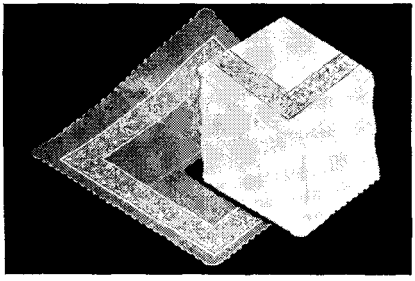


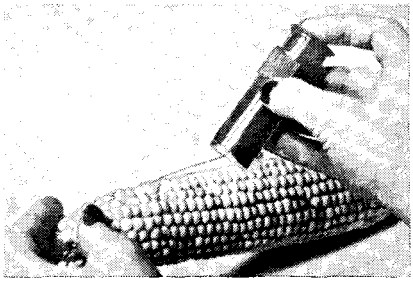
Decorative summer lights. Candlelight filters through the translucent wings of these Firefly candles. Each 6″ high. Choice of pink and red, blue and green, orange and yellow or turquoise and purple; $3.95 pr. pp. Candles Of The Month Club, Rice Station, Houston 5, Tex.



Genuine leather Quata Thongs are handmade in Old Mexico. Foam padded insoles and ¾″ wedge heels for walking pleasure. White, turquoise, beige or black with 14 kt. gold trim. Sizes 4½ to 10; $5.30 pp. Old Pueblo Traders, 622-CTT-SO. Country Club, Tucson, Arizona.



Sheer "Throw Away" hankies look like chiffon but are made of strong rice paper. The white-on-white designs on these handmade, imported handkerchiefs are copied from rare European laces. Package of 50 only $1.00 pp. Sunset House, 64 Sunset Building, Beverly Hills, California.



Attention corn eaters. Plastic gadget saves butter and does away with messy drippings. Fill ¾″ full of butter ten minutes before using. Slight pressure on plunger covers corn smoothly and easily. Three for $1.00 pp. Sue Allen, C-87, 58 Buffum St., Lynn, Massachusetts.

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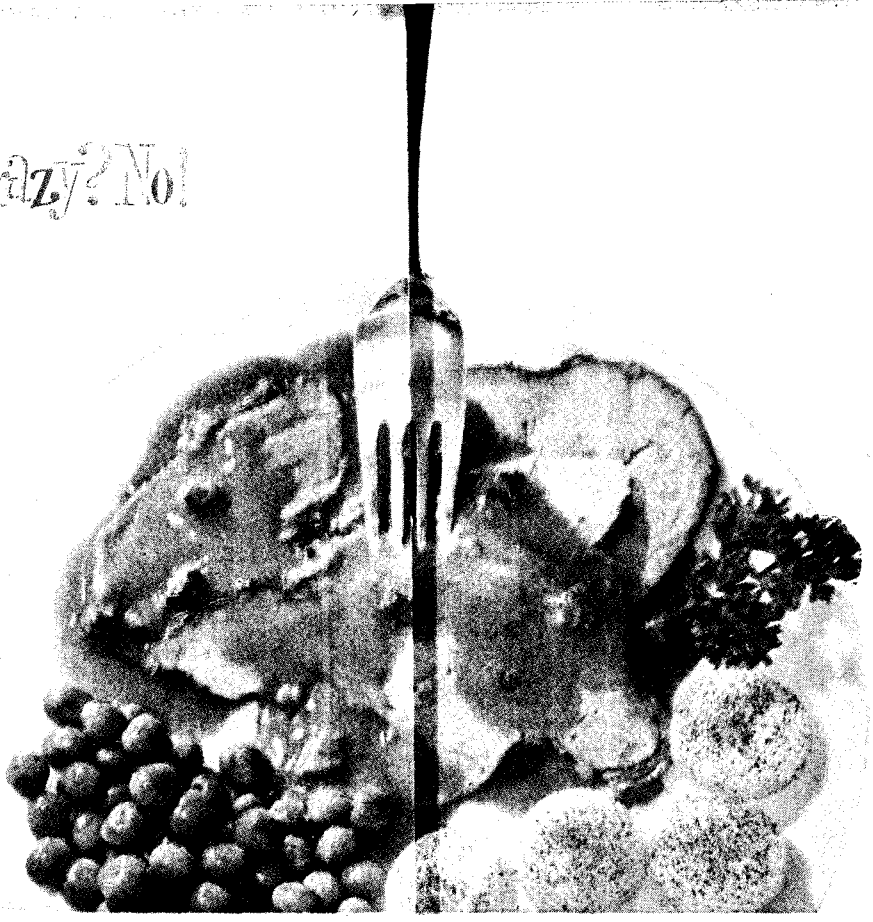
Crazy? No!



O.K., you've got your doubts. How can roast turkey with real giblet gravy be good if you don't spend hours making it? Ma'am, [redacted] spends the hours–you and your family do the enjoying. Just pop the [redacted] sealed foil envelope into boiling water. Heat 4 minutes, open and serve–proudly! Get [redacted] Roast Turkey Slices with Giblet Gravy–and Virginia Ham Slices in Raisin Sauce–at your grocer's frozen food cabinet. Expensive? They only taste that way! [redacted] Dinner-Redy Corp., New York.

Individual serving. No defrosting.

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CORONET

My wife's private cold war

When a misguided lady tourist meets a "one-way" Russian, things get out of steppe until they see mutual signs

BY EMANUEL CARTON as told to Bob Liston

I NEVER FULLY KNEW my wife until we met Michael, our Intourist guide on a 23-day "deluxe auto tour" of Russia.

Selma, my bride of a dozen years, is ordinarily the soul of friendliness and tact. But apparently the flower of personality burgeons most sweetly in a familiar environment; and there was something about Russia that seemed to bring out the alien corn in her psyche. Being female, she specifically blamed Michael. And being Michael, he blamed capitalism and Selma. Actually, he was only trying to do his job as he saw it. The only trouble was that Selma sometimes interfered with his perspective—and gave him (what looked to us) a jaundiced eye.

About Michael, a rather handsome man of 28 with broad, Slavic features, there was much that was difficult to understand. For instance, he was called a "guide," but he frequently got lost. Except for

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his home town of Moscow, he rubbernecked as much as we did. In Leningrad, Kharkov, Yalta—in almost every large city we entered—we invariably picked up a "guide" to guide Michael.

Black was often white to Michael, a quality which exasperated Selma. One night we were stopped by a "militiaman," as policemen are called in Russia. He conversed with Michael, then waved us on.

"Why were we stopped?" asked Selma.

"You weren't stopped," Michael replied.

"Then what do you call it?" demanded Selma.

"Police routine," retorted Michael. "Do Americans believe policemen must be individualists, too?"

I don't want to give the impression Michael was an ogre. On the contrary, he showed us many kindnesses and he sincerely wanted us to enjoy our stay in Russia.

There were many times when Selma and I were thankful for Michael. On the lonely road through the Ukraine, a racing limousine tossed up a stone against our windshield, breaking it. This was a catastrophe, for Russia is not exactly glutted with spare windshields for French cars. Michael went to work, brought in the district leader of the Communist party and, after a prolonged conference, arranged for engineers from a nearby plastic or "living glass" factory to perform makeshift but adequate repairs.

Our cold war with Michael—and it was marked by as much near hysterical laughter as outrage—occurred because Michael found us difficult tourists. Selma and I work hard nine months a year, then travel the rest. We avoid planned tours, but in Russia everything is planned. Our days were laid out in a seemingly endless array of museums, fortresses and palaces of culture, although we repeatedly asked to visit private homes and to talk to businessmen, civic leaders and average Ivans.

We had been told we could photograph anything except military installations and men in uniform. But Michael had not gotten the word. He objected to our photographing virtually anything that wasn't a monument to Lenin or the latest unpurged worker hero. People, houses, modes of transportation—these photographic subjects earned his "nyet."

At first, Michael frightened me. For I had entered Russia with fear and misgivings. I had been born in the Ukraine and the State Department had handed me a booklet warning that "Persons formerly Soviet nationals . . . may be considered by the Soviet authorities as Soviet nationals upon their return to the Soviet Union, even though they may have been naturalized as U.S. citizens." At the Finnish-Russian border, I stared at the gate to the Iron Curtain for half an hour before mustering the courage to drive through.

Michael didn't ease my worries. He stared at my passport which stated my birthplace. Clearly, my status as a tourist was unacceptable to him and subsequent events confirmed his "suspicions." For instance, we knew members of the French National Orchestra, then

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Selma strolling in her Bermuda shorts caused necks to swivel—and Michael's nose to go out of joint.

touring Russia; in Moscow we visited the homes of several American news correspondents; and a friend in the Pakistan Embassy picked us up in a diplomatic car and drove us to his apartment for cocktails.

Worst of all were our "meetings" with Russian citizens. The first occurred south of Moscow, during our eight-day trip to Yalta. We had asked Michael to take us to a collective farm. He was going to arrange it "tomorrow." We knew that if tomorrow ever did come we would see only a show place farm. So as we passed a collective, we stopped the car and strode into the field—ignoring Michael's horrified protests.

Our arrival disrupted the farm. Dozens stopped work and came over to us. We talked with them for two hours. These people had never met Americans and they were friendly and intensely curious about us.

Speaking broken German, Yiddish and French—with a little English—we managed to make ourselves understood. We spoke frankly to them about America, extolling our form of government and raising what we considered to be valid criticism of their Communist system.

Michael seemed disproportionately disturbed. Then we learned why. He was frightened, too. If he allowed us to get into trouble or in any way give tourism a bad name, he would be in serious difficulty with his superiors.

Our fear of Michael was further lessened by another incident. Our gas tank was low as we left Moscow. I asked Michael where we could get gas. "The next gas station is 80 kilometers away," he said. But when we reached that town, Michael said

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It's a wonder the roses didn't float to Moscow—the way Michael watered them.

glumly, "Looks like there's no gas station here. The next one is at Tula, 100 kilometers away."

I looked at the gas gauge. "We can only try," I sighed.

The gauge on our Simca flashes red when the tank is nearly empty. Ours lit up an hour before Tula. Michael watched the gauge and stewed. It would be terrible for us to be stranded on a lonely highway. That was just what he was hired to prevent. At the outskirts of Tula he asked a militiaman for directions to the gas station—there is only one in this town of several hundred thousand. "Go two blocks, turn left and go two more," we were told.

We did, but no gas station. Directions were sought again. A few blocks this way and some more that way. No gas station. Again and again we asked directions. No gas station. We drove all over that town. For an hour we saw the seamiest side of Russian life and Soviet achievement. Moscow slums are boarded up from Western eyes. If you ask what's behind the fence you are told it is "under construction." Tula has no fences and Selma shot pictures of the sordid conditions as fast as she could —despite Michael's desperate efforts to distract us.

Finally, we found the station—back on the highway a few blocks from where we had turned off.

After Tula and the collective farms, we began to apply our own brand of Brinksmanship to elude Michael. Selma and I have rather abnormal eating habits. We eat virtually no breakfast, a light lunch and have dinner quite late. Michael, on the other hand, was a heavy eater. Borrowing from Napoleon, we began traveling on Michael's stomach. We would stop for lunch

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at five o'clock and have dinner at midnight. After all, *we* were driving the car. Michael could hardly bear it. In a pitiful voice he would ask if we were going to reach the lunch stop "pretty soon."

Our "soons" were like Michael's "tomorrows."

All this may sound inhuman—and I suppose it was—but we had what we thought was a noble purpose. When we finally stopped to eat, Michael would burst into the Intourist restaurant and order everything on the menu.

As soon as the borscht was served, Selma would say, "I don't believe I'm hungry. I think I'll go sit in the car." A few minutes later I'd join her. Michael knew he wasn't supposed to let us out of his sight, but what can a hungry man do?

What *we* were doing was meeting ordinary Russian citizens. We were one of the first American couples to go through this area by car. Our appearance—and the car—attracted hundreds. You couldn't see the car for the people. They would remove the hubcaps, grille ornament and windshield wipers—not to steal them, but out of curiosity. Unable to put them back, they would leave them on the hood. When Michael reappeared, the crowd would disperse. He would look at us as if we had betrayed him. Sometimes I had the feeling we had.

On another occasion, while we were in a restaurant, Selma and I asked Michael if we could buy some of the famed Russian caviar to bring home to our friends. "There is no caviar to spare," he told us abruptly. But Selma refused to take no for an answer. She buttonholed the manager of the restaurant and cajoled him into "finding" a lone can of caviar. Michael glowered. Pleased by her success, Selma kept after the manager, who returned with nine more tins of caviar. Winking impishly at Michael, Selma said, "But I want 18 cans. There is nothing as good as Russian caviar." Beaming proudly, the manager returned laden with my wife's 18 tins while Michael's face turned as scarlet as the banner he salutes.

"Hah!" said Selma triumphantly.

"Bah!" snapped Michael. "What do you plan to do—open a delicatessen store?"

In the Black Sea resort of Yalta, two events worsened our relations with Michael. One morning, Selma donned a pair of Bermuda shorts and took a stroll. She was a sensation. People stared, giggled and nudged each other. She had her picture taken dozens of times. "In Russia, no woman would wear such a thing," Michael told Selma sternly.

"Too many mosquitoes?" quipped Selma. But it was obvious to me—and probably to Michael, too—that she was embarrassed.

More drastic was the aftermath of our chance dinner encounter with U.S. air hero Gen. Jimmy Doolittle, then vacationing in Yalta. The men in the general's party were interested in our trip and our experiences. We talked far into the night, comparing impressions.

During the evening, a heavy-set man sat silently at an adjacent table. He might as well have had a sign on

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his back reading: "I am a secret policeman." We quickly dubbed him "Mr. Big Ears," and Selma, seated closest to him, carried on a tantalizing conversation to make him wonder what we were up to.

The next morning, Michael began the third degree. How did we happen to know Doolittle? Did we know any other American generals? When I explained, he said sarcastically, "Just a coincidence, I suppose?"

"Yes," I said truthfully.

"Well, Mr. Carton," Michael said solemnly, "if Moscow knew the things you and particularly your wife have said and done—well, it would not be nice to think about."

Selma was dejected. "I don't know what gets into me," she confided later. "First I march around in Bermuda shorts, though I had a hunch I shouldn't, and then I do a kind of Grade B impersonation of Mata Hari. Could be I'm a frustrated actress."

Frustrated photographer was more accurate. The next day we discovered our camera had been tampered with and all our film exposed. The only pictures we had left of Russia were on one roll of film left with part of our luggage in Moscow.

By this time, though, we fully realized that from Michael's point of view we were a nagging headache. So before returning to Moscow we tried to make it up to him a bit. In Yalta we had learned that he was in love. We heard him try to call his girl friend in Moscow. When she was not at home, he grew alarmed that she might be dating a rival.

Selma then hit upon a brilliant idea. "Why don't you take her a gift?" Selma suggested. "Flowers, for instance?" Michael beamed. Whereupon Selma bought him a dozen roses, common in Yalta but a great rarity in Moscow. All the way back, he worried over that bunch of flowers almost as much as his stomach; and he constantly kept dousing them with water. When we finally got to Moscow, we asked how his girl friend liked the roses. Solemnly, Michael explained: "I didn't give them to her. When I got home it was mother's birthday. She thought the flowers were for her."

When the time came for us to say good-by, I had a feeling of genuine regret at leaving our guide. "I hope I shall return again and see your nation's progress," I told him.

"I do not think you will return," he said.

"Oh, yes," I insisted. "I like your people and your energy. I promise you I'll be back."

Michael fell silent for a moment. Then, gloomily pointing at Selma, he asked: "Will she come back, too?"

FLUENT TONGUE

The child who hates having his face washed
And struggles, all tense and keyed up,
Is suddenly game when washing of same
Is done by a neighborhood pup. —HELEN G. SUTIN

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BY VICTOR COHN

The Congressman's scars of courage

The inspiring story of a man who has been fighting a continuous battle against cancer for 30 years—and is winning

THE U.S. CONGRESSMAN touched his fingers to his red, leathery face—pitted with ugly white scars. "When it comes to atomic radiation," he said, "I'm a human guinea pig. As a result of radiation, I've spent my life with cancer. Because of it, I've been developing as many as 15 small, pre-cancerous growths on my face every year for 27 years. And they're still developing."

Rep. Walter Judd, Republican of Minnesota, is the Congressman, and until now he has never publicly revealed this remarkable personal story—despite 17 years in Congress and wide fame as a doctor of medicine, a medical missionary and a foreign affairs specialist.

As an 18-year-old University of Nebraska pre-medical student, Judd suffered from a case of adolescent acne. One day he visited a skin specialist who had recently bought an X-ray machine.

"We've got a new way of clearing up acne like that," the doctor told

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Judd. "X-ray exposure." Well-intentioned, he began to give Judd massive doses, unaware these were greater than were safe. After several visits, the young student's face began to swell greatly and became hot, dark red and tense. "That's a good healthy reaction," said the specialist. So the treatments continued weekly.

Finally the skin doctor discontinued them when Judd's face began to toughen and dry. He had cured the acne, but killed many normal cells, hair follicles and glands, leaving hundreds of white scars or red blotches where little blood vessels had shrunk. He realized then that radiation was more powerful than he had supposed. "He felt just terrible," Judd says. "He was a wonderful man. It's just that doctors knew so little about X rays then. That's how they learned, of course."

As for the 18-year-old Judd, he looked into his mirror and saw what amounted to a prune-face. "I wanted to crawl into the ground," he says. He still had hope, of course, that the condition was temporary or might be corrected. But as he progressed into medical school, the scarring became more pronounced. Depressed and shy, he stopped asking girls for dates.

But Judd was made of strong stuff. Born in Rising City, Nebraska, the sixth of seven children, he still recalls the time he attended a YMCA conference where a man he cannot remember made a speech that he cannot forget. Its gist: "Don't be a quitter. Have courage to put a cause above yourself."

Young Judd's cause was God. Rising City's Congregationalists could not afford a preacher, but his mother ran a Sunday school. On the wall she kept a map of St. Paul's missionary journeys. "Sunday after Sunday, year after year," he remembers, "there it was—the world staring me in the face." He determined then that he would work in China, "where the need was greatest and the workers fewest."

All this returned to him when he looked in the mirror at his distorted face. "Finally," Judd recalls, "I took myself in hand and said, 'You'll have this face for the rest of your life. You've got to live with it or go into hiding. And you aren't going to go into hiding.'" Within a few years he became a Congregationalist medical missionary in south China, and worked there for six years—although repeated malaria attacks nearly killed him and ultimately forced him to go home weighing a scant 110 pounds.

He was 33 now, and several little scales on his face began getting worse. Specialists at the Mayo Foundation, where he had won a surgery fellowship, examined his face and delivered a grim verdict: "Post-irradiation basal cell carcinomas or growths that will become carcinomas." Ten were burned off during the next three years.

Then began a daily facial scrutiny that has led to the removal of at least six to ten growths every year. "Basal cell carcinomas are the mildest, slow-growing variety of skin cancer, but potentially fatal if not caught," Judd explains. "I don't let

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them go very far, however, and most of them have been quite small, the size of a pea."

Three, however, have been tougher customers: fast-growing, menacing squamous cell growths. The first of these appeared after Judd, newly married, insisted on returning to China in 1934. This time he ran a 125-bed hospital in Shansi Province, north China, to avoid the malaria zone. But in 1938 the Japanese imprisoned him within his hospital compound.

To his dismay, an ominous-looking growth developed just below the border of his lower lip. The next five months were what Judd calls "the worst months of my life." He had no equipment either to assess or remove his new growth, and no way to get expert attention. Then a jittery Japanese general paid a secret call one night in March 1938. The general had gonorrhea, and feared his own medical officers' edict that any soldier with a venereal disease must not return to Japan for two years. Judd treated him. "And I was lucky," he recalls. "I cured him. He didn't want me around there as a reminder of his own shortcomings so he offered me safe passage through Japanese lines."

Judd left the city to go to the coast in order to get drugs—and to have the squamous cell cancer removed. He brought the medicines back to the hospital, then decided he could do more for China by returning to the U.S.

After two years of speaking throughout this country in an effort to arouse Americans to the dangerous developments in Asia, Dr. Judd began to practice medicine in the south Minneapolis district of an isolationist Congressman. International-minded citizens urged Judd to run against him. In 1942, he did so—and was elected. Since then he has become an important member of the House Foreign Affairs Committee—and a staunch supporter of Nationalist China.

In February 1947, on a train, Judd idly ran his finger along his upper lip. One little section was numb. "My first reaction was, 'I've got leprosy.' I'd been exposed to plenty of it in south China, more than 16 years before, and the normal incubation period is 15 to 18 years." But as the numb area grew rapidly into a nodule, he knew by March that it was another malignancy.

"It was so dangerous," Judd remembers, "that one of the internes at the Mayo Foundation told me, 'When I saw you I kissed you off.' Luckily, it was on my upper lip. If it had been on my lower lip it would have grown faster and I'd have been a dead duck." The surgeons removed a piece of lip about the size of a Lima bean, and six years ago Judd had a third squamous cell growth removed, just under his chin.

NOT ONCE during many hot political campaigns has Judd sought to capitalize on this dramatic side of his life. He told the story to no reporter until the 1958 Atoms-for-Peace Conference in Geneva, where he was a Congressional adviser. The setting made the telling inevitable, but even then the story had to be

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dragged out of him. He did make one oblique Congressional reference to his affliction in January 1946, when Congress was discussing the atomic bomb's blast power. "There is a possibly even more devastating force released," he cautioned, "and that is radioactive energy. It so happens that I have had considerable personal experience with one form and bear about my body the marks of overexposure." No one asked him just what he meant.

Six months later, he opposed a bill for a "crash program" against cancer, because he felt it was ill-conceived and would "trifle" with the hopes of cancer sufferers. However, Judd supported legislation to establish the National Cancer Institute of the U.S. Public Health Service, worked for effective American membership in the World Health Organization and represented the U.S. at the 1950 World Health Assembly.

Naturally, Judd is sensitive to any misuse of radiation by physicians. But he believes a greater danger to be "a tendency of doctors to become overcautious and fail to use radiation where they should." At 61, Judd is not without a natural amount of worry. "There were about 12 growths last year, about average. But the new crop seems to be growing more rapidly," he says candidly, pointing to his cheek. "Here's one now, this little scaly patch that won't heal. And feel these two little bumps on my forehead. Or see the tip of my nose. It is sharp and a bit lopsided. It's never quite healed. Now there's no skin left, practically. I'm down to cartilage. I may have to have plastic surgery done—have the end of my nose taken off and a graft made."

In some ways Judd believes his affliction has strengthened him. "I've benefited in the same way that F.D.R. benefited from his terrible handicap," he insists. "I'm convinced that if you believe in what you're doing, you gather together all your force. I think we've all got much greater capacities than we ordinarily bring into use. As a doctor, I've often been able to say to a patient with a physical handicap: 'I know how you feel.' But a person can either quit or he can stand up and face life. No one has had any more reason to quit than I have. But believe me, if you face up, people will be on your side."

LOW-DOWN

Since foreign cars
Are here to stay
In greater numbers
Every day,
Across the street
We now must go
Looking right
And left—and low!

—THOMAS USK *(Maclean's)*

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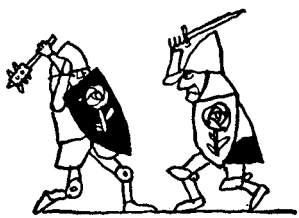

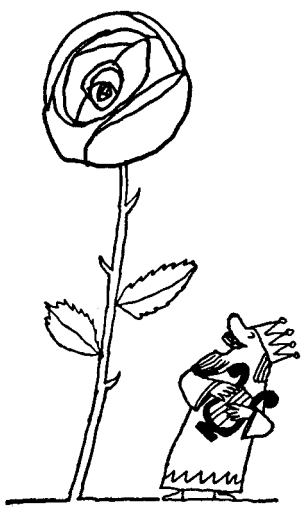

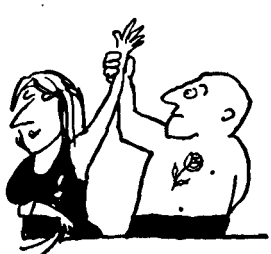

A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

"Everything's coming up roses," says Guest Quizmaster Arlene Francis, quoting a song from the hit musical "Gypsy." The witty panelist of "What's My Line?" (C.B.S.-TV, Sundays, 10:30 p.m., EDST) presents a tantalizing variety below, designed to test your skill at horti-culture. Pluck the right answers and check them on page 168.

A bouquet of roses

1. "Rose by any other name" comes from which Shakespearean play?
2. What famous race is known as the "Run for the Roses"?
3. Which two are not members of the rose family—apple, raspberry, cranberry, almond, wisteria, blackberry and spirea?
4. What theatrical Rose set an endurance record on Broadway?
5. The Wars of the Roses are important in what country's history?
6. Of which rose did Solomon sing?
7. A Confederate marching song, recently revived, used what rose in its title?
8. Who was the famous Irish poet who wrote of the last rose of summer?
9. Which material—with a rose designation—was an important part of grandmother's piano?
10. This rose won Anna Magnani an Academy Award in 1955.
11. Which of the many musical Strausses composed "Der Rosenkavalier" ("The Rose Cavalier")?
12. "Claudia," played by Dorothy McGuire, made what writing Rose famous?
13. What kind of rose would you find in a jewelry store?
14. Who was the American religious leader who vowed, "The desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose"?
15. G.I.s in the Pacific knew this Rose.
16. This Broadway producer and former shorthand champion of the world now has a theater named for him.
17. Wherever singing Irishmen gather, this rose is heard.
18. Who is the writer famous for "A rose is a rose is a rose is a rose"?
19. Rudolf Friml placed this Rose in Canada.
20. One of Nijinsky's greatest ballets was what rose?
21. Which rose, according to Shakespeare, is for remembrance?

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HYPNOSIS:
perilous passkey to the mind

BY FRED J. COOK

It can stop pain and perform "miracle cures," but may foment illness and even suicide. Doctors believe only specialists—not amateurs or performers—should be allowed to use it

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A NEW JERSEY WOMAN was stricken with a mysterious and frightening ailment. Her left arm suddenly became paralyzed. Her husband frantically telephoned the family doctor, but by the time he arrived, the woman had recovered the use of her arm. Finding nothing physically wrong, the doctor recommended that she see a psychiatrist. Instead, when the arm went limp again, the woman sought help from an amateur hypnotist.

The hypnotist put her into a trance. "There is nothing wrong with your arm," he told her. "When you wake up, it will be well." The result was startling. When the woman came out of the hypnotic trance, her arm was no longer paralyzed and for six weeks she had no further trouble. She told all her friends that she felt "much more relaxed and sure" of herself.

Then one morning she woke up with *both* arms paralyzed. The hypnotist was summoned and again worked his seeming miracle. He "suggested" both arms back to normalcy. But, just 36 hours later, the woman went suddenly blind; and that afternoon, almost out of her mind, she was taken in a strait jacket to a local psychopathic ward.

There, psychiatrists succeeded in probing her trouble. The woman's oldest daughter had become an alcoholic. The mother would sit anxiously at her window each night waiting for the daughter to return from work. Would the daughter be sober? Or would she weave down the street in full view of the neighbors?

"The paralysis and the blindness were hysterical protests against the bitter problems of her everyday existence," said a psychiatrist who handled the mother's case. "So what did the hypnotist do? He *mutilated* her symptoms. He never touched the causes, which was our job."

The experience of the New Jersey woman is an il-

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lustration of the dangers of hypnosis when this truly awesome power is placed in ignorant hands.

It is now well recognized that hypnosis can lessen the terminal pains of cancer, make childbirth and tooth extraction painless, help the psychiatrist probe the subconscious mind. Less well-known are its perils. Hypnosis, improperly or viciously used, can lead to mental and nervous breakdowns; it can even be misused to further crime—to forge checks and wills, to instigate suicide, to promote murder.

UNFORTUNATELY, for most of its 200-year history, hypnosis has been the plaything of the parlor prankster, the stage entertainer, the charlatan. Even today, in America, there is no generally accepted standard of study and training. Few effective laws protect the public.

The tremendous potentialities of hypnosis for good—and for evil—were recognized in a late 1958 report by the Council on Mental Health of the American Medical Association. The report applauded the proper scientific use of hypnosis and warned against "the use of hypnotism for entertainment purposes because of the adverse effects it can bring . . ."

When actual mental or physical ills are involved in the misuse of hypnosis, as in the case of the New Jersey woman, sanity and life are sometimes the forfeit. Typical is the case of a woman who began to suffer chest pains. Instead of going to a doctor, she went to an amateur hypnotist. He eased her pain, but, too late, the woman discovered that the cause was cancer.

Some experts estimate that 90 to 95 percent of all persons can be hypnotized and that about one out of four can be placed in a deep trance. Repeated hypnosis of these extremely susceptible individuals leads to a tendency to go into a trance in the midst of waking, everyday activities. In one New York case, a woman who had been frequently hypnotized came face-to-face with a huge poster showing a hypnotist and promptly went into a trance on the sidewalk.

One of the strangest, most potent and most potentially dangerous effects of hypnosis is the weird power of post-hypnotic suggestion. This means simply that an idea for future action can be implanted in the mind of a subject during the hypnotic state. Brought back to full consciousness, the subject will not be aware of the idea; he will know only that he feels an irresistible compulsion to commit a certain act at a specific time. Instructed to perform a deed exactly 50 minutes after he is awakened, the subject will feel the impulse as the time draws near and will carry out the act on schedule.

Some experts argue that no one, even under hypnosis, can be forced to commit acts that violate his moral code. There seems to be evidence, however, that susceptible subjects (especially under repeated hypnosis that develops a close bond with the hypnotist) may actually be persuaded into committing acts against which they would normally rebel.

One startling French experiment on a highly suggestible young wom-

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an resulted in a laboratory "murder." The hypnotist proposed to her that, when she came out of her trance, she would poison a young man on his staff. The girl protested: "He hasn't done anything to me; I am not a criminal." The hypnotist persisted. He argued that the young man was really her secret enemy. In the end, the girl agreed and was given a glass of harmless fluid, which she was told was poison.

Restored to consciousness, she went up to the young man, remarked that it was unbearably hot and he must be thirsty—then offered him the glass. When he asked for a kiss before he drank, she embraced him; she even pretended to drink from the glass first and watched while he sipped the supposedly lethal drink.

This, of course, was an experiment. Could such dark deeds be duplicated in real life? Considerable evidence says they can—and have.

Court cases in Chicago, London and Paris have dealt with wills and checks signed by victims under the influence of hypnosis. In one Chicago case, it was shown that a woman had been hypnotized to sign an unfavorable divorce settlement. The settlement was upset. One German woman under post-hypnotic suggestion sold her furniture and valuables for $10,000, left her husband and children and fled to Holland to join her lover-hypnotist. Another German court case involved a man who wrote a suicide letter under the influence of hypnosis, and then hurled himself to death from a Frankfurt bridge. One hypnotized victim was deceived into shooting a "child's gun," but the gun was real and loaded—and it killed a man.

Of all the examples of the criminal use of hypnosis, however, one of the most horrible occurred in Heidelberg, Germany. It involved the wife of a minor city official. The Heidelberg official complained to police that he believed his wife had been mulcted of about 3,000 marks for "treatment" of a supposed nervous disorder. The man treating her had posed as a doctor, but when the suspicious husband checked up no such "doctor" could be found.

Baffled police sent the official's wife to Dr. Ludwig Mayer, a German psychologist. In examining the woman, Dr. Mayer learned that she had been subjected to repeated hypnosis by the phony "doctor." Using hypnosis himself, Dr. Mayer probed the woman's mind and gradually dredged up a catalogue of horrors of which she had not been aware.

It developed that the very suggestible housewife had fallen under the complete spell of a man named Franz Walter. Walter had become her lover, even passed her on to his friends for a fee—of which she had had no conscious knowledge because Walter had impressed upon her in hypnosis that she would not remember when she woke.

Walter even induced the wife to take her husband's gun and shoot him while he slept, placing the gun in his hand to simulate suicide. "On the following night I got up," the woman told Dr. Mayer, "I drew the upper barrel back, held the Browning to the forehead of my husband and pressed the trigger. But the

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weapon had been emptied, so nothing happened."

In all, Walter induced the woman to make six attempts on the life of her husband, but all failed. Then Walter persuaded her to attempt suicide. She tried to carry out his orders by throwing herself into the Rhine, but her housekeeper, who had happened to follow her, intervened and saved her.

After a two-year investigation, Walter was tracked down, largely through clues obtained under hypnosis from the woman who had been his victim. He was tried, convicted and sentenced to ten years in prison.

German experts concluded that the woman was not in any way abnormal, merely highly suggestible; and the cunning and skill of the criminal hypnotist had established a sway of unusual depth and duration.

Hypnotism is being used today in many cities—Chicago, Los Angeles, Miami and Minneapolis are examples—to help solve criminal cases. It has been found that under hypnosis, an eyewitness will recall vital details of which he was not consciously aware, for example, the license number of a getaway car. Yet even in police work, the use of hypnosis is not without danger.

Last December a young man was arrested in Chicago, accused of kidnaping a pretty airline stewardess. At his trial, it was brought out that she had twice failed to identify him, but that after being hypnotized by a police expert, she had made the identification. The questions arose: if the stewardess had really recognized the man, why hadn't she identified him the first two times? Was her final identification suggested to her by police? The presiding judge denounced the use of hypnosis as "this hocus-pocus with witnesses" and threw out the airline stewardess' identification of the suspect. The jury acquitted the defendant.

Estimates vary on the number of American doctors, dentists and psychologists using hypnosis; some place the figure as high as 10,000. One thing is certain: hundreds more are using it each year. Most of these persons developed their techniques largely by chance. For even today there is no standard course, no basic required training in hypnosis. A very few U.S. medical schools give regular courses of instruction. But in most schools training in hypnosis still largely depends upon chance and the whim of an instructor. Nor is there any control over the use of hypnosis by doctors and dentists.

Efforts are being made to end all this. The A.M.A. has a Committee on Hypnosis, headed by Dr. Harold Rosen of Baltimore, who points out that any physician can learn the technique of hypnosis in 15 to 30 minutes. "But," Dr. Rosen warns, "unless the physician has had adequate training in psychodynamics, hypnosis may be extremely dangerous for his patient without his realizing it." And Dr. Rosen adds: "No one, in fact, should ever treat patients on hypnotic levels with techniques beyond the range of his usual professional competence with unhypnotized patients. . . . We are otherwise playing with dynamite."

Working on another tack, a group

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of serious-minded physicians established the American Board of Medical Hypnosis in 1958. These men, members of the A.M.A. but working outside the official A.M.A. committee structure, would require that an applicant for a diploma in hypnosis have the approval of one of the A.M.A.'s specialty boards. He would have to show he has had at least seven years' experience in the use of hypnosis in connection with his practice. A dental board would require proof of high professional standing and five years' experience in the use of hypnosis in dentistry before the applicant could qualify as expert.

Medical and dental experts who can meet these qualifications would be approved as diplomates and issued certificates. But Dr. Jerome M. Schneck, president of the new medical board, sees this as only the initial effort. The next step, he hopes, will be the establishment of standard courses of instruction, the setting up of universal training requirements and the adoption of qualifying examinations.

"Once the public is aware that such standards exist," he says, "they can get from their own doctors or their local medical societies the names of those qualified to help them."

In most of the nation there are no effective restrictions on the use of hypnosis. In Buffalo, New York, a local ordinance bans hypnosis for entertainment and limits it to dental and medical treatment, but such a law is rare. In most states, a hypnotist can be prosecuted only if it can be proved that he has misrepresented himself as a doctor.

The need for controls is shown by the prevalence of lurid advertising that bills hypnosis as a cure-all for our ills and problems. One recent newspaper advertisement proclaimed: "No woman is ever too old to benefit by gland re-activation. Gain weight—fill out your form. Skin blemishes often disappear. Insomnia, headaches often vanish. Divorce is not the answer. Let hypnosis help you to become more glamorous —amorous."

My own 15-year-old daughter answered an advertisement in the yellow pages of a telephone directory and received by return mail a circular offering to instruct her in the art of hypnotism in ten easy lessons for $125.

"Right now," Dr. Schneck says, "with rare exceptions, there is nothing to stop anyone from using hypnosis except public awareness of the problem involved, and often the public does not seem to care. The public must be made to understand that hypnosis is not just an exciting game."

GETTING ON

I once was "pushing 50," but,
As mirrors well remind me,
I am not pushing 50 now,
I'm towing it behind me.

—RICHARD ARMOUR (*American Legion Magazine*)

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HUMAN COMEDY

A STRANGER in Maryland was watching some dark clouds gathering in the sky. "Don't like it," he was heard to murmur. "Looks like the same kind of clouds that showed up just before the tornado struck down in Florida."

"Was it a rough one?" a native asked.

"Was it!" exclaimed the stranger. "How do you think I happen to be here?" —HAROLD HELFER

MY CUB SCOUT PACK was visiting the San Diego zoo. We were discussing the different animals' habits as we observed them.

While studying the crane, I asked, "Do any of you know why the crane so often stands on one leg?"

After much deep thought one venturesome lad replied, "I guess he knows if he picks the other one up, too, he'll fall down." —ROBERT GOAD

OVERHEARD ON THE BUS: "The children are staying with their grandmother until their father finishes his tax return."

—*Columbus Dispatch*

TO ILLUSTRATE how the Russians distort the truth this story is being circulated in Washington. It seems an American and a Russian horse were the only entries in the International Sweepstakes. The American horse won. However, a Russian newspaper reported the race this way: "The great Soviet horse, Fiedelbaumskaya, came in second. The American entry, Reluctant Capitalist, came in next to last." —ANTHONY JAMES

A DEACON WAS LED to church by his wife after spending the night playing poker. During the sermon he fell asleep and was awakened when the minister announced that the deacon would lead in prayer.

"Lead!" the aroused deacon declared indignantly. "I just dealt."

—MRS. JAMES M. ALBERS

ONE REASON Americans won't go Communist is that when they hear the shout, "Workers Arise," they think it's time for the coffee break. —JACK WASSERMAN (*Vancouver Sun*)

FACED WITH a very difficult problem, a judge was thinking out loud as he considered the case. "I need the wisdom of Solomon on this one," said he.

The clerk ran out into the hall, calling out: "Solomon, Solomon!"

Returning to the courtroom he told the judge, "Solomon doesn't answer." —ERNA GEROL

IN THE PUBLIC LIBRARY a man approached the main desk with his new card. "Do you mean to say,"

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he questioned the pretty librarian, "that with this card I can take out any book I want?"

"Yes," she answered.

"And may I take out record albums too?"

"Yes, you may."

"May I take *you* out?" he finally asked.

She drew herself up to her full height and replied, "The librarians, sir, are for reference only."

—JUSTINE VALENTI

VERHEARD ON a Miami Beach hotel loud-speaker to guests: "Will the person with two left frog feet report to the reception desk at once." —LILLIAN HAWIE

VISITING EVANGELIST was discussing the raising of Lazarus from the dead.

"Now, how do you suppose Lazarus came out of that tomb?" he asked. A small hand shot up and a boyish voice was heard: "Fast!" he answered. —MRS. WILLIAM CHISM

ECENTLY, my three-year-old son was ill enough to require the services of our doctor.

He arrived and duly administered a shot of penicillin in the hip. When it was all over my son turned around with tear-stained eyes, looked directly at the doctor and asked sternly, "How do I feel *now*?"

—MRS. ROY F. BASSETT

N THE DAY before Christmas, my granddaughter Debbie, age three, came to visit me.

She was fascinated with the tree and decorations for the holiday, and was especially attracted to the two large, red Christmas stockings I had hung over the fireplace.

Just before she left to go home in the late afternoon I said, "Debbie, what do you think Santa will put in those two big stockings tonight?" Her reply was: "His *feet*?"

—MARJORIE A. LOUGAN

SUPERMARKET in Barrie, Ontario, tried passing out sample biscuits as a promotion stunt, but it backfired. One customer who had already picked up a package of the brand being sampled promptly returned it to the shelf after tasting the handout. —*Maclean's Magazine*

ULLING OVER to the curb of a busy thoroughfare, a truck driver got out of the cab, walked back and banged on the side of his truck for a few moments, got back in, drove one block, stopped again, and went through the same procedure. He kept this up until a policeman who had been watching him finally pulled up behind the truck and waited.

When the driver again stopped to bang on the truck, the policeman got out of his car and walked up beside him.

"I'm curious," the officer said. "Why do you stop so frequently to bang on the side of your truck?"

"Very simple," explained the driver. "This truck won't hold more than five tons, and I'm carrying six tons of pigeons. I've got to keep at least one ton of them in the air all the time." —KAREN MOSS

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Maligned as the unglamorous sister of the fruit family, the prune has a wealth of nutritional charm

BY DICK NOLAN

Cinderella of the grove

IN THE SYMBOLIC ORCHARD of poets and song writers where peaches stand for beauty, oranges for sunshine and apples for the simple virtues of home, a place must now be made for California's Cinderella fruit, the prune. It is a veritable nugget of nutrition.

Not that the prune has been overlooked: one of America's best-loved poets, Eugene Field, glorified the prune in his poem, "The Sugar-plum Tree," and came close to our present-day knowledge of its food value in the lines, ". . . good little children have only to eat of that fruit to be happy next day."

Science has solemnly confirmed the commonest belief about the prune—that it is sweet and good

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to eat—by analyzing its sugar content. Not only does the prune contain a large amount of sugar, the lab men found, but its sugar is made up of the monosaccharides that the human body absorbs most easily. In diet-conscious America, this has led to the growing custom of keeping a box of prunes on hand to be eaten raw, as a confection. One or two raw prunes, as a snack between meals, helps to curb the appetite while at the same time providing an energizing lift in blood sugar level.

In assaying the prune, the scientists have also found it to be a remarkable storehouse of vitamins and minerals. They matched the prune against the raisin, orange, banana, lemon, grapefruit, peach, pineapple, pear and apple. Measure for measure, the prune was found to contain more Vitamin A, more Vitamin B_2 and more Niacin than any of the other fruits, and also more iron and copper. Prunes ranked a close second (to raisins) in calcium and phosphorus content.

Other tests, carried out on laboratory animals, showed that feedings of either raw or cooked prunes quickly restored hemoglobin and red cell count, countering the anemia induced by a faulty diet. As for the well-known mildly laxative effect of the prune, scientists discovered this was not so much the result of the prune bulk, as had once been believed, but of a soluble substance which nature gave the prune along with its other chemical assets.

This gentle laxative agent is unaffected by processing, cooking or combination with other ingredients. Thus it remains effective even in such products as prune bread and water extract of prunes—the latter better known on grocery shelves as "prune juice."

The prune is long on pedigree, tracing an aristocratic heritage back to Alexander the Great, who found the prune in Persia and established its culture in Greece. From Greece, cultivation of the prune spread throughout Central Europe. In Hungary it was discovered that the prune, until then considered merely a sweeter plum, had a quality no other plum possessed. It could be dried and preserved in its entirety without fermenting and spoiling.

As the prune growers never tire of saying, "All prunes are plums, but not all plums are prunes."

The prune tree found a home in the rich soil of France. From there, the prune made the biggest leap of all—to the American Wild West of the 1850s. Nearly all of the American prune crop is grown in the Santa Clara Valley, south of San Francisco, and in the Sonoma-Napa district and Sacramento Valley to the north. And more than 90 percent of the prunes are of the French variety. They were introduced in the Santa Clara Valley in 1856 by Louis Pellier, who had left the family farm in France to seek his fortune in California's gold rush of 1849.

Soon enough, Louis recognized that he knew more about farming than mining. By October of 1850, though, he had gathered a big enough stake in the gold fields to buy land in the sun-drenched soil of the Santa Clara Valley. He es-

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tablished a nursery in San Jose and began supplying the growing agricultural community with plant stocks. As his enterprise prospered, Louis sent to France for Pierre, his younger brother. The saga of the prune was advanced, as luck would have it, because Pierre was in love.

Her name was Henriette Renaud, a village belle who was waiting for him back in Charente-Maritime, a farming district on the French southwestern seaboard. The young man grew moody and despondent, until finally his stolid brother Louis, a born bachelor, announced: "Pierre, if you will bring your bride back to California, I will supply all the money you need for the voyage to France and return. But you must also do something for me."

Louis had been thinking of Charente-Maritime, too. Not of the pretty girls there, but of the productive French fruit trees. They could be rooted in the Santa Clara Valley if only there were a way of getting the cuttings to the Pellier nursery. In particular, Louis had made note of the wild plum trees growing in the California valley. He dreamed of wedding their root stock to cuttings of *La Petite Prune d'Agen*.

In 1853, Pierre sailed to claim his bride. Three years later, such was the pace of those slower moving times, he returned to San Jose with Henriette—and the precious scions of the prune. The cuttings were packed in two big trunks in a moist bed of sawdust. Each of the cuttings had been carefully imbedded in a potato, in the hope that this would provide enough water to enable them to survive the long sea voyage.

Whether Louis welcomed Henriette or the prune scions with the more genuine joy is not recorded. At any rate he wasted little time in preparing the roots of the wild plum for grafting, and inserting the tiny, living sticks from France. The experiment, of course, was a success. *La Petite Prune d'Agen* took hold, sprouted, blossomed and bore. A $36,000,000-a-year industry thus became the unlikely by-product of romance and the gold rush.

By 1870, the French prune was blooming on 650 acres of California farm land. By 1900, the immigrant trees were covering 90,000 acres, and 30 years later—the peak year—occupied 174,000 acres. Today, with many of the orchards being devoured by tract housing developments, prune acreage is back to the 90,000 figure. But better production methods are offsetting the land loss and maintaining nearly as high a yield of prunes as ever. Moreover, there has been a considerable replanting in the northern part of Sacramento Valley recently, and as a result, prune acreage is again on the increase.

Basically, prune culture is the same now as when Louis Pellier tended his trees in the Santa Clara Valley. The scions are still grafted to acceptable root stock—some even to the roots of almond—and the resultant trees set out to flourish in the rich soil and warm sunshine.

Nature, which can make a lovely butterfly of an ugly caterpillar, re-

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verses this process with the prune. In springtime, the prune starts life as the daintiest of white blossoms. The debutante blossom soon gives way to the prune-plum, which matures matronly plump and apoplectically purple, ready for a reducing course in the drying racks of the dehydrators. It finally emerges from the dehydrators, a figure of glossy wrinkles—the familiar prune.

But blossom time for the prune is a time of beauty. The gaunt, bare limbs of the trees that have been lashed by the winter winds and rains put out a tentative, feathery growth of palest green; then suddenly the blossoms burst in snowy glory, and the valleys are as altars decked for weddings. This annual spectacle of the blossoms attracts many thousands of motorists to the valleys each year.

As the life of the prune proceeds, the grower's life is a busy one. In the orchards the trees are fed as tractor-drawn equipment plows under the cover crop and adds a generous ration of commercial fertilizer. As harvest time approaches, the land is once again worked over; irrigation ridges are leveled and the soil is pulverized into a powdery bed, ready to receive the ripened fruit when it drops from the trees. Then begins the job of gathering the fruit by hand.

In 1905, a grower named Martin Seely added, inadvertently, to the Santa Clara Valley's comic folklore. Seely imported 500 monkeys from Panama in the hope of making prune pickers of them. Dividing the monkeys into gangs of 50, Seely set a human foreman over each gang and sat back to watch his simian labor force revolutionize the prune industry's harvest methods. Seely, however, had forgotten the first quality of the prune—that it is sweet and good to eat. The monkeys, unwilling to share a good thing, ate the prunes as fast as they gathered them, and the experiment died in a gale of laughter.

Prune growing remains essentially a family business. During the harvest everybody pitches in. The gathered fruit is given a careful hot-water bath or spray. Then the moist, clean prune-plums are arranged on drying trays, which are stacked and closeted in big dehydrators. Eighteen to 24 hours later the carefully controlled warm air blast has removed all excess water from the prune-plums, and they have become prunes as housewives know them.

In the past the practice has been to let Nature decide when the prune is ripe enough to pick, by simply letting the fruit fall from the trees when ready. But lately, the University of California School of Agriculture, prodded by the industry, has been developing equipment to harvest the prunes just before they reach this stage of ripeness. According to the University studies, this new method produces a higher quality of fruit. Some growers now use hydraulic shakers which shake the ripened fruit from the trees into canvas nets.

Science aside, the true prune fanciers of the Santa Clara Valley are bound together in a brotherhood of belief that decries the old jokes

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about their favorite fruit and demands that the prune be loved for its own sake. One such partisan was Father Henry Louis Walsh, a scholarly Jesuit priest who was for many years a member of the faculty of Santa Clara University. The late Father Walsh poured out his love for the prune in a 41-stanza poem that remains a Santa Clara classic.

Father Walsh's poem concludes, eventually—

"Oh let us bow a contrite head,
As we with God commune,
And beg that to our daily bread
This day He add a prune!"

A recitation of this sentiment will get you a thundering "Amen!" anywhere in the Santa Clara Valley.

SIGN LANGUAGE

A SIGN ON THE LAWN of a Baltimore, Maryland, church reads:

"You are welcome to park on the grass only if you drive your car across your own lawn once a week."

—SHIRLEY ZICHT

A CANADIAN NUDIST CLUB posted this sign on their gate for the winter season: "Clothed For The Season."

—JOSEPH C. SALAK

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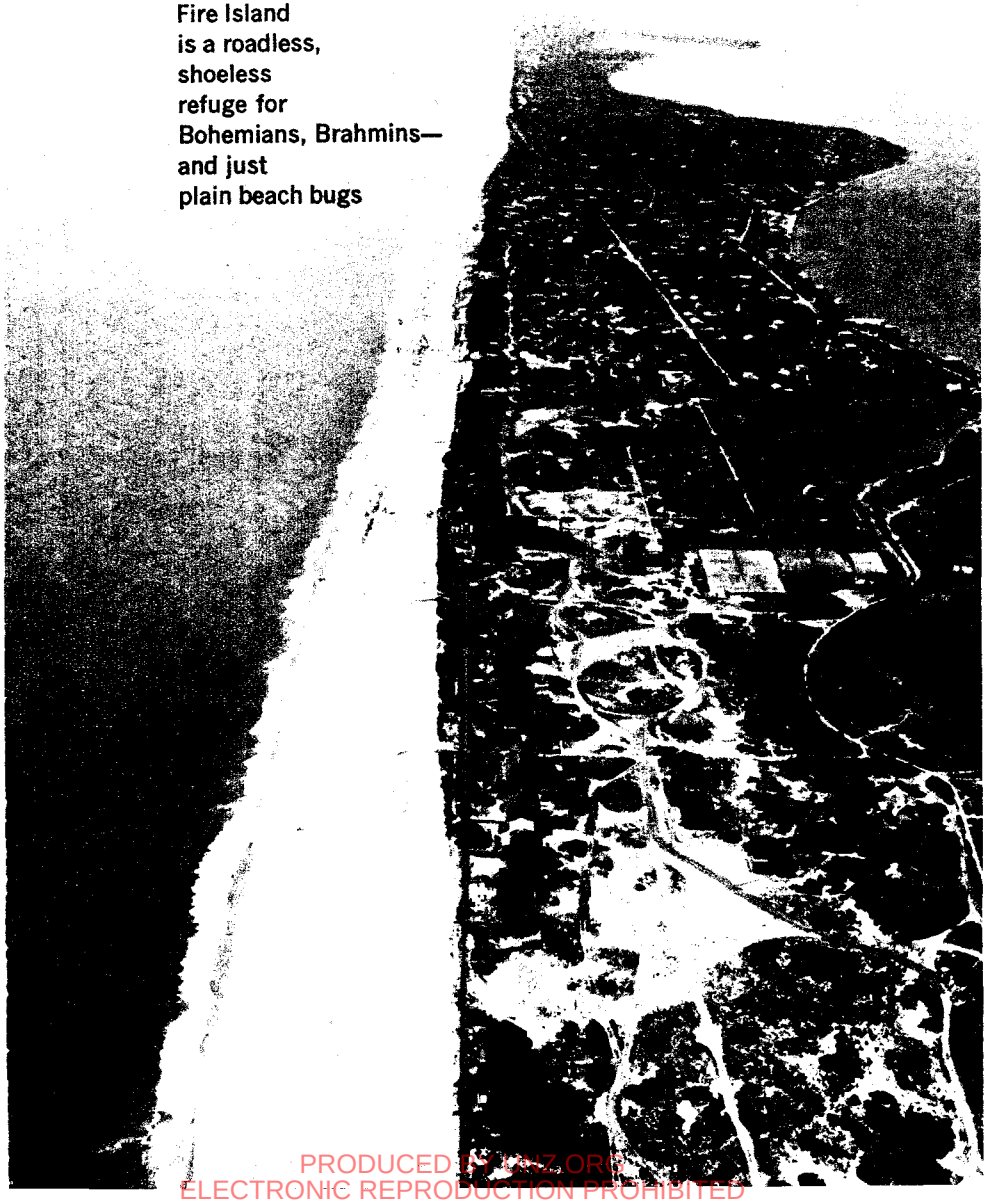
Tight little sand bar

Just 45 miles
from Broadway,
sun-bleached
Fire Island
is a roadless,
shoeless
refuge for
Bohemians, Brahmins—
and just
plain beach bugs



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Each summer since World War II, tension-tossed New Yorkers have been tanning themselves, in increasing numbers, on an elongated (31 miles, ½ mile at its widest) sandspit named Fire Island. Dotted with cottage communities, protected by humpbacked dunes, this refuge is a half-hour ferry ride from Long Island's mainland. To many, Fire Island is a state of mind; to others it's a place to spend lazy days in the sun; to some it is indisputably the world's best beach. Its houses range from the rich to the ridiculous. An "original" is the $35 driftwood shack ($5 for nails, $30 for refrigerator) built by Sven Thornblad and wife Karen.

Photographs by Dan Budnik

Text by Ray Robinson

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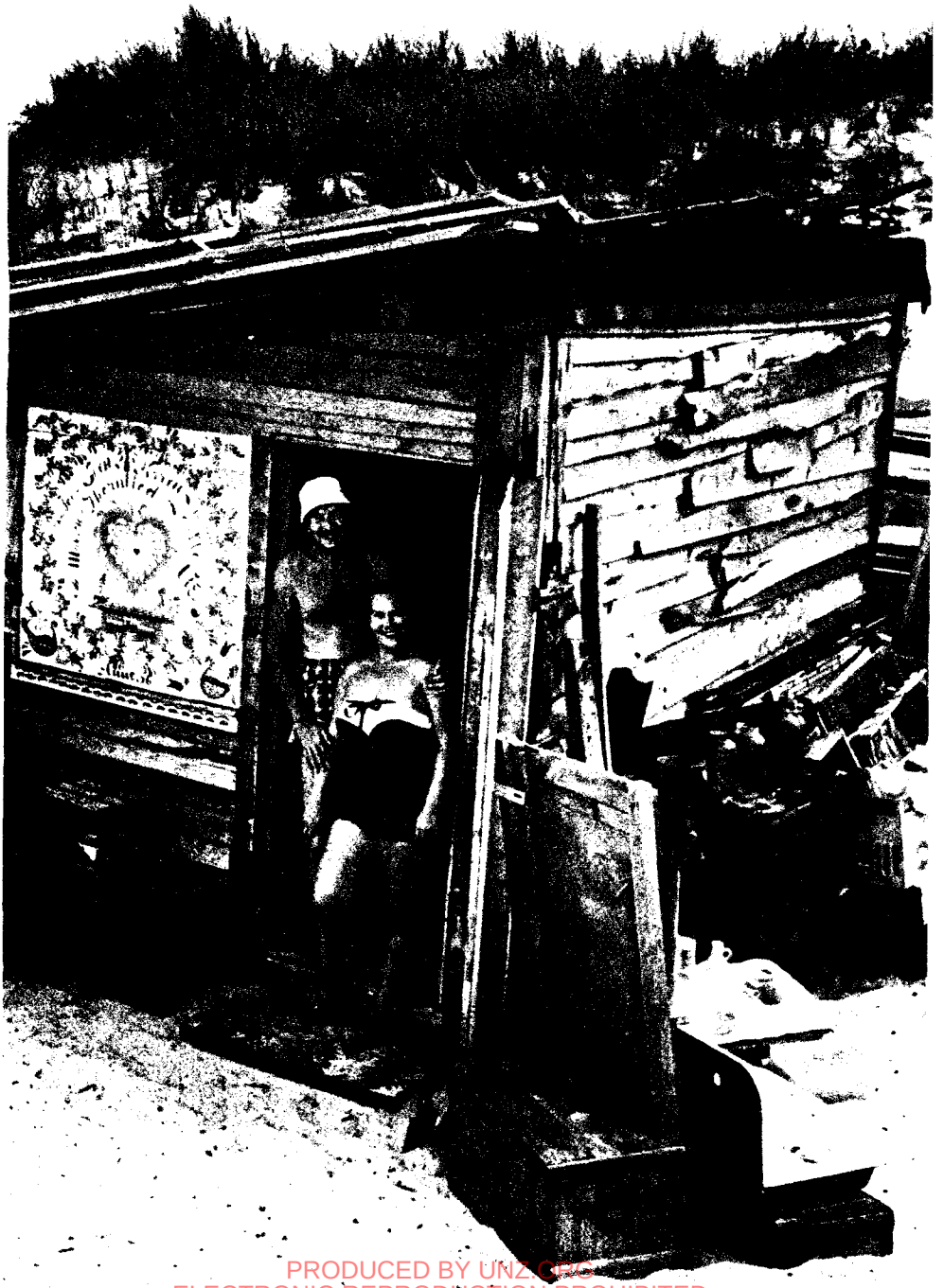

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Long a last resort for famous artists and writers—as well as the not-so-famous (right)—Fire Island is the summer home of *The Caine Mutiny* author Herman Wouk, who lives in Seaview with wife Betty Sarah and sons Nathaniel and Joseph (above). In 1889 Herman Melville wrote parts of *Billy Budd* in the Island village of Kismet. The *Porgy and Bess* score was written by George Gershwin at Ocean Beach in 1933. The late Wolcott Gibbs' hit play, *Season in the Sun*, written in 1950, popularized the island.

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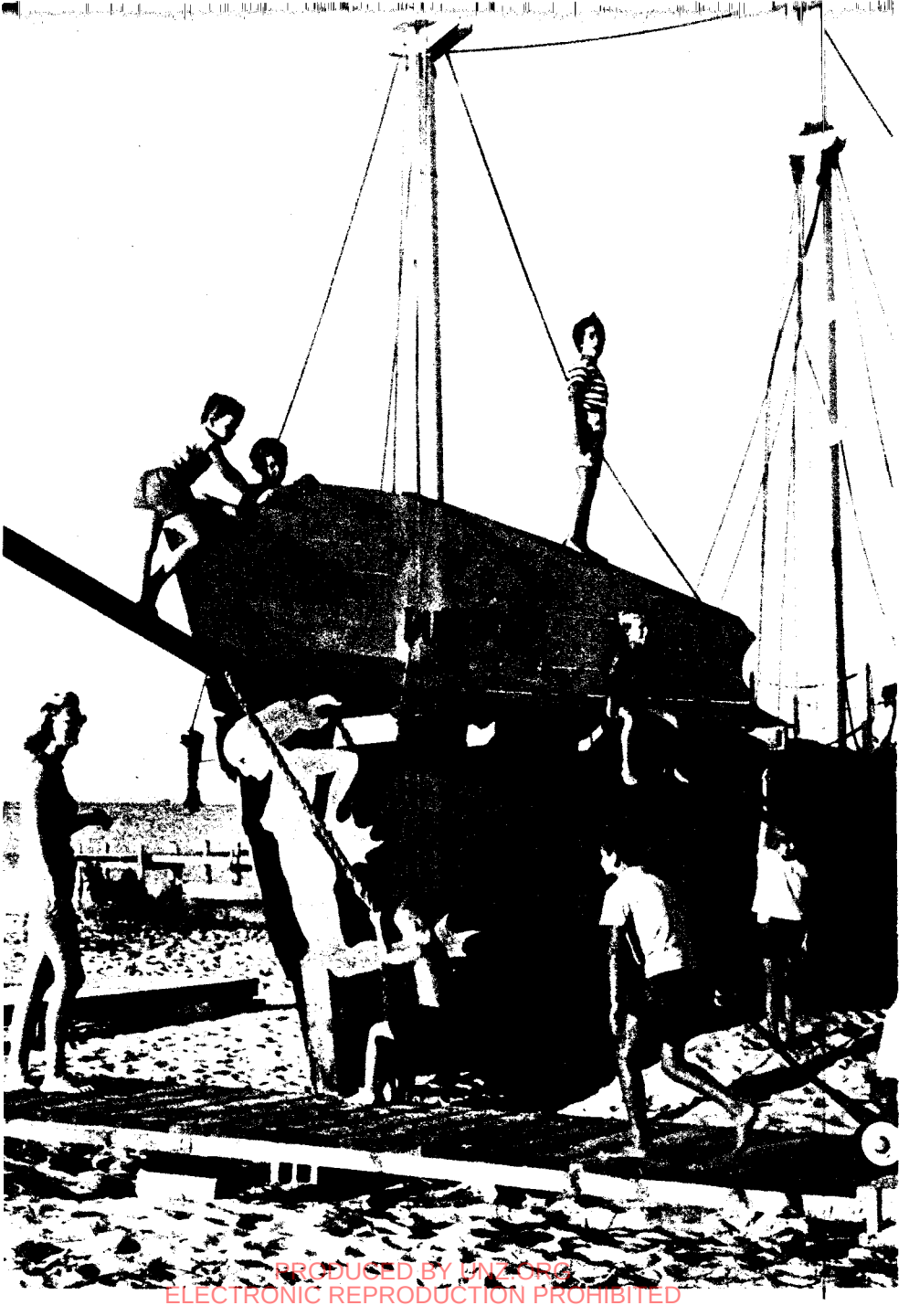

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Dunewood's make-believe pirate ship, cluttered with small-fry buccaneers, is reminder of early days, when whalers were often wrecked by Fire Island shoals. Adults (above) have fun, too, playing indoor balloon games on rainy afternoons.

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Fire Island is bastion against the machine age. Favorite mode of transportation is the little wagon (cost: $8-$12), used to cart everything from dogs to groceries to kids (above). Old folks occasionally hitch ride to church (right) in creaking autos. But fleet of beach taxis is the only connection between the island's dozen-and-a-half communities stretched along the Atlantic Ocean.

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CURT GUNTHER

Beach parties and sun-bathing are special arts on Fire Island. Even dogs get into the act (below) properly protected from sun sizzling enough to make a lobster rebel. After merrymakers (left) finished bathtub punch, only soggy cups remained. Ocean Beach (winter population: 135; summer week ends: 12,000) is Fire's big town. It's the only place where the beach ever looks crowded.

CARL BAKAL

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Ferry-watching, one of Fire's more strenuous pastimes, reaches peak on Friday nights, when weary commuters get hero's welcome from families. On Sunday evening the going-home boat gets big send-off at Fair Harbor (above). After ferries help depopulate island, plank walkways, poison ivy and mist-shrouded houses on dunes (right) revert to their lonely vigil.

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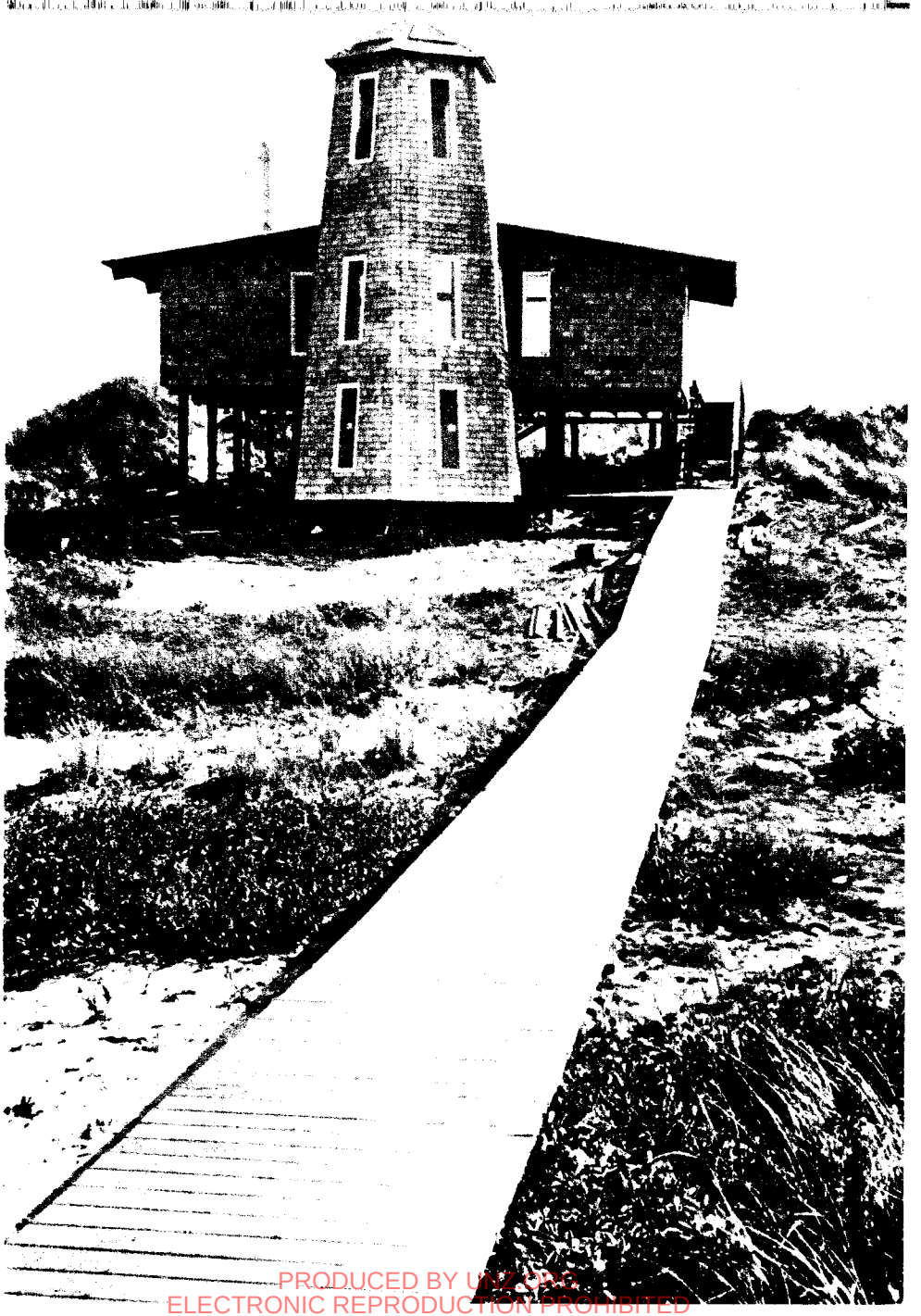

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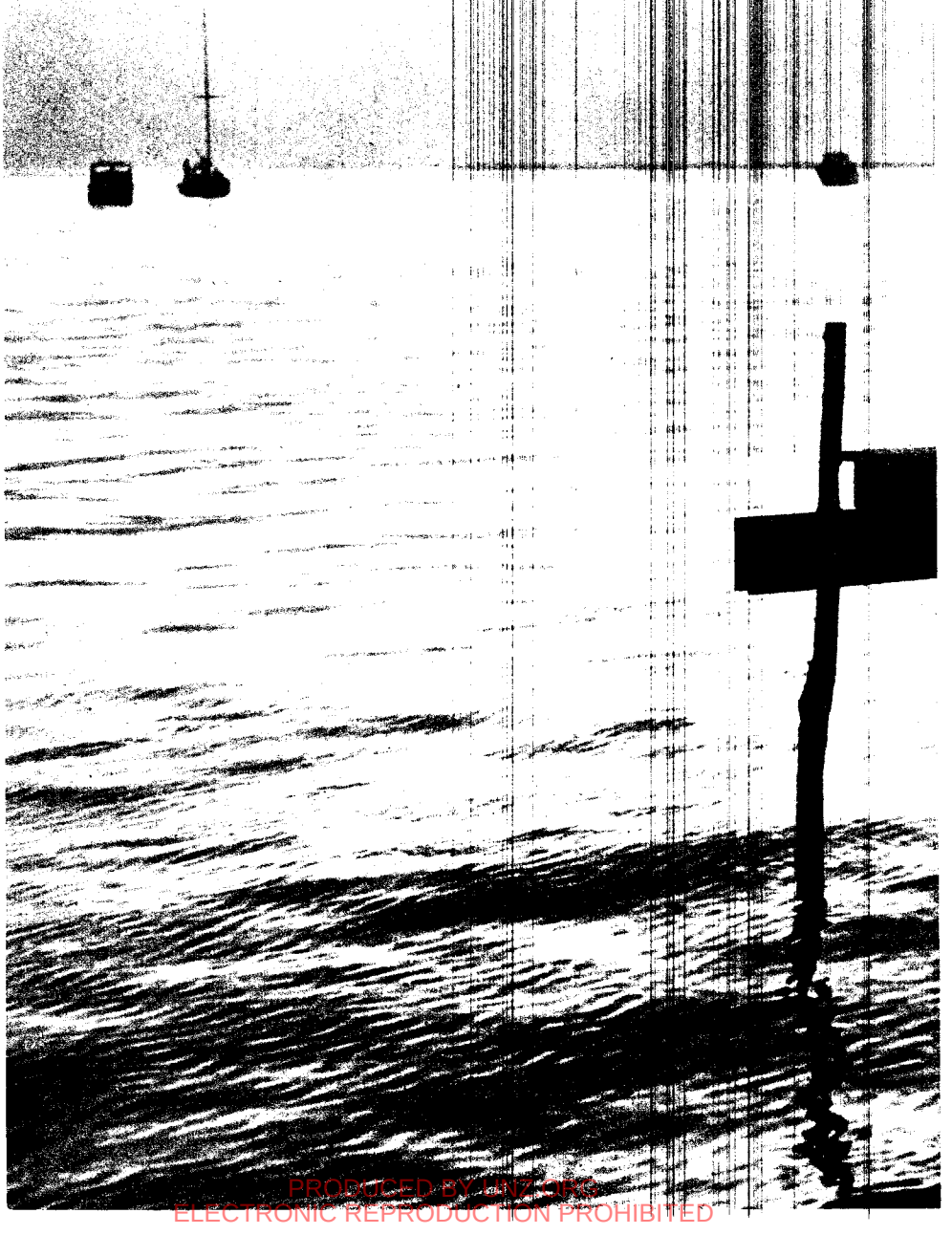
When day is done, there is still time, and some light, for a good



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book down on the dock, overlooking Great South Bay.

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A venomous stinger with great strength and uncanny intelligence, this winged killer is a marvel of the insect world

The wicked wasp

BY NORMAN CARLISLE

A MIDDLE-AGED BUSINESSMAN on a fishing trip suddenly gave a cry of pain and collapsed. Soon his face turned blue and his heartbeat grew faint. Luckily, a doctor was found in time to save his life.

The cause of his sudden attack? A single wasp's sting. Every year doctors and hospitals are called upon to treat hundreds of persons unusually sensitive to wasp venom. The cases range from simple pain to total collapse, and, in a few instances, death. They dramatize the venomous power of a winged killer which produces a poison so powerful that *one* part of it in 200,000,000 parts of blood can paralyze the insects it preys upon.

It is fortunate that wasps don't make a business of stinging people, for there are over 10,000 different kinds of these flying poison factories, including the familiar hornets and yellow jackets. The smallest are only 1/100th of an inch long, while one giant variety has a four-inch wing spread.

How wasps use their venom for survival is one of the marvels and

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mysteries of nature. Moreover, they are possibly the most intelligent of insects, and are useful to man because they destroy harmful insects, but do little damage themselves.

Follow the activities of a female *Pepsis* wasp as she drones past on a summer afternoon and you'll get a startling picture of the macabre fashion in which she employs her singular gifts. Using her powerful legs and jaws, the wasp first digs a hole in the ground a little wider than her victim-to-be, and about eight inches deep.

Hours later, she goes in search of prey: not for herself (she is primarily a vegetarian) but for her unborn young, who will need fresh animal food. She buzzes on her way, passing up hundreds of insects and spiders, for only one particular kind of spider, a North American variety of the tarantula, will do.

At last she sights one, and a strange death ceremony begins. First she lands on the spider, which is several times her size, and starts exploring with her sensitive antennae to make sure it's the right kind. Inexplicably, this normally belligerent spider even rises up on all eight legs to permit the wasp to have a look at its undersides.

Then the next stage of the deadly drama begins while the spider stands by as if hypnotized—and some naturalists have even suggested it is. The wasp wants to sting the spider, but her sting can only penetrate the tiny spot where the spider's leg is attached to its body. At last the spider realizes its peril. The big spider and the comparatively small wasp roll over and over in fierce combat. The result is always the same: the spider loses. The wasp's venom is injected into the vulnerable spot, and the spider enters into a state of suspended animation. Its heart stops beating and all signs of life disappear. Yet spiders have been restored to some sensitivity after months in this weird trance.

Nature, of course, has a purpose in this strange process. The wasp now drags the dormant creature up a weed and flies off to the waiting grave. She then proceeds to do what she has been preparing for all along. She lays her egg, attaching it to the side of the spider's abdomen, climbs out and seals the hole in the ground. When her egg hatches in a few days, the larva will have the fresh food it needs. Only then will the spider actually die, killed not by the mother wasp, but by her ravenous young one.

The destructive power of one species' venom is phenomenal. Dr. Raimon L. Beard, an entomologist with the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station, proved that one microscopic drop can knock out more than 1,600 caterpillars. Scientists aren't sure how the poison works, but believe the secret lies in its ability to break the connection between nerves and muscles.

The poison is delivered to its victim through a cunningly cruel device. The needle that can be seen protruding from a wasp is not the stinger, but its ovipositor (an apparatus for depositing eggs in a position suitable for their development). It pierces the skin, drives

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down into the tissues beneath. Once it has found a nerve, two barbed, saw-edged needles shoot out of it, driven deeper into the wound by powerful muscles. The poison emerges not only from the end of each needle, but through channels in each of six barbs. As if that were not enough, the wasp thrusts the barbs upward, ripping the wound to make it more vulnerable to poison.

Along with its sting, the wasp boasts other remarkable physical powers. Consider the excavating abilities of the numerous family of digger wasps. Imagine a human being able to dig, in a few hours, a hole ten times his own length!

Or take the lifting power of the cicada killer wasp. It manages to fly with a burden many times its own weight. To get a cicada off the ground, for instance, the wasp drags it up a tree trunk or blade of grass for an air-borne takeoff.

The giant hornet can eat a tree to death and paper wasps not only cut wood, but chew it up, turn it into wood pulp and then into paper, out of which they build their fragile gray nests!

Impressive as such prowess may be, what really amazes naturalists is the mental stature of the wasp. In situations calling for remembering or for any kind of individual "thinking," the wasp behaves quite differently from other insects.

Not long ago I put a bee in a jar. I inverted it with the open top tipped downward, the bottom of the jar held upward toward the light. The bee made frantic continued assaults to get through the glass. Even when utterly exhausted, it never discovered that all it had to do was fly down to be free. Then I put a wasp in the jar. It made a preliminary probe at the glass, saw at once that it couldn't get through, looked around for a time, then flew out the open bottom.

"Female mud dauber wasps," states Dr. George D. Shafer formerly professor of physiology at Stanford University, "possess a nervous system which, though tiny in size, enables them to remember, to learn and to show individuality." Dr. Shafer actually succeeded in taming and training wasps. He persuaded one to eat honey from his hand while he stroked it. Three weeks after he had released it, he was walking in the yard when the tamed wasp flew up and lit on the exact finger he had always used to feed it. Dr. Shafer's investigations even led him to believe that his wasps were capable of showing affection for their human master.

The wasp impresses careful observers as being thoughtful and deliberative. Watch a grass carrier work on building its nest. It makes a painstaking choice of each individual blade of grass, studying many, rejecting most. Once it finds one that suits, it walks back and forth along the blade as if it were measuring. Scientists figure that's just what it's doing. The blade will fit in the place for which it is intended.

Even more amazing is the behavior of the wasp which chooses as a nest a hollow straw in a straw stack. In it an egg-laying wasp places the first of a batch of para-

(Continued on page 68)

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(Continued from page 66)
lyzed spiders and flies away for more. Despite the confusing tangle of thousands upon thousands of straws, the wasp returns unerringly to her chosen nest. This feat, says Dr. E. Laurence Palmer, Cornell University naturalist, is "difficult to understand without attributing memory to the creatures."

If the wasp is so smart, why is it so senseless as to sting a human being? The answer is that most wasps don't, and that some kinds—those which build solitary nests—do so only when provoked. Only the so-called "social" wasps—such as yellow jackets and hornets, living in hive societies—sometimes lose their heads and sting anything they regard as a menace.

The medical problem their stings present is rare, but serious enough to give doctors some frightening moments when they're confronted by a patient who has no perceptible heartbeat and no measurable blood pressure. Happily, medicine now has found a way to combat most cases, even those as extreme as this one described by Dr. D. G. Miller, of Morgantown, Kentucky: a boy playing in a field near his home was stung by a wasp, collapsed and went into a deep coma. As the desperate parents hurried him to the doctor, they feared their son was dead. Dr. Miller, however, knew what to do. He injected the unconscious boy with massive doses of antihistamines, stimulating drugs, and a dose of a calcium lactate solution. In a few mintues, the boy recovered from the "anaphylactic shock," a state much like that into which the wasp puts its insect victims.

While the chances of your being stung are slight, and suffering shock even slighter, doctors warn that a severe reaction to a wasp or insect sting is a danger sign. A second sting could be very serious for a system sensitized to the powerful insect venom.

Even though science now has weapons against it, it's a lucky thing for all of us that human beings so seldom find themselves the victim of the terrible sting of the wasp.

SUNBURN SOLACE

MY NEIGHBOR'S five-year-old son suffered a painful sunburn on an outing last summer.

His mother had applied ointment to the burned areas but the sufferer moaned, "I hurt so bad I think I'm going to die."

After a thoughtful moment, he added, "If I do, Mama, please bury me in the shade." —MARY COZAD

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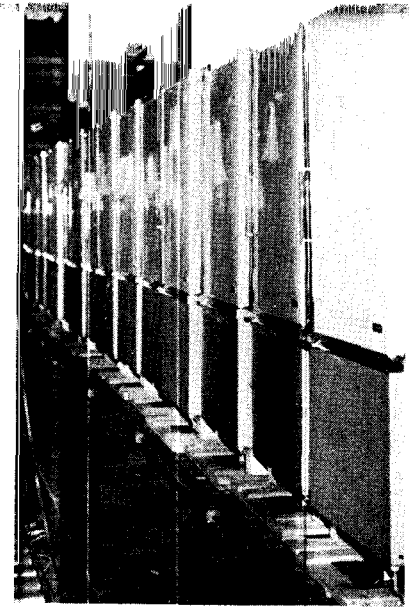

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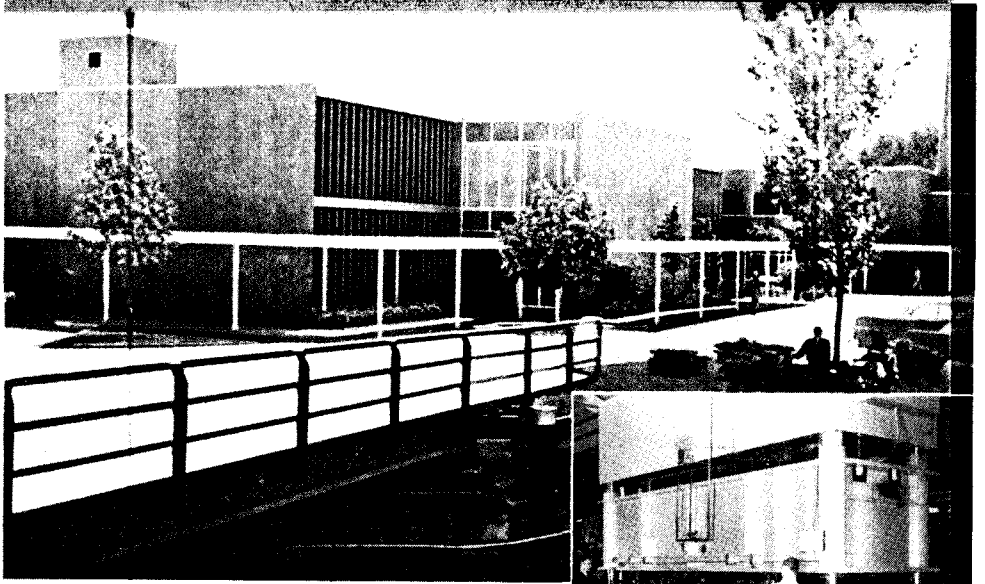

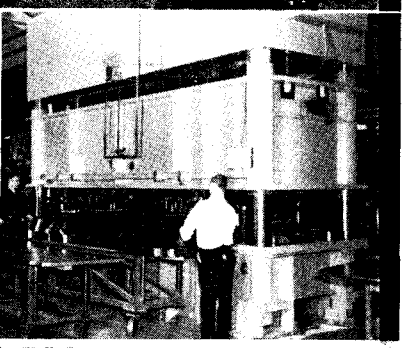

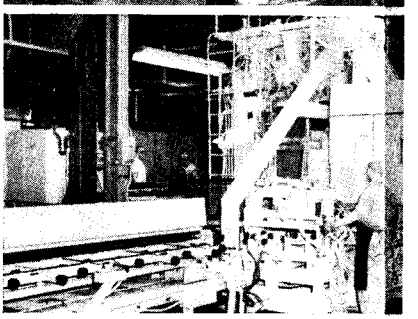

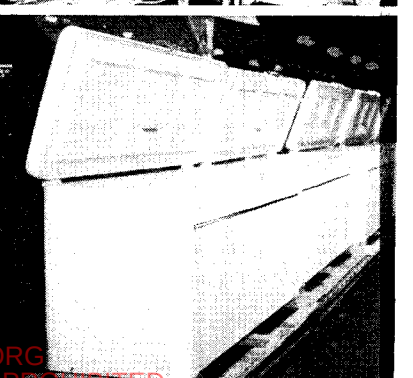

Views of Amana Refrigeration, Inc.

Wherever you find an Amana dealer you will find the Amana heritage, too. Singled out for his honesty, integrity and sincere desire to provide the finest service possible, your Amana dealer, in most cases, has visited Amana. And in doing so, has brought home with him a renewed strength of philosophy to better serve his neighbors.

Look through the following pages that pictorially present the results of Amana skill and craftsmanship. Then go to your Amana dealer's and let him help you choose the one quality product that will provide more value, more service . . . best meet the needs of you and your family. And yet, the price you pay is always low for the quality you get.

And if you are ever in Iowa . . . Amana extends a cordial invitation to come and visit them.

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Time-tested Amana® craftsmanship makes all ordinary refrigerators obsolete

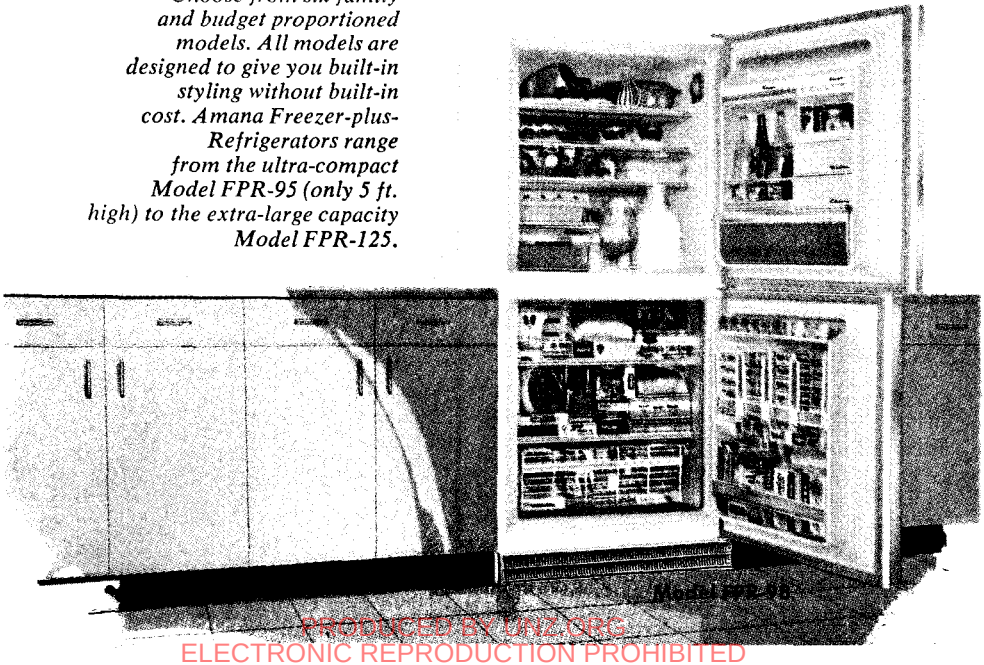
Long the leader in the field of upright freezers, Amana was quick to recognize the need for a freezer plus refrigerator compactly designed into a single unit.

Amana met this need with the famous Amana Freezer-*plus*-Refrigerator, now in fine homes everywhere.

Through experience, ingenuity and outstanding knowledge of freezing principles, Amana not only offers a 2-in-1 appliance, but also the finest freezing possible. Amana-Matic Contact Freezing freezes foods up to 2½ times faster than ordinary methods. Even "zero" temperatures keep foods fresher, safer, longer.

The Amana Freezer-*plus*-Refrigerator lets you enjoy all the convenience and luxury of freezer living. There's up to 290 pounds of frozen food storage plus a modern, family-size refrigerator . . . to give you as much as 17 cubic feet of storage in all.

Choose from six family and budget proportioned models. All models are designed to give you built-in styling without built-in cost. Amana Freezer-plus-Refrigerators range from the ultra-compact Model FPR-95 (only 5 ft. high) to the extra-large capacity Model FPR-125.



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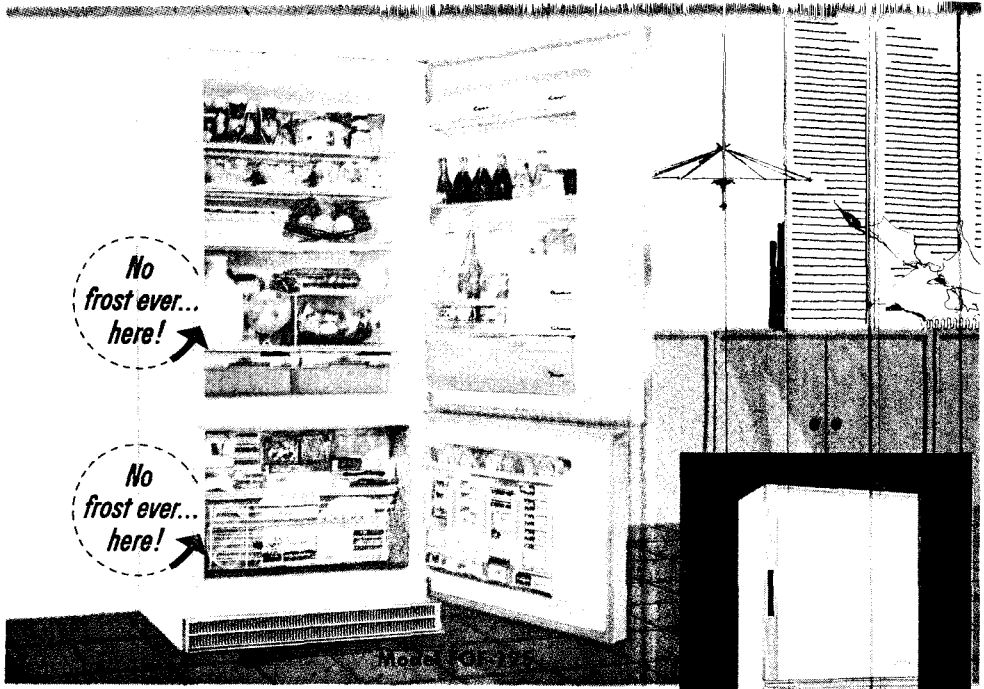
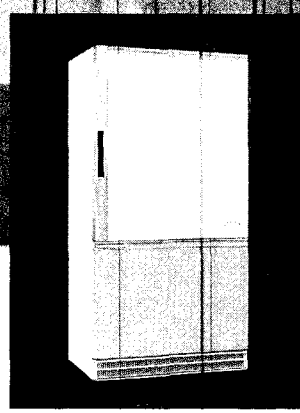


Exclusive Frost-Magnet ends defrosting forever in Free-O'-Frost models!



Model FOF-105

After years of research and patent development, Amana and only Amana brings you fast, efficient contact freezing . . . plus the exclusive Amana Frost-Magnet system*— designed to remove frost—and end defrosting forever. Packages never stick together, labels are always easy to read. Two models available with handsome exterior styling for exciting kitchen beauty. Your choice of modern gold trim and rich embossed gold finish on entire freezer door—or in gleaming all white. Free-O'-Frost feature also available in the famous Amana Stor-Mor Freezer shown on the next page.

*Patented

Amana

Backed by a century-old tradition of fine craftsmanship

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Backed by a century-old tradition of fine craftsmanship

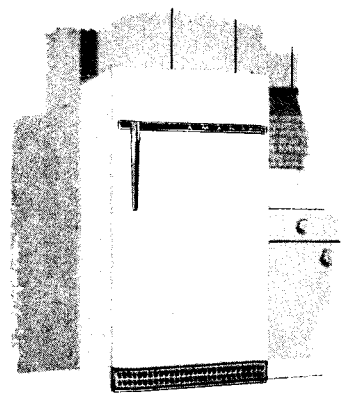
Amana freezers assure unmatched quality and performance for every family, every budget!

The Amana Stor-Mor Freezer is guaranteed to outperform all others!

In Amana they believe: "One's daily efforts should be one's best efforts." As a result, the Amana name has become synonymous with quality and represents the finest upright freezer available anywhere.

There are six fast freezing surfaces. This means all foods are on or below a prime freezing surface. Freezing is up to 2½ times faster than ordinary methods. Constant, even "zero" temperature is maintained to keep food fresher, safer, longer.

Four models offer frozen food capacities ranging from 515 to 879 pounds. Also available with the exclusive Amana Frost-Magnet that removes frost – and ends messy defrosting forever.



Model S-20

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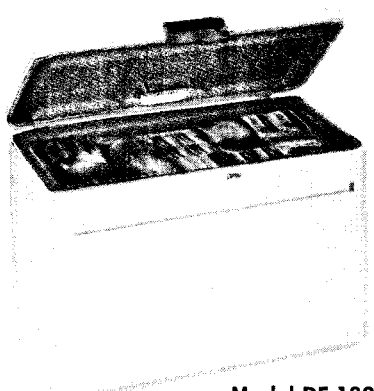
Model D-20

In no other major manufacturing operation are there so many people devoted to a tradition of fine craftsmanship. Because of this devotion all the advantages of the famous Amana Double Warranty can be yours. As in all Amana Freezers, the Amana Deluxe Freezer shown here is guaranteed by a warranty that covers not only the freezer . . . but also the food in it. You enjoy all the most modern quality features plus unmatched owner security. Three models to meet the exact needs of your family. All offer a pacesetting value!

Development of the famous Amana Double Warranty is a natural outgrowth of Amana's superior craftsmanship

Deepfreeze® HOME FREEZER —America's finest chest type home freezer...and it's made only by Amana!



Model DF-180

Deepfreeze pioneered the development of the first chest type freezer. Today, Deepfreeze is made only by Amana—and with all the famous Amana quality. With the addition of this outstanding line of chest-type freezers, the Amana family of freezers can more than satisfy needs of every home, every budget. Unsurpassed for efficient freezing, low cost operation and dependable long life, Deepfreeze home freezers are available in three sizes.

Amana

Backed by a Century-Old Tradition of Fine Craftsmanship

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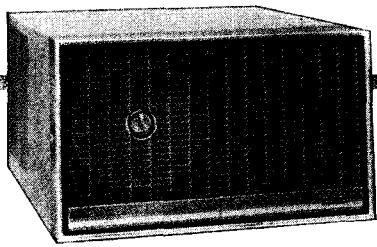
Whether it's freezing food
or cooling your home...

the heritage of *Amana* craftsmanship offers unmatched performance!

The deep and lasting desire to build only the very finest is the guiding policy of Amana. And in the designing and manufacturing of Room and Central System Air Conditioners, Amana has gone to extraordinary lengths to realize this aim. From building and designing practically all of its important component parts to the carefully formulated feature of complete rust protection . . . Amana assures you increased cooling, longer product life with every Room and Central System Air Conditioner that bears this famous name.

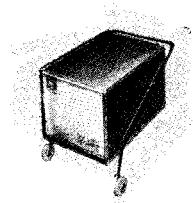


Amana Room Air Conditioners are available in a complete range of 21 models. Compact Series (1 H.P. only 13¼" x 25" x 16¾") offer small size, greater efficiency – and are the quietest room air conditioners made. Year 'Round Series heat in winter, cool in summer. Air Command Series provide big cooling for multiple room use.

Amana Central System Air Conditioners are available for any installation, any climate . . . include heat pumps that cool in summer, heat in winter. Versatility of application and Amana pre-engineering assures easy installation, inside or out. Trouble-free performance and far longer life are the results of a heritage of fine craftsmanship.

Even the Smallest Amana Appliance is Built with a Hand Crafted Care that Offers the Finest Quality Performance!

The Amana Portable Dehumidifier removes up to 70% more moisture from the air . . . 27% more than the second ranked dehumidifier tested . . . up to 4 gallons a day from a 16,000 cu. ft. area. Fully automatic, it maintains pre-selected humidity you desire.



Amana

For complete information on any of these fine products see your nearby Amana Dealer, or write: Amana Refrigeration, Inc., Amana 63, Iowa.

Backed by a Century-Old Tradition of Fine Craftsmanship

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the sporting life

TOM GREENWADE, THE YANKEE SCOUT, at one time claimed to own a pointer that was the smartest dog in the country and offers this story to prove it:

"We were out hunting quail one day, when my dog went roaming on ahead and I lost sight of him. Finally I caught up with him. He was standing alongside the railroad track making a perfect point. I couldn't see any bird, so I walked up to him and found out that he was pointing to a white card next to the track. I picked the card up and saw that it was a menu that must have dropped off a dining car on a passing train. I looked more closely at the card and discovered why the point. Right at the spot where he was pointing, the card read:

"Quail on toast." —JERRY MITCHELL (*New York Post*)

A LITTLE GIRL watched in fascination as a golfer struggled to get out of the rough. As he gave up in disgust, she remarked, "The man has stopped beating it, mother. I think it must be dead."

—ANTHONY A. GASPARRO

WHEN JOHN MC GRAW WAS MANAGER of the New York Giants, he was at the Southern training camp one spring day putting his rookies through fielding practice. Suddenly a big, rawboned Southerner came up to him and asked for a chance to try out with the Giants.

"I'm a very good outfielder," he told McGraw. "In fact, I was the best fielder on my home team last season."

McGraw liked the looks of the lad and said to him: "Well, I need a good outfielder right now. Get out there in left field and I'll bat some balls to you and see how good you are."

The rookie hesitated for a moment. Then he said: "Say, Mr. McGraw, where is left field in this here ball park?" —*Wall Street Journal*

AN ALASKAN HUNTER who had carefully trained a young wolfhound decided the dog was ready to seek out a wolf. Picking up a trail, the animal disappeared with a whooping cry over the distant horizon. His master followed patiently for several hours till he met a trapper traveling from the opposite direction.

"Did you see a dog and a wolf?" he asked.

"Yes, I did," the trapper said.

"How was the dog doing? Was he almost up to the wolf?"

"If I remember correctly," the trapper said, "the dog was a trifle ahead." —MRS. S. LEE

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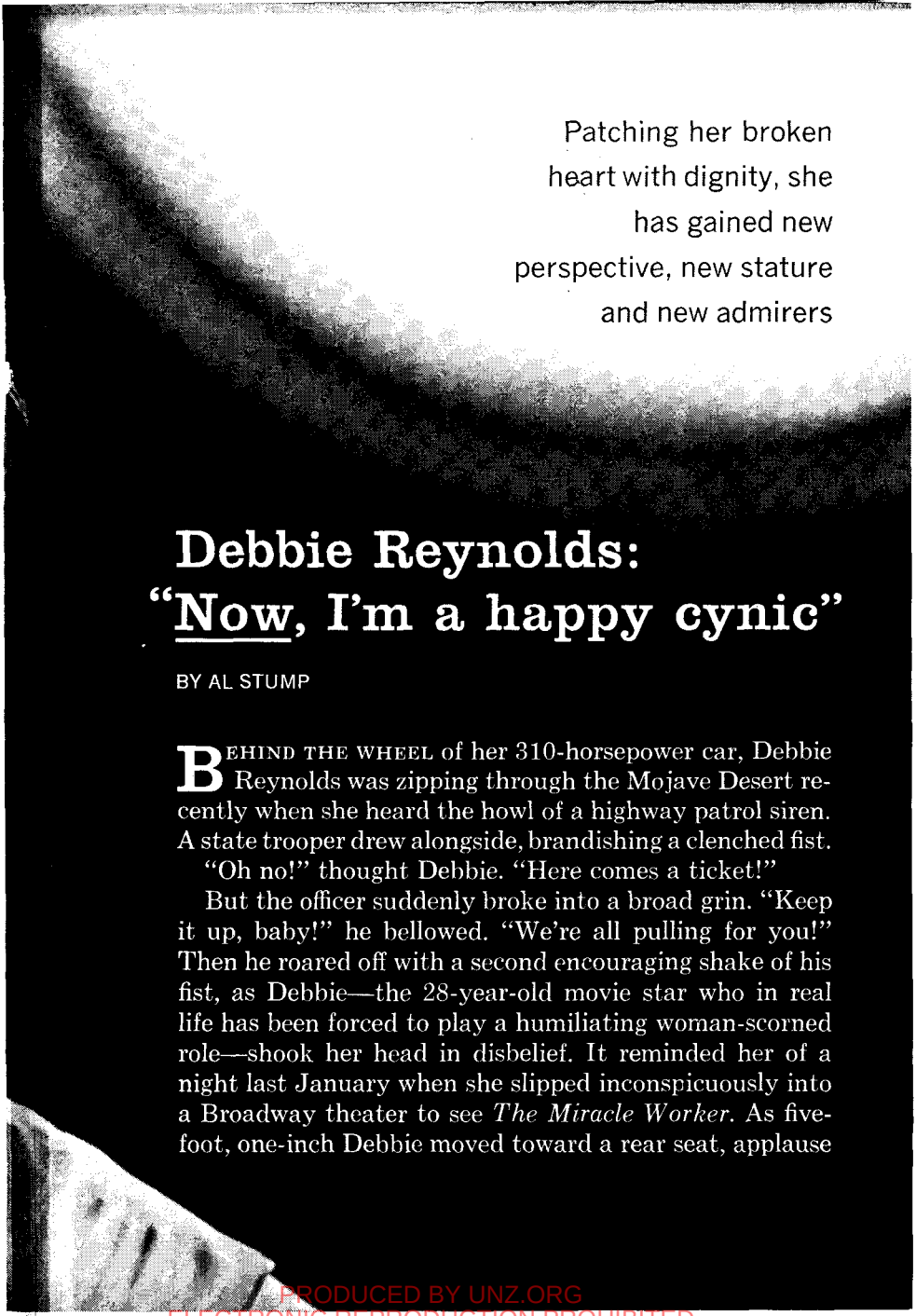

Patching her broken heart with dignity, she has gained new perspective, new stature and new admirers

Debbie Reynolds: "Now, I'm a happy cynic"

BY AL STUMP

BEHIND THE WHEEL of her 310-horsepower car, Debbie Reynolds was zipping through the Mojave Desert recently when she heard the howl of a highway patrol siren. A state trooper drew alongside, brandishing a clenched fist.

"Oh no!" thought Debbie. "Here comes a ticket!"

But the officer suddenly broke into a broad grin. "Keep it up, baby!" he bellowed. "We're all pulling for you!" Then he roared off with a second encouraging shake of his fist, as Debbie—the 28-year-old movie star who in real life has been forced to play a humiliating woman-scorned role—shook her head in disbelief. It reminded her of a night last January when she slipped inconspicuously into a Broadway theater to see *The Miracle Worker*. As five-foot, one-inch Debbie moved toward a rear seat, applause

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swept the house, and the audience rose on all sides. "Why are they standing?" she asked her escort.

A moment later she realized that the standing ovation was for her—an impulsive outpouring of affection for the girl who had invariably said and done the right thing while her husband, Eddie Fisher, discarded her for another woman, glamorous Elizabeth Taylor. "If Debbie had been the Queen of England, she couldn't have received a more sentimental tribute," says producer Harriet Parsons.

Perhaps other women scorned might heed the example of Mary Frances Reynolds who rode out disaster with such clear-thinking, resilient self-control that she has since been able to jump from the ranks of twittering comediennes to mature roles that will guarantee her an estimated $8,000,000 between now and 1967. Had Debbie flubbed things when Eddie walked out, say her close friends, she'd have "missed the brass ring." Now that ring is worth $3,100 per day until Debbie is 35.

Before her marital troubles exploded into headlines, Debbie's career was in eclipse: her 1956 movie, *Bundle of Joy,* co-starring Eddie Fisher, fell so flat that she made but two more pictures in the next three years. But today, the railroad carpenter's daughter has topped two best-actress polls, won the 1959 "Box Office" championship, can handle serious roles with conviction, earns $300,000 per A.B.C.-TV appearance, and has stepped up her income more than 1,000 percent.

"But that isn't all," Debbie insists. "If I'm anything now, I'm shockproof. I may be hurt in the future, but marriage taught me never again to be caught with my guard down. I'm cynical, but I'm a happy cynic. I get fun and stimulation from people, but I never forget that each one of them is a potential bomb. No one will explode in my face again."

Debbie's program after her crushing brush-off by Eddie in September 1958 was a model of self-rehabilitation. Although nearly 50 reporters invaded her front yard, she stayed inside her home with her two children, Carrie and Todd. "That mob made me sick, but something told me not to duck and run from the ridicule," she says.

She kept her parents out of it. "Why make them look as bad as I looked? I phoned mother, who lives across town, and let it go at that."

She spoke only kindly of Eddie and Liz Taylor despite Liz's remark that "Debbie never had a chance to keep her husband," and Eddie's insinuating quote: "The public never will know the real reason for the split-up." Offered $10,000 to tell her side of it in print, Debbie declined.

Told by friends that she needed "a few stiff drinks" to bear the ordeal, Debbie stuck to her milk diet—and also stayed at 104 pounds.

She walked into her church, alone, to face the gaping public at the peak of the scandal.

She allowed Fisher to stage-manage the divorce and accepted but a fraction of his holdings in settlement (house, car, $40,000 annual alimony, $4,500 annually in child sup-

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port). She also made sure that the children would see their father frequently (they still do) and, later, she dated only occasionally.

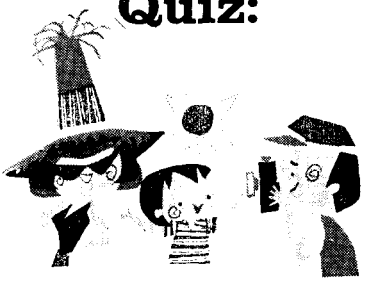
But since business rules the film industry, Debbie's foremost achievement was to report to the Twentieth Century-Fox set—while her humiliation stood naked—and finish the picture, *Say One for Me,* while simultaneously running tests for *The Mating Game* at M-G-M and cramming script conferences on *It Started With a Kiss* into her 18-hour day. On top of that, she did over 30 benefits in 90 days, and organized an all-star show to raise money for retarded children. She also leaped off a three-story barn in one movie scene, refusing a double. She was picked up from a pile of hay, took a few steps and fainted.

Eventually, dizzy spells set in. "What are you trying to prove?" demanded Buddy Adler, her boss at Twentieth Century-Fox. "That all bachelor girls die young?"

As Debbie now says, "Buddy knew I was wearing myself out to forget my problems, but it was the only answer I knew. I kept swallowing pep pills until finally I collapsed with a blood clot and they called an ambulance."

Released from the hospital last December, she jumped back aboard the merry-go-round. In recent months, she flew to Spain to co-star with Glenn Ford, organized her own film-production company, went to see the Winter Olympics, made public appearances for another picture, *The Gazebo,* started her own cosmetics line, toured Miami,

Sightseeing Quiz:



How many of these world-famous landmarks can you identify?

1. In what museum would you see Gainsborough's "Blue Boy" and "Pinkie"?
2. What famous American landmark is on Bedloe's Island?
3. In what city would you find the mission of Nuestra Senora de Guadelupe?
4. Where is Swope Park, third largest municipal park in the world?
5. In what city would you find Minnehaha Falls?
6. Where would you go to visit mile-high Hurricane Ridge?
7. What famous island is known as "The Little Gray Lady"?
8. What street is known as the "Broadway of the South" and in what city is it located?
9. Where is the world-famous Bonaventure Island bird sanctuary?
10. Where would you go to take a boat cruise to see the Devil's Paint Pots?

(Answers on page 174)

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No longer the demure, diaper-pinned homebody of 1958 (left), Debbie is launched in a new career. Her movies now are sophisticated comedies like "The Mating Game" (right) with Tony Randall

New York and Los Angeles in one week, and organized the Carrie Music Co., named for her daughter.

But through it all Debbie maintains a stiff upper lip. Last March, her two-year-old son Todd came down with a 105° temperature and the croup. An oxygen tent was needed and Debbie and a nurse took three-hour turns watching over him through the nights. To remove the phlegm filling the child's mouth, Debbie kept her fingernails pared short and she slept on the floor next to his bed. Despite offers of help, she wouldn't budge until Todd recovered. "I have to make do myself," she said stubbornly.

It was the same when a firm asked $300 to clean the winter leaves from the roof and eaves of her home. Debbie and her brother Bill set up ladders and did it themselves for $25. For a brief time, Bill moved into Debbie's house. Alone now, she keeps a loaded .38 by her bedside.

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"Debbie without a steady man around," says one friend, "is a sad sight—but, Lord, she's admirable!"

Her family recognized her tough qualities from the day when, as a 90-pounder, she challenged the boys on the playgrounds of Burbank High School in Burbank, California. She could slug a baseball with the best of them. She wanted to be a gym teacher, but soon developed a shape that overshadowed the 42 merit badges on her Girl Scout tunic. Winning the Miss Burbank contest in 1948, at 16, she followed the standard starlet pattern—a $65-a-week apprentice contract at Warner Brothers. But Debbie split away from other starlets when she took a 50-cents-an-hour clerking job in a J.C. Penney store. One day there came a peremptory call from Warner's: "Hop right over for some special still photos we need for your build-up campaign."

"Can't," said Debbie. "Penney's

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would fire me if I walked out on the job."

In 1949, within a year after quitting Penney's, Debbie was fired by Jack Warner. Months later, M-G-M gambled on her in a giddy comedy, after which she sold 1,000,000 copies of the song, *Aba Daba Honeymoon,* and jumped to $750 weekly, then $2,500.

But when Dore Schary became head of M-G-M, Debbie found herself making no movies. She concluded that Schary didn't think much of her ability. About to vanish from sight, she landed a smash-hit part alongside Dick Powell at R.K.O. in *Susan Slept Here.*

"Men," she explains, "were the only thing that intimidated me. One night, in Chicago, a man approached me on the street and I almost ran for my hotel door. He caught me to say he was just a fan.

"I felt even more foolish when I went on my first big-time date," she continues. "When the headwaiter at this expensive restaurant approached, I stalled around and finally said to my date, 'Go ahead, I'll follow you.' He smiled and explained that I was to precede him, behind the waiter. I was 19 and didn't know a martini from a mashie niblick. I didn't know *men.*"

Raised in the Church of the Nazarene (attendance thrice weekly for 16 years), Debbie readily admits that she wasn't equipped for her year-long engagement to Eddie Fisher—and the high-livers with whom he travels. According to friends, Eddie distributed keys to his $125,000 home to his chums after marrying Debbie. But she promptly collected them all, announcing that jazz trumpeters sleeping one off on the living-room sofa were too much.

Under Debbie's "Goody Two-Shoes" exterior, she really is a clean-living homebody. Thus many friends were surprised when she emerged from her broken marriage with a worldly-wise, strongly-defined approach to men. Her escorts are now informed that too much drinking will end their relationship with her; on dates, Debbie often keeps her own car parked outside, ready to depart if certain limits are passed. "The next man I marry will be 100 percent good for my children," she vows, "or I'll stay single. That's no slur at Eddie. He's been a fine father throughout."

Last winter Debbie wriggled into a tight, flower-spangled cocktail dress, strolled into a dime-a-dance joint in New York and landed a job under an assumed name. For a while she went unrecognized. Her object was to gain firsthand information on the harsh lot of dance-hall hoofers, one of whom she portrays in *The Rat Race,* a forthcoming movie.

"The girl I play has been misused terribly, but she isn't bitter—just fatalistic about life," Debbie says. "That's me, too. Expect trouble, because you're sure to get it, and you can pick up the pieces faster when it comes."

An apt word for Debbie Reynolds today is adult. "The real secret of coming back from a disaster is to reestablish a value for yourself," she declares with conviction. "I was always someone's daughter or some-

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one's wife. And all at once I was just me. What was I worth? Nothing, it seemed at first. You only get over it one way—by proving yourself all over again."

That Debbie has succeeded is indicated by the actions of students at an Indiana high school, who last year were asked to name the woman in history they'd most like to be. The girls scattered votes to Madame Curie, Doris Duke, Cleopatra, Sarah Bernhardt, St. Joan and Greta Garbo. With 66 percent of the votes, Debbie finished first. Not bad for a "brokenhearted" doll.

PSYCHOLOGICALLY SOUND

THE OLD TAVERN OWNER was telling his son how to get to know which patrons could be trusted and which couldn't. "Give them a dollar too much in change the first time you change a five-dollar bill. Those who are worth making friends with will return the dollar, those who aren't won't."

—MILES LA ROSE

IN AUGUST CORONET

MOTHER IS MINNIE: RIOTOUS BOOK BONUS

There's never been anyone like Minnie Guggenheimer, not even Auntie Mame. A digest of the hilarious book about this patron of the music world who, for years, has delighted audiences with her uninhibited gaiety.

THE PARADOX OF THE BLOOD

When blood clots too slowly, hemorrhages may result; too quickly, sudden strokes may occur. An up-to-the-minute medical report about the amazing new drugs that may soon extend life by controlling clots and hemorrhages.

THE MEN WHO DROPPED THE BOMB

Fifteen years ago we dropped an A-bomb over Hiroshima, beginning the atomic era. Recently, CORONET sent reporters all over the country to interview the crew members. This is their story—the memories of that fateful day, how they feel about it now.

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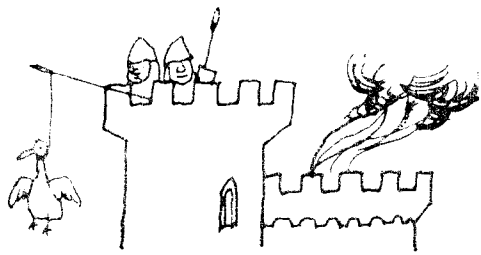
How words work

BY DR. BERGEN EVANS

Author of "A Dictionary of Contemporary American Usage"

Why do we say that someone's "goose is cooked"?



Some attribute the origin of the expression to a Swedish King, Eric the Mad. It is said that he was besieging a city which derisively hung out a goose over the walls—either for his men to shoot at or as a sign that they were so well victualed that they could hold out interminably. Eric said grimly he had come to "cook their goose" by burning the city.

Just what is a bigot?

This word, which is often used these days, is applied in contemporary usage to almost anyone who obstinately refuses to share our prejudices. Its origin is uncertain; it seems to be an early pronunciation of "by God." It was first applied to the Normans who were, apparently, either very devout or very profane; probably the latter. The story (told by a 12th-century chronicler) is that once when a Norman baron was required to kiss the foot of King Charles the Simple as an act of homage, he roared "Ne se, bi got" ("Not I, by God") and the phrase was thereafter applied to all his truculent, blasphemous countrymen.

Is to *latch on to* a slang expression?

It is so listed. But *latch*, meaning to take hold of, is an old English word; authorities say it became obsolete about 1440. Although it fell out of standard use, it must have been retained in a dialect, possibly Northern English or Lowland Scots. Some group in whose vocabulary it was an accepted word brought it over to this country and gradually it came back into general use. But it's been away too long as a serious expression. People seem to feel there's something a little funny about it.

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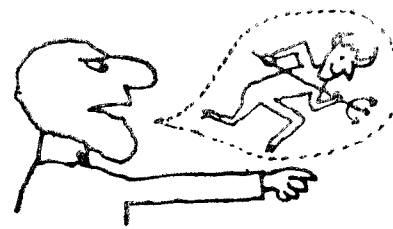
Why is Charles Dicken's name used as a mild swear word?



Poor Dickens! Expressions like "I'll give him the dickens" or "There'll be the very dickens to pay" really have nothing to do with him. They were in use centuries before he was born. In Shakespeare's *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (1599), Mistress Page, trying to call Falstaff's name to mind, says, "I cannot tell what the dickens his name is." And there are many other uses of the expression in literature. It is used, of course, as a euphemism for *devil*, and it may have been a worn down form of *devilkin* or little devil.

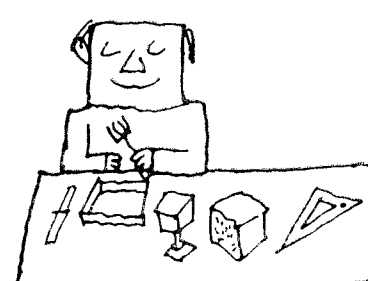
Does a ship get *under way* or *under weight*?

When a ship has weighed anchor and is moving on her course, she is said to be *under way*. People who want to be frightfully nautical and have a confused idea that all terms relating to ships are a little peculiar, often write *under weigh*. But they're wrong; it's *way*. There's this much to be said in their favor, however: the oldest meaning of *weigh* is to lift and since a ship must weigh, or lift, its anchor before it can move, the two words are connected here. Formerly *weigh* was used to designate the moving of a ship out of port or anchorage ("We weighed from Limehouse and anchored against the Tower"). But if you are going to use the word *under*, it has to be *way*.

Just what is *claptrap*?

Exactly what it sounds like: something designed solely to catch applause, without any real merit. The modern American term is more often "grandstand play." But *claptrap* is a good word because its very sound —of something flimsy flapping about —expresses contempt.

Why a *square* meal?



This homely, simple, common expression takes us very deep into the psychology of speech. It's a transference of the sense of satisfying completeness that somehow we derive from a square's having four equal sides and four right angles. It's solid, neat, balanced; it's full.

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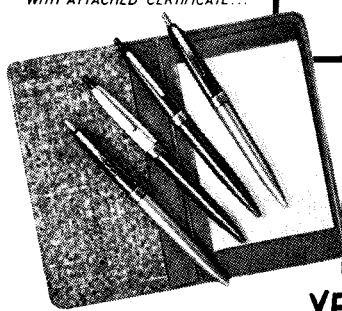

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in this picture is no artist's mistake . . . certainly, no joke! As you can see the couple shown are obviously suffering from TIREDNESS! They're TOO TIRED to enjoy life . . . TOO TIRED to be the happy married couple they should be! Like them, otherwise normally healthy men and women may lack pep and energy due to a deficiency of vitamins and minerals in their regular diet. If that's their trouble, high potency VITASAFE capsules can give them new energy, new vitality, new zest for living. *Let's hope somebody tells them about VITASAFE!*

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Many of the objects in the picture are wrong. How many can you spot? (Be careful . . . some of the numbered items are NOT wrong.) Here's a hint to get you started: The chair identified by the number "3" has no right front leg. Now identify other mistakes by drawing a line through each number in the certificate that corresponds to an INCORRECT object. Find 8 or more mistakes, mail the certificate and your FREE GIFT will be shipped when we receive your solution.

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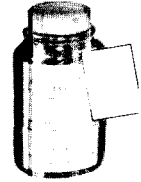

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11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18

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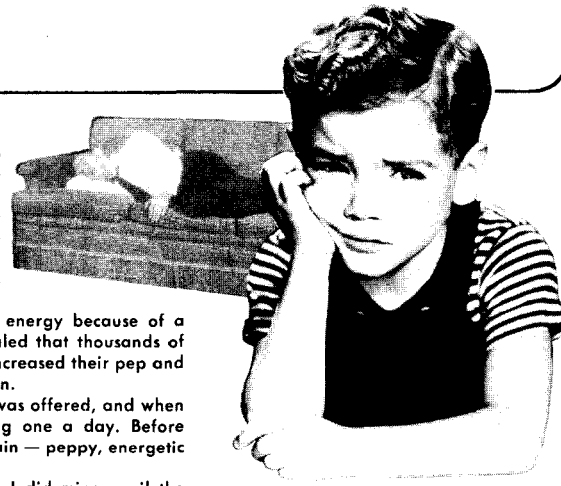

I couldn't blame my little boy for wondering. It seemed as though the only thing my husband enjoyed was SLEEP! My husband used to be such an energetic man. But for some reason he now seemed too tired and worn-out to do anything.

Fortunately, I saw a Vitasafe ad in a magazine that told how many men and women could easily lose their pep and energy because of a vitamin-mineral deficiency. The ad revealed that thousands of otherwise normally healthy people had increased their pep and vitality through the famous Vitasafe Plan.

I sent for the 30-day trial supply that was offered, and when they arrived, my husband started taking one a day. Before long my husband was like his old self again — peppy, energetic and wide awake!

If you want to help your husband as I did mine, mail the certificate for your trial supply without risking a penny.

A dramatization posed by professional models

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Pictures by the Princess' husband

[illegible] Antony Armstrong-Jones, [illegible] Princess Margaret may [illegible] up [illegible] promising career as a [illegible] [illegible]. Behind him, however, [illegible] is an impressive album of pictures, [illegible] are shown here. They stamp him [illegible] man with a sharp eye for the [illegible] a flair for depicting human [illegible]

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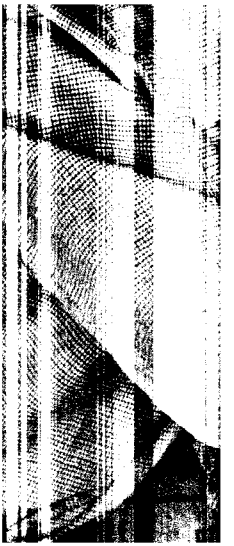

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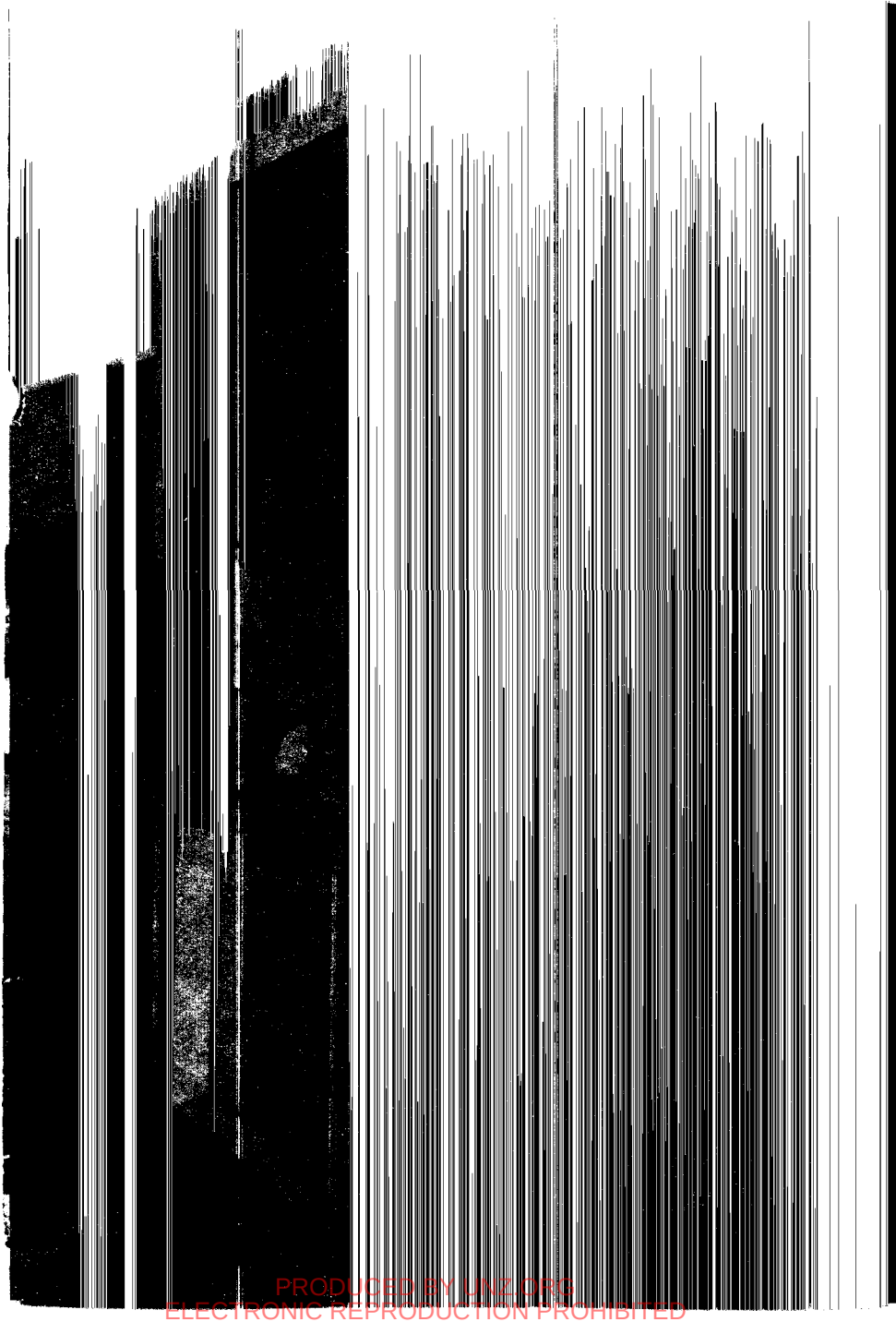

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Bowler, London bobby and scraggly flowers clutched by earnest pedestrian mischievously captured flavor of middle-class British life.

Armstrong-Jones' high-key, impressionist close-up of actress Maxine Audley and daughter intrigued society matrons, used to formal sittings.

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Armstrong-Jones saw this London [illegible]
kneeling "as if to ask Divine help."

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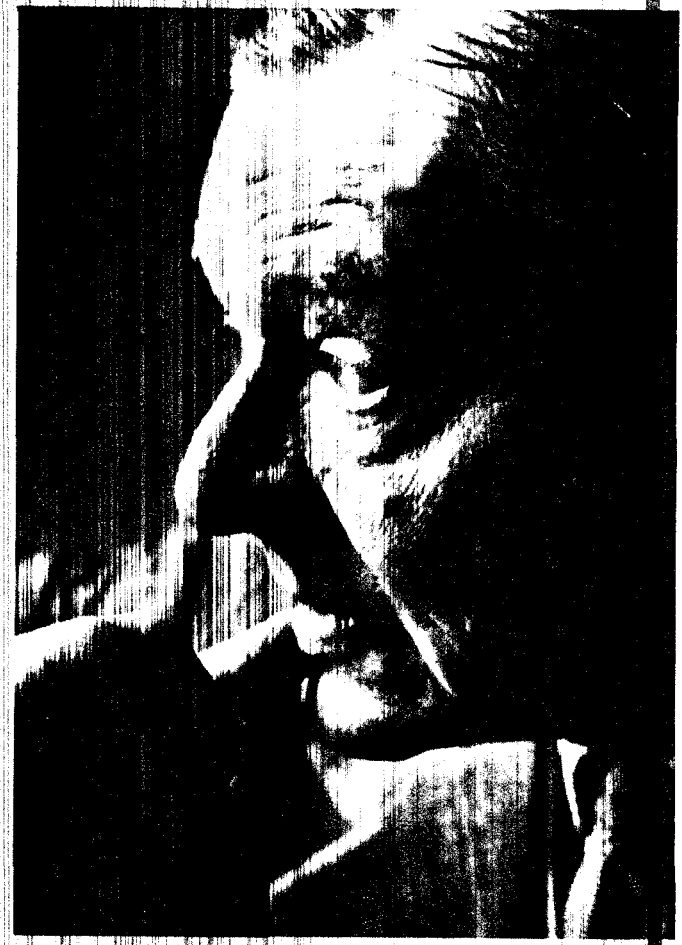
In Rome *piazza*, Armstrong-Jones got a predictable, goggle-eyed reaction from passing soldiers as pretty Jackie Chan strolled by.



With shaft of light, he illuminated craggy features of poet T. S. Eliot, creating a vibrant, floodlit "living death mask."

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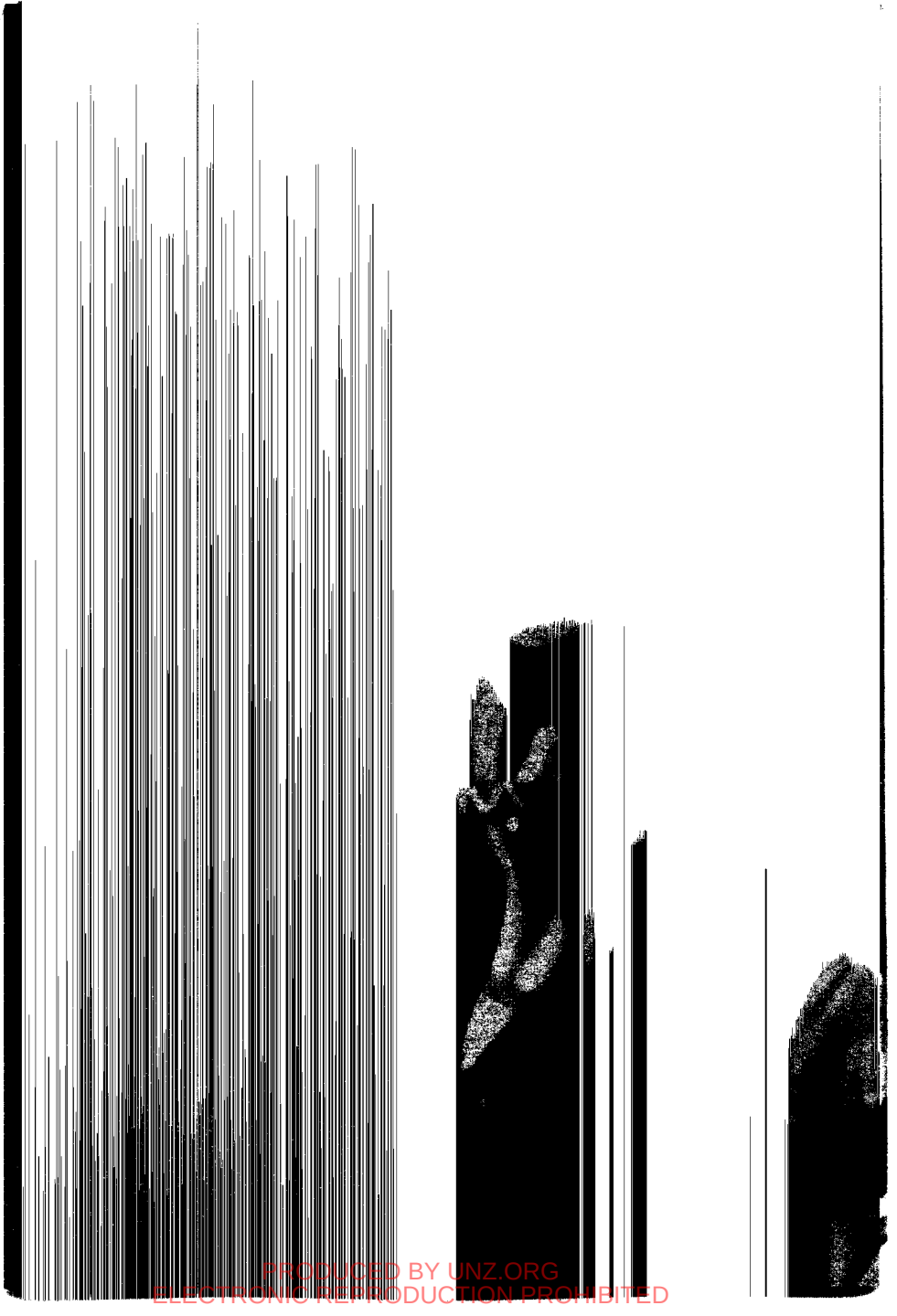

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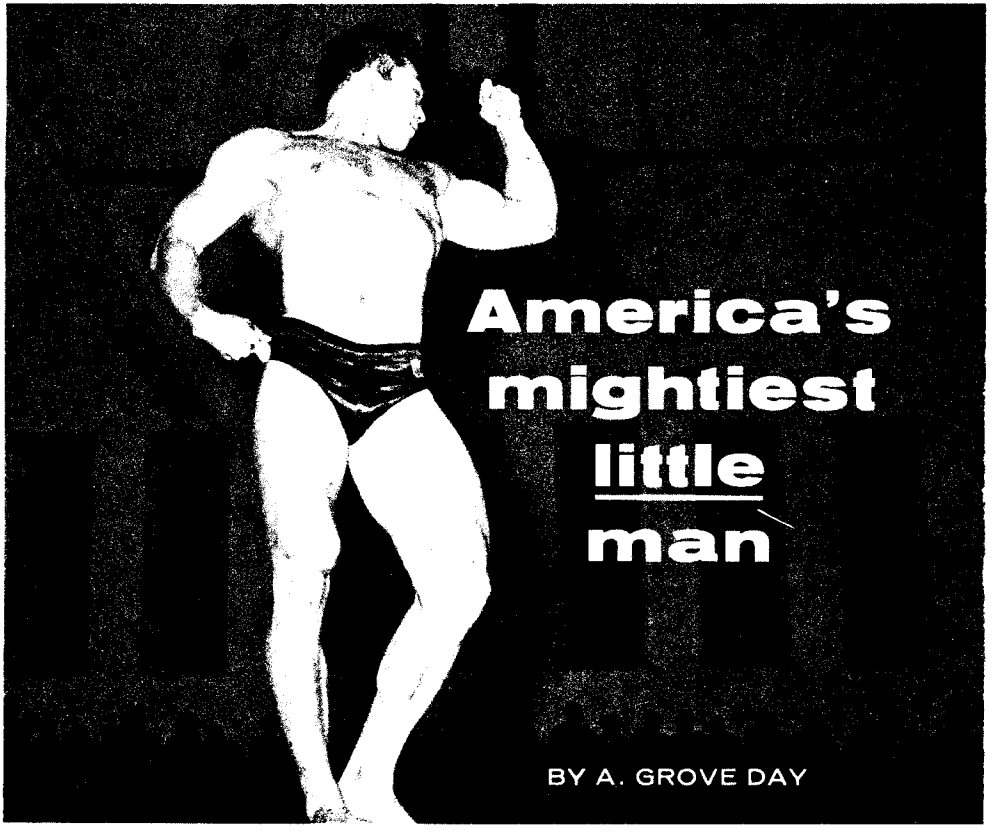

America's mightiest little man

BY A. GROVE DAY

Once an asthmatic weakling, Tommy Kono conquered bigotry and Soviet Samsons to become the world's top weight-lifter

THE MIGHTIEST MAN IN THE WORLD, pound for pound, can be found working as a laboratory technician in a doctor's office in downtown Honolulu. His name is Tamio "Tommy" Kono, a 29-year-old Japanese-American who conquered a strength-sapping disease—and maltreatment by his countrymen—to rule the sinewy sport of weight-lifting. In the last decade, Tommy has compiled a record as prodigious as the iron bar bells he hoists off the ground. He already has set 22 world and six Olympic records, holds 11 world championships and is the only weight-lifter ever to

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win Olympic gold medals in two different divisions—lightweight and light-heavyweight.

In August Kono will wear America's colors at the Rome Olympic Games, defending his weight-lifting honors against all comers—particularly against the formidable muscle men from the Soviet Union.

Actually, if Tommy chose not to represent the U.S. he scarcely could be blamed. During the anti-Japanese hysteria of World War II, the American Government exiled him and his family to the desolate "relocation camp" at Tule Lake, California. Yet Kono holds no grudges; in fact, he has become one of America's most tireless goodwill ambassadors.

This ability to rise above adversity has characterized Kono's career. At the age of 14 he was an asthmatic, 105-pound weakling. Since then Tommy has rebuilt his body with such scientific determination that he was named "Mr. World" in 1954 and "Mr. Universe" in 1955 and 1957.

Superficially, Kono does not look like the greatest weight-lifter in the world. The loose, Hawaiian-style shirts he usually wears hide his bulging muscles, and his modest stature (5′6″), horn-rimmed glasses and shy manner make him look more like a library-oriented graduate student. But looks are deceiving. To the Russians, Tommy Kono is a marked man. Until the Red Samsons can defeat him, the Communist claim that the U.S.S.R. is the world's strongest nation will be open to question.

According to Kono, "Weight-lifting is a big thing in Russia. They have 5,000,000 weight-lifters. What baseball is to America, weight-lifting is to the Russians. They are trying to prove to the world that they are stronger than anyone else."

Until now, Kono has had the Russians' number, despite the fact that hundreds of their star athletes train with the dream of defeating him. Kono has beaten their champions 12 times in a row. In Warsaw last October he won the world 165-pound championship by lifting six-and-a-half pounds more than his Russian rival, Fyodor Bogdanovsky.

In 1958 the Soviets scheduled a special Moscow meet in which a U.S. team, led by Kono, was invited to compete. They wanted Kono to be there so badly that when the U.S. team declined the Soviet bid, Tommy was invited to go alone as a guest of the Soviets, with all expenses paid.

Kono arrived by plane in zero weather. The night before the match he was up till 1 A.M., appearing on Russian radio and television. Later that day, however, having gotten the six hours of sleep he needs, he beat the top Russian, Bogdanovsky. Kono's Russian admirers loaded him with gifts of phonograph records and art books, and even paid $104 in excess air baggage so he could take them back home to Hawaii.

Tommy concentrates on weight-lifting to the exclusion of all other sports. He even declines friendly hand-wrestling matches. He has just one goal: to lift bar bells. (A bar bell is the object you see in strong-man acts; it looks like an iron axle

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with a railway wheel at each end.)

In the classic weight-lifting events each man has three trials in each of three different types of lift—"press," "snatch" and "clean-and-jerk."

To execute the "press," the contestant must lift the loaded bar from floor to shoulder, pause in this position until the referee signals him to lift or "press" the bar overhead with armpower only and hold it there until signaled to return it to the floor. The "snatch" requires seizing the weight from the floor, lifting it overhead in one motion and holding it. The "clean-and-jerk" is divided into two parts. First the weighted bar is lifted to chest height. Then the mass is hoisted overhead with the combined strength of arms and legs.

In the middleweight class, Kono holds the world records of 294¼ pounds for the snatch, and 947¾ for total pounds for the three lifts. Again and again he has held over his head double the weight of his own body. His best total in any one competition is 989 pounds in the light heavyweight division.

TOMMY KONO started out on the wrong side of the tracks. His parents worked long hours in a fruit cannery near Sacramento, California, trying to support four sons, including a set of twins. Tamio, the youngest, missed a third of his school days because of his sufferings from asthma. "As a kid, I wanted good health more than anything," he recalls. "I was given antiasthma shots by the doctors, and my folks tried all kinds of Oriental remedies—kidneys from bears, herbs and powdered snakes. Nothing did any good." His boyhood dream was to become a doctor, so he could cure himself and others.

But then along came World War II. Fearful that West Coast Japanese-Americans could not be trusted, the U.S. sent many to what were politely called "relocation centers." The Kono family was uprooted and shipped to the camp at isolated Tule Lake. Ironically, young Tommy found that the desert air relieved his asthma. And at Tule Lake two Nisei friends introduced him to weight-lifting. "It's good for you. It'll make you tough and strong," they said, and lent him a 15-pound bar bell. "Keep lifting it up, lots of times," they advised.

Gingerly, Tommy tugged at the borrowed bar bell. Finally he raised it above his head. "Tomorrow I lift it quicker!" he vowed.

Patiently Tommy practiced two to three hours a day, fighting exhaustion and shortness of breath. Gradually, his stringy muscles began to fill out. When Tommy's parents discovered that he was training with heavy weights, they ordered him to stop. But he just sneaked off to the ironing room and kept training. He would show the world that a skinny Nisei boy was good for something after all!

After the war, the Konos returned to Sacramento, where Tommy enrolled in a local junior college for two years. He continued his training and began to learn the rules of weight-lifting. Seventeen years old and weighing less than 148 pounds,

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Tommy first competed in a weight-lifting tournament at San Jose, California, in 1948. He placed second in the lightweight class. Two years later, he entered his first national match, in Philadelphia. He again placed second—but this time he lifted only five pounds less than the national record. Subsequently, while serving as a cook in the U.S. Army, he got the chance to compete abroad and accumulate a collection of medals and trophies.

Kono's year of decision was 1952. Dr. Richard W. You, a Honolulu physician who had carried on voluminous research in the scientific training of athletes, took a team of young Hawaiian weight-lifters to the national championships in New York City. Coached by Dr. You, the Hawaiians won the National Team Championship, overcoming a team that had been undefeated in 20 years of national competition.

Kono, whose ancestors had come to California from Japan, and Dr. You, whose ancestors had come to Hawaii from Korea, decided to work together. The doctor devised a diet that helped Tommy to reduce from 155 pounds to 148 in order to enter the lightweight class. He promptly won his first national championship, defeating an Olympic titleholder.

When he got out of the Army, Tommy visited Hawaii. He liked the idea of training all year round under the subtropical sun. He also relished the absence of racial prejudice in this "melting pot of the Pacific." In 1955 Kono moved to Hawaii. He has lived there ever since.

An amazingly versatile performer, Tommy puts the success of the U.S. team ahead of his personal ambitions. He figures out ahead of time the weight division in which the U.S. most needs his skill, then changes his weight to qualify in that division. Kono is the only athlete to establish U.S. and world records in four separate weight divisions, ranging from lightweight (148 pounds) to middle heavyweight (198 pounds). When not in training, Tommy's weight is about 157 pounds. In the Rome Olympics he will compete in the 165-pound class.

In his first Olympic competition, in 1952, he set two new Olympic records and one world record in the lightweight class. A number of times, though, he has won world titles in the 165- and 181-pound divisions. Says Dr. You: "It's like Joe Brown, the lightweight boxing champ, knocking out middleweight champion Gene Fullmer and light-heavyweight champ Archie Moore in the same year!"

Yet varying his weight by 40 pounds in two months—while keeping his power and stamina—is no problem to Tommy. In fact, it's easier for him to reduce than to gain weight. All he does is cut his meals down to three a day. To put on weight, he has to eat seven. To whet his appetite, he varies the cuisine. For a few days he lives on sukiyaki, then he shifts to chop suey, Italian pastas, then to steak and potatoes. He maintains vigor by achieving a scientific balance of fats, proteins, minerals and vitamins, following a program dictated by Dr. You. Tommy's main problem is making

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sure his clothes fit as he bounces up and down the scale.

When he's in poor form, Kono's will power keeps him going. Before the 1956 Olympics in Australia he pulled a shoulder muscle. Favoring this shoulder, he suffered strains in other muscles. Nevertheless, Tommy entered the finals in the 181-pound class. Gritting his teeth, he asked himself: "Do I *want* to do this?" Apparently he did, for he set four new Olympic records to beat his Russian opponent.

Yet Tommy's greatest thrill was non-competitive. "After the 1952 Olympics," he recalls, "we were competing with Belgian, British and French teams in a little town in eastern France. Suddenly a blond teammate stuck an American flag in my hand and said, 'Tommy, boy, you lead us!' A tinny brass band tried to play *The Star-Spangled Banner* as we marched in. It was just a small arena in a small town, but somehow I felt more honored than ever before or since!"

When Tommy represents America abroad, he refrains from tossing even a scrap of paper on a foreign street for fear of causing a bad impression. He has even toned down his handshake to avoid being obvious about his strength; sometimes, however, he needs protection from persistent autograph hunters and adoring young ladies.

Kono trains for an hour four times a week in the gym at the Nuuanu Y.M.C.A. in Honolulu, yet he is not a physical culture fanatic.

His worst enemy is overconfidence. "Tommy often wants to start off with too heavy a weight in order to hurry up and break records," complains Dr. You. "Someday this may cause him to fail on the official count and lose his world title."

Kono has repeatedly refused lucrative offers to turn professional or to profit by coaching foreign teams or writing for the foreign press. For several years after he moved to Honolulu, he operated a small restaurant specializing in health foods. But his travels kept him away so much that he was forced to give up the business. Nowadays, his only income is his modest salary as Dr. You's laboratory assistant. A bachelor who believes brides and bar bells don't mix, Kono lives in a small apartment on Honolulu's Makaloa Street, where he does his own cooking, washing and ironing.

But for Tommy Kono, only one moment has true meaning. That comes when he steps into the weightlifting arena and glares at the bar bell at his feet. Then, with every muscle poised, he faces front and asks himself the old question: "Do I *want* to do this?" Happily for U.S. Olympic hopes, the answer usually is: "Yes!"

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A reporter who lived in the hills with Fidel Castro tells the story of how an idealistic revolution turned into one of the great tragedies of our time

"A revolution gone wrong"

BY ANDREW ST. GEORGE

THESE DAYS, EVERYONE GREETS ME the same way: "What do you think of Castro *now*?" It's not an unreasonable question. During Cuba's two-year armed insurrection, I spent more time in the field with Fidel Castro than any other reporter—over six months. I went back five times to the hills, once crash-landing a small red-and-white Piper in a hillside tomato patch. My visits delighted Castro. But

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I had a two-year-old son (whose middle name is Fidel) and I had hardly ever seen him.

"Ah, Andrews," boomed Fidel, on one occasion, mispronouncing my name in a rush of affection, "I will be your son's godfather. We'll baptize him in the Church of the Angels when we win. Then you will come and bring your family to Havana."

I still spend a good deal of time in Cuba, but my family (which joined me there briefly after the revolution) has returned to unrebellious Westchester County, New York.

This is not to say that Castro and I are no longer fond of each other. The chief of the police has orders to turn me loose whenever I'm arrested for taking pictures—six times during February and March.

Last March, I dashed up with my cameras to a midnight fight between Communists and Catholic students among the elm trees of the *Plaza Central,* only to be collared by a police corporal with a huge turkey-leg pistol. "March with me," the corporal said, "to the commissariat." At the corner of the park, a flock of teenage boys, barely out of the lower grades of high school, surrounded us. Military intelligence agents, they carried submachine guns and carbines with homemade pistol grips.

"This *hombre* is a foreigner," they told my corporal. "We have jurisdiction over foreigners."

By this time the mob was ten deep around us, and there were cries of *"Let's finish off the son of a dog right here!"*

The corporal steered me through the growling crowd with the barrel of his gun. When we got to the Third Precinct, I felt grateful to be in his hands.

In April 1959, grateful Castro decorated author with high Cuban medal.

One of the most terrifying experiences of my life happened in front of the Presidential Palace, under the North Terrace where I once stood with Fidel on the night of his triumphant entry into Havana. Trying to photograph a rioting mob rocking a loud-speaker truck, I was half-carried, half-dragged around the *Plaza.* Men and women swung at me wildly. A police sergeant and a fast-moving Army officer dumped me head first into the back of an Army jeep. "Another minute or two," the driver said, "and we would be carrying your corpse back here."

Actually, I have been luckier than most newsmen who covered the Cuban revolution. Many of them have

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rapidly fallen into disfavor with the Castro Government.

As a line to the outside world, I was helpful to the revolution when dictator Fulgencio Batista was still on top. My reports—and the reports of others—were reprinted time and again and became the rebels' most important publicity. I had freedom to go where I wanted and to write what I pleased. But when the revolution triumphed, its leaders had no further use for foreign newsmen.

My life grew more difficult. My phone functioned fitfully, requiring peculiar repairs and wiring. Overnight I became an "imperialist agent," instead of an honored hero of the revolution. Today, newsmen from the *other* side: Russians, Czechs, Bulgarians, Red Chinese—are inaugurating a new cycle as the "Heroic Correspondents of Our Anti-Imperialist Struggle."

My warm wartime friendship with Fidel would seem to be dead and forgotten, but that is not so. Fidel has found it difficult to forget the only magazine article he ever wrote, which appeared in CORONET, in February 1958, under the title, "Why We Fight."

What Fidel wrote could almost be considered a preamble to the revolution. It was reprinted in six Latin American countries, in 11 different publications. In Cuba, teams of young men from the Greater Havana Action and Sabotage Section of the Castro underground spent grinding hours turning out thousands of mimeographed copies which were circulated clandestinely.

Recently, the article has been reappearing in the Cuban press, as a reminder of Castro campaign promises that have gone unfulfilled and ignored. One daily ran it front-page center, mutely bordered in black.

Castro, in the article, spoke of a "reluctance to enter the presidential competition." So he abolished elections and hand-picked a stooge for the presidency. He promised "full and untrammeled freedom of information for all communication media." But after he came to power newspapers and broadcasting stations that criticized the Government became true communications media only when, one by one, the Government took them over. He wrote "we have no plans for the expropriation or nationalization of foreign investments." True, planning has been haphazard—but Cuban and foreign investment alike *is* being expropriated and nationalized.

The CORONET article has become a haunting image of the early high principles of a revolution that is unmistakably going wrong. Yet he has never repudiated it.

Many of Fidel's headlong plunges into radicalism are beginning to bear dire consequences, but none more so than his fanatic, nationalistic "war" against the U.S.A.

In Cuba, millions of dollars and man-hours are spent on making this "war" the chief national endeavor. I have watched it grow from an almost imperceptible trickle into a sea of trouble.

Some of my best friends, gallant leaders of the anti-Batista insurrection, are in the Cuban equivalent of Siberian exile. Humberto Sori Mar-

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in, a brilliant lawyer; Commander Crescencio Perez, once Fidel's right arm in the hills; Jorge Enrique Sotus of the famed *cinco capitanes,* are among those in jail or in disfavor. There are many others.

All these men have been shoved aside by Fidel for a single reason: they would not compromise with the Communists.

In November 1957, I stood near a Cuban rebel forward post on La Mesa Hill, chatting with the commanding officer, Ernesto Guevara, an Argentine physician known as "El Che," who is now one of Cuba's most powerful men. We were talking of a friend, Captain Ciro Redondo, who had died in action a few days earlier.

"A real loss," said El Che. "When he came up here, Ciro wasn't a revolutionary, just a *Fidelista.* But up here, we were making him into a revolutionary."

That *Fidelistas* required El Che's indoctrination to be considered revolutionaries was significant news. Most informed observers now agree that Fidel's decision, halfway through the mountain war, to give El Che and his younger brother Raul Castro independent area commands was a fundamental mistake. As a result, when the revolution triumphed, Che and Raul controlled private armies much larger than Fidel's own force. Moreover, unlike Fidel's own happy-go-lucky outfit, these were politically indoctrinated troops.

There has been much guessing as to whether Raul Castro and Che Guevara are *bona fide* Communists. I happen to know that neither is a party member. But the thinking of both is described by Che's remark: "The Communist philosophy is nearest to me."

Ernesto Guevara, a darkly handsome young man, has nursed a hatred for Western democracy from his teens. "I was for Hitler during the World War," Che once told me. "He fought the British, didn't he?"

By far the most bitterly remembered shock of Che's student days concerns a huge, drunken American sailor who tried to steal his girl at a Buenos Aires beer garden dance. "When I tried to get up," Guevara recalls, still affected by the experience after ten years, "he put his hand on my head and pushed me down. I could not get up, no matter how I struggled, nor could I reach him. The waiters finally had to get him away."

Raul Castro has undergone no such traumatic experience. While still in his teens he volunteered to fight alongside U.S. troops in Korea. (He was turned down, probably because of his youth.) But during the last five years, Raul has become convinced that, "The principal enemy of Cuba is the United States," and adds, "If I have to choose between capitalism and communism, I won't choose capitalism."

On April 15, 1959, Fidel Castro left for a three-week tour of the U.S. and Latin America. While Commander Sergio Sanjegui, chief of operations of Army Intelligence, was busy with the security details of Fidel's trip, a lieutenant from Raul Castro's headquarters walked into his office and handed him a note of

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Turning on "Fidel's friend," Communist-led mob mauled St. George near Cuba's Presidential Palace last November. Only quick police action saved his life.

three typed lines: *"Turn in your credentials, your gun and your uniform. You have been removed as Chief of Operations, G-2, and discharged from the Revolutionary Army."* It was signed by Raul Castro.

Seizing the tactical advantage of Fidel's trip, Raul purged over 30 senior officers from the Army and the police. Rapidly he consolidated his hold over Cuba's armed forces.

The most principled anti-Communist flag officer, Commander Huber Matos, was sent to prison with 35 of his staff officers; shortly afterward, the last wholeheartedly *Fidelista* officer in a top command post, the popular Army Chief of Staff Camilo Cienfuegos, vanished.

When Cienfuegos disappeared in his small plane last October, there was nothing to link his disappear-

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ance with Raul or El Che. My conclusion still is that Cienfuegos was the victim of a tragic accident. But his disappearance revealed that he had had deep differences with Raul over Communist infiltration in the Army, and with Che over the role of Communists in the Nicaraguan and Haitian exile movements. Both in the Cuban Army and in the exile groups, Raul and Che backed the Communists; Camilo gave open support to known anti-Communists.

Startlingly, it came to light that a hidden struggle was going on between the Cuban nationalists—known as "Friends of Cuba"—and the Communists, called "Friends of China," in Castro's own revolutionary Army. The "Friends of China," masters of intrigue, had surrounded Cienfuegos on all sides at the time of his disappearance. Cienfuegos' own Army chief of Intelligence was Raul-appointed Communist Ramiro Valdez, who always wore a Russian fur cap because, although it made him sweat, "It helps me think right."

But, perhaps Castro's greatest mistake has been his decision to reach for the leadership of the Communist-backed Left Opposition throughout Latin America. This has brought Cuba into ominous alliances with subversive groups in every Latin country, from Mexico to Ecuador.

Tragically, Castro probably does have the timbre of a great new Latin leader—the irresistible personality, the instinct for timely social reform, the sure touch with the masses. But as the result of his mistakes, Fidel Castro does not even rule Cuba today. Cuba is run by a triumvirate—Fidel, Raul and El Che. A combination of any two members can box in the third, even if that third happens to be Fidel.

Raul and El Che have convinced Fidel that U.S. power is on the wane and that his only chance for Pan-American leadership is through a close political alliance with the Communist parties of the hemisphere.

Raul and El Che control the flow of military and political intelligence to Fidel, the former through Military Intelligence Chief Ramiro Valdez, the latter through Castro's chief political informant, the bitterly anti-U.S. Jorge Ricardo Masetti, who is director of a new Cuban propaganda agency, *Prensa Latina*.

However, Raul and El Che are not mere wire-pullers; they are dedicated, incredibly hard-working men, who like to joke that "We're going to get up an hour earlier tomorrow, so we can work 25 hours a day." They keep Fidel persuaded that U.S. officials are plotting against the Cuban revolutionary regime.

A YEAR AND A HALF after Castro took power, Havana is a hive of Communist and Communist-front activity. Moreover, to keep himself in the limelight, to keep the title of leader, to keep his own Cuban people united and militarized, Castro has launched his furious political and economic war against the U.S.

"We're riding a train without brakes," groaned a prominent Havana journalist to me recently.

It is hinted these days that Castro acts as if he were Napoleon, that perhaps he is crazy. But the only

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psychiatrist ever allowed near him, a tall, elegant Latin American-born lady doctor, who was trained in the U.S. and is now practicing psychiatry in New York City, claims he's nothing of the sort.

"Fidel has unquestionably superior intelligence," she says, "good judgment, superb memory. He is a deeply anxiety-ridden man, very fearful of rejection, a syndrome that seems to go back to his earliest childhood, when his father Angel (a wealthy sugar planter) reportedly neither accepted nor acknowledged him, and his mother Lina (who had been employed in his father's house), I suppose, generally rejected him. This still disturbs his relations with other people on a personal level. It makes stability a difficult thing to achieve, when anything permanent, anything established or ordered must remind him of childhood's emotional disappointments."

As a Freudian afterthought she adds musingly: "It is my suspicion that his mother refused to breast-feed him."

The truth is, however, that Fidel even upset the established order of patient-psychiatrist relationship; instead of falling in love with *her,* as is customary, it was *she* who fell in love with her bearded patient.

"It was a brief romance," says the psychiatrist, coolly, "it's all over now."

Yet many of Fidel's actions are probably influenced by an anxiety over a danger that is close at hand.

For all their fraternal front, the shadow of violence has never left the Cuban revolution's three new rulers. In 1957, when the small *Fidelista* landing force was scattered by Batista troops on its arrival from Mexico, Fidel, Raul and El Che were separated. Each took to the bush accompanied by one or two companions. And the Batista Government began spreading the rumor that Fidel had been killed or had surrendered.

"When the radio said Fidel had surrendered," Raul once recounted, matter-of-factly, "I made up my mind to kill him if he had betrayed the revolution."

Later, when I repeated Raul's remark to Fidel, he said, thoughtfully: "Yes, Raul would do anything for the revolution."

There are clear signs that Fidel is concerned with the prospect of sudden, violent death. When, last July, I flew to Camaguey with him in his private plane, he was startled by the sight of flames belching from the engine exhausts during warmup. The steward tried to reassure him that this was a common sight, but Fidel was worried. He ordered the engines stopped and questioned the sweating pilot for ten minutes before he allowed the plane to take off.

But unless he *is* killed—and there are those who say that his lungs and tongue would have to be clubbed to death separately—Fidel Castro will remain, as one observer put it: "A fact, a Cuban reality . . . the one man to whom Cubans have given their mandate to conduct a social revolution."

There is little chance of Castro's Government being removed, or even seriously shaken, by political oppo-

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sition. The economy is groaning under the many shifts and changes. But it is by no means paralyzed. It may even go into higher gear under the impact of open and concealed Soviet technical aid.

Whatever may be said of its political integrity, the Castro regime is the first financially honest government in Cuba's history. Some of his top officials, like Dr. Rene Vallejo, agrarian reform director for vast Oriente Province, manage hundreds of millions of dollars worth of property without owning more than $50 worth of personal effects.

Fidel's offhand way with money is symptomatic of the personal way he runs the Government.

"We were talking about setting up some fishing cooperatives," Dr. Vallejo told me, "and Fidel said, 'Look, I'll give you 1,000,000 pesos for that —no, maybe I better give you 2,000,000—see what you can get started.' He reached into the left breast of his tunic for his chewed-up Banco Continental checkbook, and right there on the jeep fender he wrote me a check with his driver's ball-point pen for 2,000,000 'cocos.' When Fidel came down about ten days later, he asked me casually what I'd done with the money. I told him it was still in my desk. 'Well, spend it, *viejo,* spend it, that's what it's for,' Fidel told me impatiently."

Such innocence has hugely strengthened Fidel's popularity with the masses of Cubans, who have grown tired of financially nimble politicians. At times, the depth of Fidel's popular support is shown in unexpected, touching ways. In the Havana Hilton, where the staff knows me, my clothes used to return from the hotel's dry-cleaning shop with slips of paper tucked into the pockets: "BE A GOOD JOURNALIST ALWAYS SPEAK TRUE OF CUBA THANK YOU GOD BLESS YOU."

"Castro is a better crowd manipulator than either Hitler or Nasser," says a correspondent who has seen all three. But Castro displays, even in difficult moments, a lack of personal cruelty; he has little of the repressive, repulsive harshness of the cartoon tyrant he is often made out to be.

When, not long ago, someone pleaded with Castro for a fellow-revolutionary, whom he had sent to prison for seven-and-a-half years, Castro began to count on his fingers worriedly: "How much time has he already spent in jail? Three months? Well, if he was given seven-and-a-half years, he must spend at least six or seven months in jail before we can think of letting him go."

But, "Make no mistake, this is a dictatorship," says a U.S.-schooled Havana lawyer, who was once a fervent Castro partisan. "We have terror in Cuba. It's *not* violent terror, *not* gunfire in the streets. It's in the decrees and statutes that could send a man to prison and to a secret firing wall for opposing the Government in any way at all. This terror is not being applied—yet. But it's here, written into law, waiting for the opposition to use real violence. Then, the roundups and executions . . . it'll be like anti-landlord week in Red China."

Many observers claim that revo-

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lutionary Cuba is a "dictatorship with a difference." Jean-Paul Sartre, the French writer and philosopher, who passed through Cuba recently, remarked, "The system seems to function this way: the people are confused; Fidel appears and tells the people what they want; the people decide Fidel is right. But what happens when Fidel is no longer around?" People who know Cuba respond by shaking their heads in terrified anticipation.

However, during the first year and a half of *Fidelismo,* Cuba has made enormous strides of progress. Fidel has given the humble poor of Cuba new hope for the future. He has given them a windfall of roads, schools and hospitals. From one end of the island to the other, the concrete never sets on Fidel's many public works.

Deep in the foothills of the Sierra Maestra, 100 miles from the nearest township, a sleek, modern school city is being built to accommodate 20,000 of the poorest peasant children—one of the most improbable sights I've ever seen. But in this school (still under construction, it has about 500 pupils at present) children live and work under bellowing military drill instructors. They march to class and to communal meals in obedient step. Their curriculum, split between field work and study, seems patterned after the Chinese Communist concept. No wonder that, in spite of the many military buildings turned over for educational use, Castro's critics mutter scornfully: "Yes, he's turning the barracks into schools, but he's turning the schools into barracks."

This split impression, divided between good and bad, is highly typical of everything Castro has done so far. One of the effects has been to divide the American Hemisphere as it has not been divided over any single issue in decades. In fact, the impact of Castro's revolution has even divided people here at home.

Jack Paar spoke up for Castro, but Ed Sullivan turned against him. Joe Louis is a Fidel fan, but Jackie Robinson refused an invitation to Havana. Ernest Hemingway considers Castro a colleague in beards and admires him greatly, but Tennessee Williams no longer does. Former President Harry Truman thinks Fidel should get a shave and a new suit; Adlai Stevenson says he ought to get more sleep.

My feelings are deeply divided about my friend Fidel. I still have great personal admiration for him. But I am alarmed and appalled by what has been happening to Cuba.

However, if Fidel recognizes his mistakes before it's too late, he and his country may still have a great future.

What I wonder is what Fidel—and Raul, and El Che, with whom I marched shoulder by shoulder through many moonless nights—will say to me when I return to Cuba.

A DALLAS, TEXAS, tie shop attracts customers with a window placard which reads:

"Come in and tie one on."

—FRANK HARTE

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NEWSPAPER STORIES of 1929 announced the most astonishing Arctic expedition of the century. A party of herdsmen planned to drive a huge herd of 3,000 reindeer across 1,500 miles of savage mountains and blizzard-swept tundra.

Skeptics made dire forecasts—and they were not exaggerating the obstacles. But they reckoned without a remarkable old Laplander, Andrew Bahr.

The story began one day in May, 1929, when Carl Lomen, "the reindeer king of Alaska," invited Bahr to his Seattle office to talk. The old Lapp asked for news from Alaska

BY REED MILLARD

Battling Arctic storms and stampedes, he drove a huge

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from which he'd retired two years earlier at the age of 62. How were the reindeer herds he'd imported and built up for Lomen?

They were fine, Lomen reported, but he had a problem to discuss. Up in far northern Canada, Eskimos were starving. Caribou herds were disappearing. Worried Canadian officials had come to Lomen, who specialized in supplying reindeer herds and meat as well as providing guides and outfits for Arctic travel. Reindeer, they believed, might give these natives a new way of life. Could Lomen's company deliver a starter herd of reindeer to the village of Kittigazuit, across the Mackenzie River? Lomen had agreed he'd try to deliver the reindeer, entirely at his own risk.

Perhaps he'd been rash. The 1,500-mile journey would be a fearful one. Somehow the animals would have to be driven north through the towering Brooks Range in Alaska, then eastward along the Arctic Ocean to northwestern Canada. It would take two winters; travel would be next to impossible during the other months.

It was a matter of common knowledge that no one knew reindeer as did Andy Bahr. The talk ended with

herd of reindeer 1,500 miles to save starving Eskimos

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the agreement that Bahr would lead the expedition—at a herdsman's wages. A missionary zeal burned inside him when he thought of what reindeer could do for people of the far north: provide a sure source of meat and milk, hides for clothing and shelters, antlers for knives and tools, sinews for thread, muscle power for hauling and carrying burdens.

The trek wouldn't be easy, Bahr knew that. He got a brutal preview of what was in store before they left Nabachtoolik, Alaska—the roundup point. An early blizzard came slashing across the corrals where the deer were assembled. In the storm they broke through flimsy fences and dashed away. Bahr patiently set out to round up the herd, which took six precious weeks.

THE PROCESSION got under way on December 26, 1929. Into the Arctic darkness they moved—3,400 deer, sleds, eight herders and their dogs, a biologist and a doctor.

They had advanced only a few miles when a blizzard struck. Though he insisted that the men rest, Bahr kept on driving for 30 hours without sleep. Only when he was sure the deer wouldn't stampede did he tumble into his sleeping bag.

Every few days, while the herd crawled forward, pawing through deep snow to get moss, it was stopped by another roaring storm. The men were soon worn and gaunt from constant floundering through the huge drifts. The biologist gave up. The doctor, ill himself, was the next to return with the supply plane.

Week after week they plodded on. In March 1930, when Bahr at last let the herd stop, they had traveled barely 150 miles, and the most terrible mountains still loomed ahead.

When summer arrived, it brought with it clouds of black flies, mosquitoes and gnats. The heavy nets the men wore were no protection, and the reindeer were maddened by these billions of tormentors. Nearly 1,000 reindeer escaped, stampeding in their frenzy, but the new-born fawns kept the herd nearly as large as the one that had started.

When the cold weather came it struck with chill suddenness, and as the winter march began, the thermometer was 50 below zero. Herders had to knock huge icicles off reindeers' faces so they could eat. The men's faces froze if they were exposed for an instant. They struggled on, making five or six miles a day.

Christmas, 1930, found them toiling upward toward Howard Pass, a mile-high notch in the towering mountains through which roared violent winds from the sea. Only at infrequent intervals—perhaps months apart—did the terrible winds stop blowing briefly.

"We'll get the deer over," Bahr told his men, "if we have to carry them."

Bahr put the strongest reindeer at the head and led them to the pass. They provided a windbreak for the weaker ones behind, but some stumbled and fell. Bahr and his men put them onto sleds and, on hands and knees themselves, kept moving forward, pulling the sleds.

They made it somehow and Bahr

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felt a new surge of hope. They were still less than half way to their destination, but the mountains were behind them.

When Dan Crowley, director of the reindeer drive for Lomen, flew in with a load of supplies in March 1931, he asked: did Bahr want to give up? Other men could take over. Bahr shook his head.

As they neared the sea, early in the summer, a freezing mist came rolling in. In this chill shroud there lurked packs of wolves which would strike suddenly, slaughter a cluster of panic-stricken deer, then vanish into the greyness.

In mid-June snow still blanketed the ground. Shivering fawns and their weakened mothers died by the hundreds. The Eskimos said they had never seen anything like it. On July 4th a blizzard came howling in off the ocean. The herd stampeded and hundreds of deer got away.

As the snow melted, the rivers ran high and flooded the land. Supply planes were unable to land, game and fish had vanished. Reluctantly, the men shot reindeer for food.

At the end of this summer of 1931, Bahr was shocked to learn that he had less than 2,000 deer. Many were back there, strung along the trail over which the herd had come. Finally, he started back to find the lost deer. It would cost another year, but he had to do it. It needs a herd to catch a herd, so Bahr decided to take 800 deer with him.

Two long years after the start, Bahr was wearily moving *away* from his destination. After backtracking 400 miles, Bahr had lost almost as many deer as he had recovered. It was spring, 1932, when he rejoined his men, 27 months after the start of their journey. Bahr decreed they would try moving during the summer again. They battled through bogs, living in wet clothes, alternately freezing and sweltering.

When winter came, Bahr fell sick. One herder made long daily journeys to the coast to pick up driftwood for fires to warm the sick man. For a time it seemed as if Bahr would die but, shaking and weak, he got to his feet and ordered the herd into motion.

By spring their goal was just 200 miles away, but ahead of them lay the greatest obstacle of all, the Mackenzie River. It was then that some of the herders told Bahr they could no longer continue on this mad journey. As these herders reached the outside, they told a grim story. Old Andy Bahr was not only sick in his body, they said, but in his mind as well.

When this alarming news reached Lomen in Seattle, he sent Dan Crowley hurrying north. As he faced Bahr, Crowley could see that the old man was bowed and careworn, but in command of his senses. When he shouted to Bahr that he had done as much as any human could do, and that he must quit, a fierce brightness shone in Bahr's eyes. Quit? Not unless Crowley fired him.

Crowley decided that he would stay to help cross the fantastic Mackenzie River, a broad tangle of separate streams flowing past hundreds of islands. They would have to cross from island to island, traveling per-

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haps 100 miles. Not only would the ice have to be covered with snow to provide footing for the reindeer, but the moon must be full so they could find their way.

Early in December a snowfall blanketed the ice. In a few days, the moon would be right. Impatiently Bahr waited, the herd poised near the ice. Then, a howling gale whipped the snow from its surface. Soon the moon shone down on a slippery expanse of naked ice across which the reindeer could not move.

In two weeks, snow came again. The moon was past its brightness, but Bahr decided they must go now. It was on January 3rd, four years since they had first started, that the herd stepped gingerly out onto the snow-covered ice. It began to snow. They had been on their way 24 hours when Bahr finally drew the truth from the guide. He didn't know where they were. The men were exhausted. They had to have food. Bahr ordered a halt and they brewed tea. As they gulped the scalding liquid, Bahr sent a couple of herdsmen out to watch the deer. They came running back to camp with the news that the herd had stampeded! There was nothing but a trampled path in the snow.

Bahr knew that the animals were heading back to where they had last found food. He shouted at the herders, and they turned the sleds and followed.

Many hours later Bahr had to admit the crushing truth. The deer had not stopped at the shore, but were rushing on, separating into smaller herds. The men couldn't possibly get the herd rounded up in time to cross this winter. Crowley told Bahr again that he must give up. The old man shook his head. The need of the Eskimos across the river had become even more desperate. Bahr would deliver their deer.

December 1934. Five years of toil, struggle. Snow came. Then the moon. Bahr gave the order to move the herd toward the ice. Hardly had he spoken when he felt a strange warmth in the air. It was the Chinook wind, the warming air current of the north country. Soon it had melted off the covering of snow and once more Bahr found himself staring at bare ice.

Days went by. No snow. As January passed, temperatures dropped and the air crackled with cold, but not a flake fell. If they couldn't cross in February, they couldn't make it this year. And Andy Bahr, bowed, racked with pain, now 70, knew he would not get through another year in the Arctic.

The weeks dragged. Mid-February. Now the almost-full moon rode high, and still there was no snow. Then the wind changed, and they got snow—a blinding blizzard.

Suddenly Bahr turned to Crowley. "We should go," he said. "I can find the way." Crowley nodded. It was a wild gamble, yet somehow he had confidence in Bahr.

The reindeer went willingly out onto the ice, plodding on through the white emptiness. Twelve hours; 24. Men and deer moved forward. The herders begged Bahr to stop. He shook his head. There would be no rest. He reminded them of

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what had happened last year. They would go on, munching their food as they went.

Three whole days on the ice, and still they had not reached Richards Island, the first place at which the deer would find forage. Suddenly the herd simply stopped moving. Shouts and prodding did not get a single animal to its feet.

Bahr bowed his head in a prayer. Had he led his herd for five years to have them perish here on the ice? He looked toward the mass of grey forms. A few deer were getting up. They moved forward. And Bahr knew what was urging them. They smelled reindeer moss. Now the whole herd came to its feet, following the leaders. Within an hour the deer were eating for the first time in more than two days. And the exultant herders were pounding Andy Bahr on the back. They didn't have far to go now.

Two weeks later, the reindeer made the short crossing to the settlement of Kittigazuit, Bahr and Crowley proudly at their head. The Eskimos witnessed a sight they had never expected to see. Some came to shake hands with Andy Bahr, others cheered while a Government official tallied the reindeer. True, there were only 2,370 of them, but that would soon be changed. After the birth of new fawns, the number would add up to more than the 3,000 that Lomen had promised to deliver.

Back in Seattle, proud fellow citizens declared an official "Andrew Bahr Day." At banquets in his honor, the worn little Lapp sat impassively. He had only one answer to the question: how had he managed the incredible journey?

"We just kept going," he shrugged.

In the far north today, the great reindeer drive is a living legend. The vast, flourishing herds provide the now prosperous Eskimos of the Mackenzie delta with a daily reminder of their great benefactor, Andy Bahr the Moses of the Arctic.

IT'S LOVE, LOVE, LOVE

HONEYMOONERS are allowed a ten percent discount on their hotel bills in Monte Carlo.

AN ARMY PRIVATE received a 194-page letter from his sweetheart.

AN 82-YEAR-OLD MAN applied for a marriage license but asked that the clerk come down to his car as he couldn't climb the steps to the license bureau.

A MAN NAMED LAWYER married a woman whose last name was Legal. —MARY WEBERG

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BY LEONARD WALLACE ROBINSON

The new wonder vaccines

IT WAS 4 P.M. of a cold, blustery day in midwinter, 1950.

On the desk of Dr. Herald R. Cox, director of virus research at Lederle Laboratories in Pearl River, New York, a beaker of fluid glittered in the rays of the setting sun. The mixture contained a new vaccine against poliomyelitis, developed by Dr. Cox and Dr. Hilary Koprowski. It had never before been tested on humans. But Dr. Cox and two of his co-workers had decided to be their own first guinea pigs.

Despite extensive laboratory experiments, such a test still involved some element of risk. The vaccine was made of a living polio virus that might cripple or kill. The men were testing it on themselves at a point at which results could not be predicted with certainty.

Dr. Cox sipped the mixture. The two others followed suit. It would be 14 days before they would know for certain what the effect of their concoction would be. Now, daily, the men checked themselves for any stiffness of the neck, for headaches or respiratory infections. Blood tests were taken.

Within six days tests showed that they had developed an "innocent" form of polio. They had wanted this to happen. But the big question still lay ahead: would this harmless "disease" remain harmless or would the live virus attack their central nervous systems?

On the 14th day, blood tests again were made. And then the wonderful news—the vaccine had given an immunity against polio without producing any sign of paralysis.

Why did these men risk their lives by testing their vaccine at such an early stage in its development? They knew that if it worked on them, then man might have a powerful weapon against the killer and crippler with a preference for the young—paralytic poliomyelitis.

Today it is clear that their gamble has paid off. These scientists, and

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Already tested
successfully on more than
29,000,000 persons,
they are cheap, easy to take,
and may give
lifelong immunity

against polio

Dr. Albert Sabin at Cincinnati University, have created live-virus vaccines which may wipe out polio on a world-wide scale.

Live-virus vaccines have been tested on over 29,000,000 people in 18 countries. Reports indicate that the tests have been hearteningly successful.

Here are some of the highlights:

1. In Russia an immunity rate of 90 to 95 percent was achieved on a large segment of the population with the live-virus vaccine.

2. The vaccine appears to be safe, gives no clinically observable symptoms or side effects.

3. It may, unlike the Salk killed-virus vaccine, be used to stop epidemics; it's already credited with stopping three: in Singapore, South America and South Africa.

4. It's easy to administer (by mouth in sweet syrup) and cheap. In poor and backward countries these two items are often decisive. The Salk vaccine costs ten to 100 times more than the live-virus vaccine; and people who refuse to be injected by a needle can often be persuaded to drink a sweet syrup.

5. Once a person has been immunized by live-virus vaccine he probably can't be a carrier of paralytic polio. Those immunized with the Salk vaccine may still carry the disease and spread it to others.

Of all its virtues one of the most promising is that the live vaccine, if it "takes," creates an innocent form of polio which may be passed on to others who have not taken the vaccine. Thus they, too, may become immune, even though they have not been vaccinated.

Parents will want to know why and how this new wonder vaccine works. They must first know a few facts about paralytic polio viruses and about immunology.

Viruses are living particles so tiny they cannot be seen, and can only be photographed by means of an electronic ultra microscope. The human

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intestinal tract offers a potential dwelling place for over 50 different kinds of viruses—called enteroviruses. Polio viruses are among these.

There are three types of polio viruses which can cause paralysis. When paralysis occurs one of these three virulent strains has attacked the central nervous system.

But when a polio virus multiplies in the intestinal tract it may not cause serious illness for it also causes the body to produce antipolio substances called antibodies.

When a person contracts paralytic polio, these antibodies remain in the blood even after the disease has passed, and do not usually allow the same virus to multiply again. If it should multiply again only a small amount is formed. The person then has what scientists call a "natural immunity" to polio. This kind of immunity is probably lifelong.

SCIENTISTS had long dreamed of a vaccine against polio which would give the individual an "innocent" form of the disease—paralytic polio that didn't paralyze. If this could be accomplished antibodies might form in the blood stream and give a kind of immunity similar to that in a person who actually catches and recovers from paralytic polio.

In 1936, Dr. Sabin had established the fact that polio virus could be made to grow and multiply outside the body on nervous tissue in test tubes. During the next three years independent researchers isolated the three paralytic polio viruses. In 1948, Dr. John Enders and his associates at Harvard University succeeded in developing a technique for breeding paralytic polio viruses on non-nervous monkey tissue outside the body. By 1951, a team of researchers definitely established that there were only three types of polio virus that could cause paralysis.

What did these discoveries mean?

Dr. Cox has put the matter this way: "Once you can isolate and breed viruses," he stated, "you can get them to do practically anything you want."

Drs. Sabin, Cox and Koprowski now set out to breed strains of viruses that would multiply in the intestinal tract of man but would not attack his central nervous system.

How would a live-virus vaccine differ from Dr. Salk's?

The Salk vaccine uses the original virulent strains of polio viruses "killed" by chemical means. The "killed" virus, injected into the body, does not cause the disease but can create antibodies similiar to the kind created by the disease itself.

The live-virus vaccine uses viruses whose capacity to paralyze has been bred out of them. They are called, in their weakened form, "attenuated."

Finding the proper strains was difficult. Though Dr. Cox had a live-virus strain in 1950 that he felt willing to take himself, further experiments made him dissatisfied with it. However, by 1956, Sabin, Cox and Koprowski felt that in their separate work they had bred usable strains of the three crippling types of polio. These are known as "grade A" strains. When they had started breeding them one single particle could cause paralytic polio in mon-

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keys and chimpanzees. When they had finished, 1,000,000 particles would not cause paralysis.

At first small-scale tests on human beings were made of these grade A strains. As their safety and effectiveness became known, governments throughout the world applied for permission to try them out on their own populations.

The largest tests to date have been done on 14,000,000 people in Russia, using the Sabin vaccines. The most widely used technique consisted of three separate feedings of the three strains at monthly intervals. Immunity against polio was achieved in 90 to 95 percent of those inoculated.

The earliest Cox and Koprowski tests were largely confined to tropical and subtropical countries. These tests were not considered as applicable to the U.S. as are the Russian tests. Another vaccine developed by Dr. Koprowski, now director of the Wistar Institute in Philadelphia, has been administered to 9,000,000 children in Poland. The Polish tests started in October 1958. To date, not a single known case of polio has developed among those inoculated. How effective the vaccine is as a preventive will not be known until the polio season passes.

Tests on human beings show that there is a wide margin of safety in all three vaccines. Not one death attributable to the live-virus vaccine has yet been recorded.

The tests have also given an answer to a basic question that has worried many scientists about live polio viruses. Some have feared that the attenuated viruses might lose their "innocence" as they passed from one person to another, and revert to their original virulence.

However, in the millions tested, no reversion to virulence has occurred in any known case. Epidemiologists believe that this experience will hold true for others.

There is a negative side to this picture, however. Doctors Joseph L. Melnick, Matilda Benyesh-Melnick and James Brennan at Baylor University in Texas believe they have shown that the live virus in current vaccines may retain more of its ability to attack the nervous system than previous reports had indicated. They also suggest that the vaccine viruses may not be as genetically stable as had been thought. Again, tests indicated that other enteroviruses may interfere with the production by the vaccine of polio antibodies in certain individuals.

Dr. M. P. Chumakov, one of Russia's leading polio scientists, last year stated, however, that the results of their Sabin vaccine tests had indicated complete safety and a high rate of immunity; by the end of this year, an estimated 77,000,000 Soviet citizens will have been inoculated.

What will our Government do about these new wonder vaccines? The United States Public Health Service has proceeded with the utmost care, remembering perhaps the tragedies that occurred when the Salk vaccine was first released for general use.

However, in August 1959, Surgeon General Leroy Burney moved in the direction of a green light for

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a live-virus vaccine in this country. If present medical and research questions continue to be solved, a live-virus vaccine here "may be under production within one or two years," he said.

Last winter the long-awaited first large-scale trial of live-virus polio vaccine began in this country. The goal was to inoculate 520,000 adults and children (the entire permanent population of Dade County, Florida, under 40 years of age) before the summer began. The Cox live-virus vaccine was used. If the test results are satisfactory, the U.S. may soon follow Russia's example and make the vaccine available to every citizen.

Meanwhile Lederle Laboratories, which has supported Dr. Cox' investigations, states it has put up $1,000,000 to create facilities for manufacturing 40,000,000 doses of the Cox vaccine. Merck, Sharp and Dohme, Pfizer and Pitman-Moore are said to have taken steps toward manufacturing the Sabin strains of the vaccine in quantity. Other drug companies are reported ready to go into production as soon as the Government makes up its mind whether to license one, two or all three of the vaccines.

Adding up all the available evidence, it looks as though, soon, poliomyelitis may *really* be on the way out.

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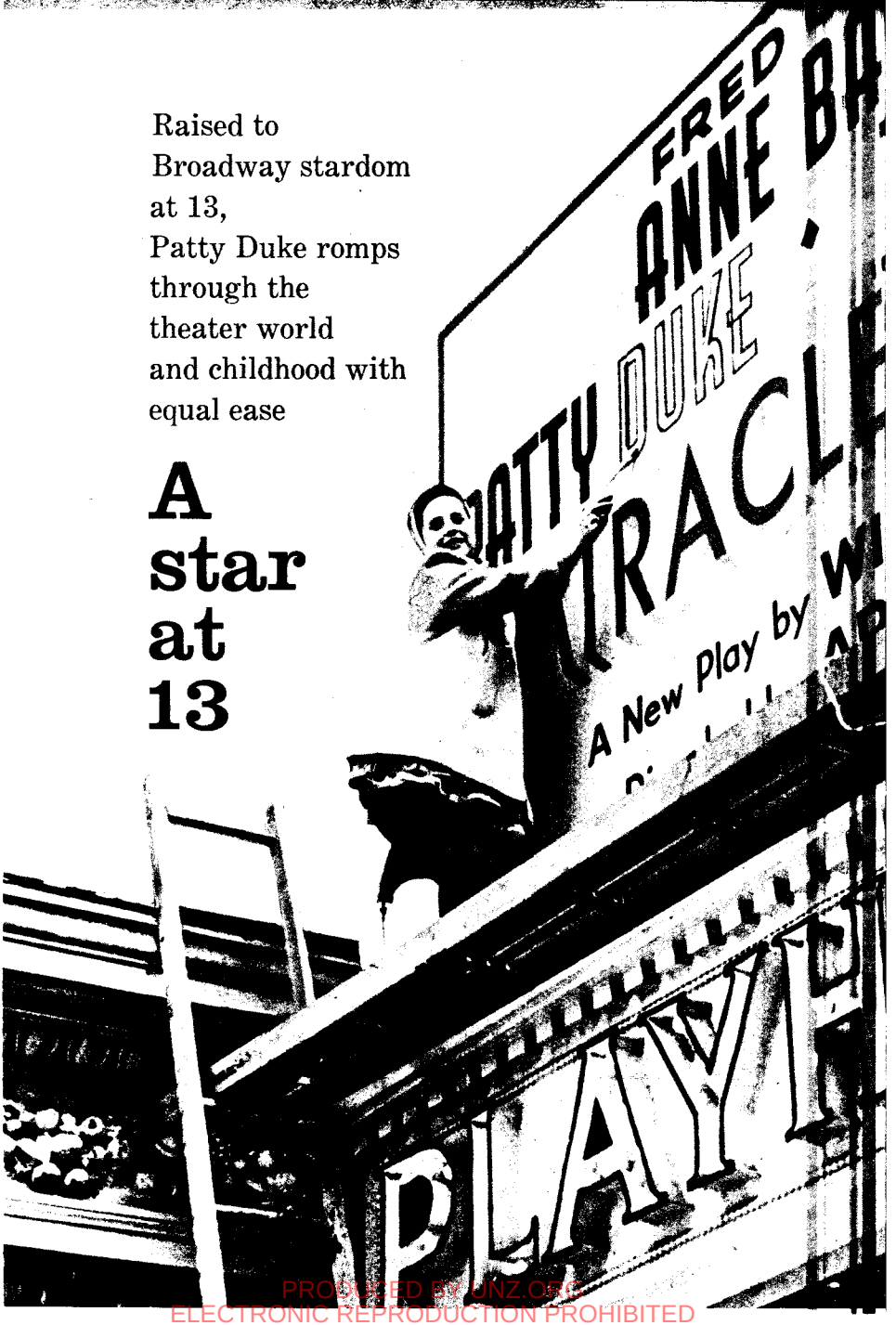
Raised to
Broadway stardom
at 13,
Patty Duke romps
through the
theater world
and childhood with
equal ease

A star at 13



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Ten months practice in pantomime before her audition won Patty Duke the prized role of young blind-deaf-mute Helen Keller in William Gibson's play, *The Miracle Worker.* Manager-coach John Ross taught her to walk "blind" over cardboard obstacles, to give no reaction to telephone bells or loud noises and to stare glazedly "a little above eye level until things don't register." She won the part—but must forfeit it if she adds an inch to her height. Blue-eyed Patty is now 4'5" tall, weighs 77 pounds and is proud of the muscles she is developing in her on-stage furniture-wrecking fight with Anne Bancroft (*left*). Anne plays Helen's teacher Annie Sullivan. "Anne and I make the same moves every night," says Patty, "but the chairs and plates have minds of their own."

Photographs by Constantine Manos

Text by Mark Nichols

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For her rigorous role, Patty snaps on pads around knees, shins and elbows. "We pant a lot, to make the fight look tougher than it is," she confides.

At a school bazaar (*right*), fun-loving Patty, dressed as a mustachioed gypsy, tells a classmate his fortune: "You're going to have 25 children, and turn gray before you're ten."

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Patty and Anne learned sign language for their roles in *The Miracle Worker*. "It only takes a half-hour to learn the alphabet," says Patty, "and about a week of practice to be able to 'talk' fast." Now she and Anne spell secret jokes into each other's hands during performances. A precocious practical joker, Patty sometimes rewrites a letter Anne is required to read. "My mind is undisciplined" once became "my mind is full of whipped cream." The fun is watching Anne try to keep a straight face.
Of the six other children in the cast, four are blind. They and Patty play together in their dressing rooms and on stage a few minutes before the curtain goes up. Patty shrugs away any thought of "special" treatment for the sightless girls. But for Rita Levy's birthday party (*left*) Patty shopped for a card with a raised picture and a mechanical toy that "felt good." "The girls clap and shout 'Bravo' a lot at our parties. On opening night they heard applause and people shouting 'Bravo' and now it's very big with them," Patty says.

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"Patty is a very warm, affectionate child,"
says her mother. "She's always climbing into an oldster's
lap or playing mother to children."
Left, she rehearses a TV show with veteran Claude Rains.

Recognizing dancers from a previous TV show, Patty rushed
up "to talk about what we'd been doing since."
Patty, who earns over $30,000 a year, loves "meeting
new people, traveling—and most of all, acting."

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Born to Irish-American parents (now separated), Patty is a child of East Side tenements who started acting at seven with a "dese-dem-dose" problem. Brother Raymond, 18, acts in TV and industrial films, and sister Carol, 21, works as a secretary. Patty asked to study acting after Ross—urged by a boys' club—accepted Ray as a pupil. After school, Patty and Ray, her hero-idol, affectionately roughhouse together ("I got her in training for Anne Bancroft," Ray says) or play ball in Central Park (*above*). Wearing Ray's jacket, Patty (*right*) exuberantly tosses leaves into the air.

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Dime stores and animals fascinate Patty. After class at a nearby professional children's school, she loves to dress Bambi, her manager's tiny Chihuahua, in doll clothes—*below*, in a blond wig and "mink" stole—from Woolworth's.

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Even at TV rehearsals, Patty keeps up with homework while her mother (*below, left*) watches. A B-plus student, Patty enjoys reading books on history. Her favorite period: the Civil War. This fall, she starts high school.

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Backstage, poised Patty—she shortened her confirmation name for acting; her real name is Anna Marie—asks gentleman caller Cary Grant to sign her "autograph dog" *(above)*. "At first I wanted to act because I saw my brother Ray was having fun. Now I enjoy it for itself," she says, applying burnt cork to her face to play the dirt-daubed Helen Keller.

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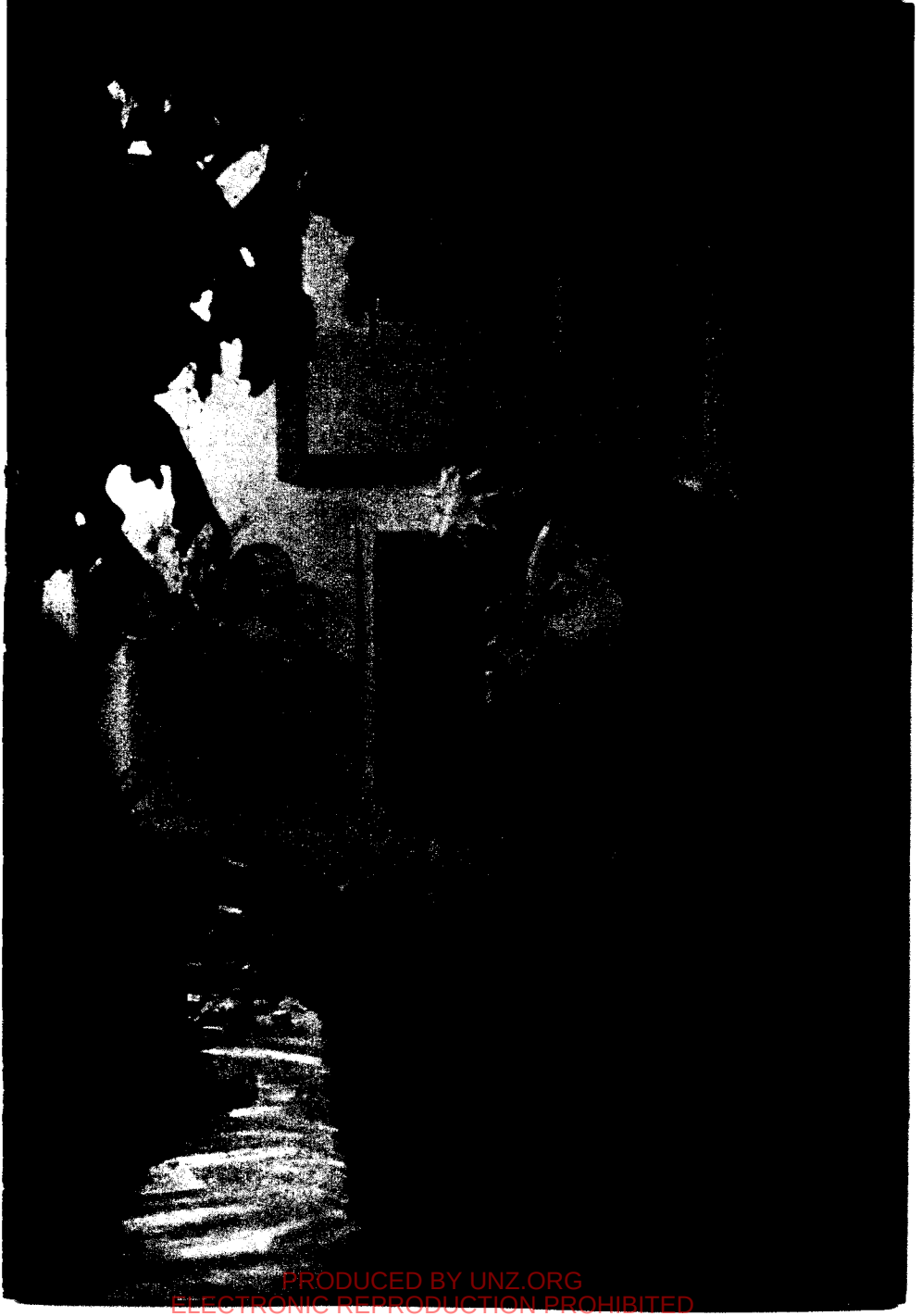

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PYGMALION, a sculptor celebrated in Greek mythology, once carved a statue of a woman so beautiful that he fell in love with it. For centuries his story remained just a fable; few, if any, people believed that a man could worship a lifeless form of marble or wood. A short while ago, however, the ancient myth became reality. A statue that has had the power to make men love her exists in Italy today. It has brought unhappiness to several men and caused the death of two.

Called Atalanta, the wooden figure is that of a golden-haired woman dressed in a gown that has slipped down from her right shoulder to reveal her bosom. At one time Atalanta decorated the prow of a 19th-century sailing ship. Today she stands in the Italian Naval Museum at La Spezia, a port town near Genoa.

The curator of the museum has charge of Atalanta now, and part of his job is to defend her against people who, outraged and frightened by her story, want to have her destroyed. Letters of warning about Atalanta have come from as far away as China, and a few years ago a deputy in the Italian Parliament introduced a bill to have her wooden body burned, as people once burned witches.

The curious spell that Atalanta casts is composed partly of legend but mostly of authentic, documented facts. The story began in 1866, when a sailor on watch aboard the Italian frigate *Veloce* spotted what he thought was a

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human body floating in the middle of the Atlantic. He told his captain, Aristofane Caimmi, who immediately brought his ship around to recover the "body." When he pulled it on board, he noticed its name carved on a wooden pedestal—Atalanta.

No one was able to discover where the statue had come from or what had happened to the ship whose prow she had adorned. The sailors on the *Veloce* discussed the mystery endlessly, and on the long voyage back to Italy several of them developed the habit of sitting in front of Atalanta for hours, gazing at her placid, provocative beauty. Legend says that they began quarreling about her, and Captain Caimmi eventually had to lock her out of sight to calm their jealousy.

When his ship arrived in Genoa, Caimmi turned Atalanta over to the Naval Museum, where she was displayed along with about 30 other statues that once decorated the prows of other ships. Since most of these are muscular, warlike women equipped with helmets and spears, Atalanta established herself with tourists and custodians alike as the most feminine figure in the place.

In 1924, one of the custodians was a middle-aged man whose job it was to clean the hall and dust the exhibits. Almost without knowing it, he began to worship Atalanta. As time went on, he found—as the sailors had before him—that he couldn't take his eyes off her. One day, as he was dusting her, he dropped his rag and furtively caressed her body with his hand.

Behind him he heard one of the other guards guffaw. "He's in love!" the man jeered.

The old man's infatuation amused his fellow workers. They took every opportunity to taunt him about it. Yet each time he dusted Atalanta he longed to fondle her wooden body. Sometimes he did, and sometimes the guards saw him do it.

"He's in love," they laughed. And then one day, "He's crazy."

His wife heard the story, and after that he sensed her embarrassment. In time, it seemed that the only friend he had was the statue itself. The gossip spread. Wherever he went in La Spezia, people looked at him curiously. In the museum he tried to ignore Atalanta. But it was his job to dust all the exhibits. Whatever he did now, the words followed him: "He's crazy."

One night after everyone had gone home, the custodian walked down to the waterfront. The next day his body was found floating on the waves, as Atalanta's had been when the *Veloce* discovered her.

When all this happened, the present curator was out of the country so he doesn't remember it firsthand. But after he came to the museum he met guards who were there at the time. Today, when anyone asks him about it, he brings out a museum catalogue, printed in 1930, which describes what happened.

In 1943, however, the curator was in La Spezia when the Germans controlled the important naval base there. One day he met Eric Kurz, near a small marble reproduction of a German submarine unit. An as-

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cetic, studious youth, Kurz rented a room in Piazza Verdi, a large square in downtown La Spezia, and filled it with books.

"Lieutenant Kurz spoke several languages," the curator recalls, "but he never said much to anyone in any of them. He used to come to my office and sit here for half an hour or more without making a sound. When he was with you, he was always far away, too."

One day, after he'd been in La Spezia about a year, Kurz followed the curator into the room where the museum statues were stored. When he came to Atalanta, he stopped. "I want that," he called out.

The curator turned to see what it was he wanted.

"I'll send a truck for it," Kurz said.

The curator nodded. The Germans were in control. Whatever they wanted they got, and it never even occurred to him to tell Kurz the strange story of the custodian.

Kurz quickly carried Atalanta to his room. No one knows what he did there. All that anybody can say now is that he hid her for a month. None of his friends was invited to see her. Like a man with a secret, he pretended that nothing unusual was happening.

Then, on October 13, 1944, Kurz failed to report for duty. Since Italian partisans were active near La Spezia, the German commander feared the worst. He went himself to Kurz's room and broke down the door. He found the young officer sprawled at the foot of the statue, his service revolver in his hand, a bullet hole through his head. Above him on Atalanta's impassive wooden body he had pinned a farewell letter. Written on pale blue paper, that note is one of the museum's exhibits today. Translated, it reads:

"Since no woman can give me the life of dreams that you have given me, Atalanta, I offer my life to you. *Eric Kurz"*

After the war, the Naval Museum recovered Atalanta from the Germans. For a long time she was kept in the basement, as officials debated whether to put her on view again. Finally they decided to risk it. Since then they have kept her in the main exhibit hall in spite of letters protesting her appearance.

Today Atalanta stands serenely near a small marble reproduction of the ancient Greek statue that Pygmalion loved long ago.

"Sometimes people ask me if I'm not afraid I'll fall in love with Atalanta myself," the curator smiles, staring thoughtfully at her graceful, half-clad body. "But in Italy there are so many nice live curves, who has time for a statue?"

BOXED IN

When box-tops state,
As box-tops should,
"Open Here,"
I wish they would!

—Family Weekly

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Chinatown's last secret

Huey was trapped: silence might mean jail, but cracking the huge Chinese immigration racket could mean his death

BY STEVEN WARSHAW

ON A WARM AFTERNOON in June 1957, an aged Chinese named Huey Bing Dai sat in San Francisco's Federal Building preparing to make one of the most difficult decisions of his life. He could break the biggest immigration fraud in the history of the U.S., risking assassination; or he could remain silent as he had for more than 60 years, when asked, as he knew he would be, about Chinatown's secret.

A Chinese-speaking Federal agent was conducting the interrogation. In Hong Kong, 22 agents of the State Department and Immigration Service were checking immigration frauds involving the entire Huey Clan. They had found pictures and credentials showing that Huey Bing

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Dai had helped to promote these frauds. Did he wish to go to prison?

The old man shook his head and looked up. Slowly he began a confession that affects many of the estimated 240,000 Chinese in the U.S., and is certain to echo through the courts for years to come.

HUEY BING DAI'S story began in the decade of his birth 80 years before, when American recruiters were landing at Hong Kong to find cheap labor for California's railroads and mines. In Sai Kay, Huey's birthplace and a center of the Huey Clan, the Americans found that 450 impoverished people were living in the 75 thatched huts. They had no trouble finding six men to go with them.

Huey Bing Dai was only a boy then, but after a few more years he was able to follow the original six to California on the strength of his claim that one of them was his father. Like the others who got to America, he sent back reports of good food and work. By the time he returned to the village for a visit in 1902, the people of Sai Kay were calling California "Kum Shan"—the Gold Mountain.

The year of Huey's visit was a bad one for Sai Kay. There was hunger and early death. The elders of the village, knowing that many of the younger men were itching to try their luck in California, agreed to sanction mass migration. But they'd heard that Californians were persecuting Chinese and that Congress, under strong pressure from demagogues who were rioting against cheap labor on the West Coast, had passed the Chinese Exclusion Act, a law designed to keep Orientals from becoming U.S. citizens.

No, the elders decided, the Huey Clan might never be able to move to California legally, but there was one illegal way: America would have to accept the sons of Chinese who had already become U.S. citizens, because any child born to an American abroad derives citizenship from his father.

How could the Americans check birth records in a remote Chinese village? Every legal emigrant from Sai Kay would claim to have left sons behind. Once established in America he could bring other members of the clan over as his children. Perhaps he could return to the village for a visit. Then, when he was questioned by the U.S. immigration officials on the way back, he could say he had fathered still more sons.

The Chinese imagined that the Americans filed each claim in a separate slot of the vertical cabinets used in offices of those years and began to call each claim a slot. It could be filled by a legal or fraudulent son. It could be bought or sold as passage to America.

The so-called "slot racket" was simple in theory, but in practice became as intricate as any Chinese puzzle. As it spread, it often required dozens of intermediaries to bring the Chinese-American and his "child" together. The illegal immigrant had to learn enough about the man he claimed as his father to pass any test. He had to have the $2,000 to $6,000 that each slot brought on the American and foreign market.

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In 1919, American officials caught a glimpse of the slot racket when an immigration agent was caught falsifying records. But it faded when the agent committed suicide in San Francisco before he could be tried. The officials had to wait almost 40 years before Huey Bing Dai would help them learn the extent of the racket. Huey's confession led the agents to hundreds of cases of illegal immigration. He himself had brought over 69 persons, 57 of them illegally. He knew of 37 others whose names he was willing to report.

In the three years since Huey broke the case the agents have been trying to measure the complete extent of fraud. They've been only partially successful because there are no complete records of the number of Chinese who acquire citizenship or of those who gained it by reason of birth in the U.S.

There is enough evidence to suggest how many frauds there may be, though. In 1884, the 12 blocks comprising San Francisco's Chinatown in those days included 30,360 people —or 200-300 people per acre. Today, the district spreads over 22 square blocks holding about 90,000 persons in one of the most densely packed communities in the country.

The earthquake and fire of 1906 destroyed most of San Francisco's birth records and permitted thousands of knowledgeable Chinese to claim themselves native Americans: there was no way to disprove these claims, nor is there now. Federal statisticians estimate that if all the Chinese claiming to have been born in California are telling the truth, every Chinese woman in the state before the quake would have had to have borne 800 children.

According to James B. Schnake, the assistant U.S. Attorney who was in charge of the original investigation for the Department of Justice, 99 percent of those claiming birth before the quake and fire are actually natives of China. The total who claim American birth isn't on any record. The best guess, it appears, is that about half of the Chinese in America claiming citizenship are not legal citizens. Most of them sincerely believe themselves to be within the law but are in families whose whole legal line was corrupted by some early, forgotten use of the slot racket.

Until the Communists took over China in 1946 nothing could stop the underground flow of humans between Hong Kong and America. The pressures of population in China were too great, the U.S. immigration laws were too unrealistic, and, above all, the slot racket was too profitable.

Joseph Hertogs, a San Francisco immigration attorney for many of the Chinese, estimates that migrations after World War II, before the Communist take-over, ran to 500 a month. For the privilege of using the slot racket, he found, many illegal immigrants paid up to $100 every year for the rest of their lives.

The most widely practiced deception in immigration law history, the racket's most astonishing feature is that so many people could have kept it secret for so long.

How did they? Huey Bing Dai's confession shows that, to keep their

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secret, many Chinese in America have been paying a heavy price. They have been subjected to female slavery, peonage, smuggling, drug running and extortion.

Behind the serene façade of San Francisco's Chinatown and in other Chinese-American communities an entire national group has been shown to be struggling to keep its integrity. The majority of those who managed to buy slots became peaceful residents of the U.S. whose culture and capacity for hard work are legendary.

But the racket had its dishonorable side. This was shown by the case of William Y. Fong, a middle-aged, rich San Francisco dairyman who bought a slot for $1,500 in 1939, and brought a young cousin named Jonathan over from China to work for him. He paid Jonathan only food and board and kept saying he was keeping the wages to pay off the cost of the slot.

During the war Jonathan served honorably in the U.S. Army, and after it he married an American-born Chinese girl. She was persuading him to break with his cousin when Fong came to them with a proposal. Fong wanted a mistress. They both knew Jonathan's financial debt was paid but Jonathan felt he had to comply as a duty to the family. Over his wife's objections, he finally consented.

Jonathan divorced his wife, went to Hong Kong, married Fong's lover, and brought the woman back to San Francisco. Then Jonathan prepared to dissolve his sham marriage. He was visited by Immigration officers after he had remarried his former wife. Jonathan exposed 55 fraudulent immigrants including one 29-year-old narcotics peddler who plunged five floors to his death after he learned that he had been discovered. William Fong was tried in July 1956 and was sentenced to three years' imprisonment.

Another case involved a woman who took two daughters with her on a ship bound for China. On her return trip, the children with her still wore dresses—but were boys. The boys could earn money in America and the girls could not.

As the months went by, the people of Chinatown began to watch developments anxiously, for there were sporadic arrests. In mid-February 1958, in the rear of Sunny Jim's Laundry at 352 Leavenworth Street, the leaders of the Huey Clan gathered to discuss what seemed to be a disaster.

The clan knew it had to make the next move. Theoretically, the Government could have arrested many of its members. On the other hand, assistant U.S. Attorney Schnake had promised leniency to anyone whose only crime had been to use the slot racket. Schnake wanted confessions.

The discussion at Sunny Jim's was in unglorified surroundings, beside piles of shirts and a couple of steam tables. Yet it constituted one of the highest tributes any group of people with a common ancestry can pay to the government of their adopted country. After their prolonged conference the Hueys agreed to order confessions from all of the clan's illegal immigrants. In effect

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they were saying that they would trust the U.S. Government not to deport them and that they would help to enforce U.S. laws even if they weren't citizens.

Within two days hundreds of Chinese appeared in the offices of the Immigration Service in San Francisco where, since then, close to 3,000 have volunteered to help end the slot racket.

Meanwhile, Schnake has kept his word. He had articulated what has become Federal policy. The Government's chief aim in this case, he notes, has been to wipe out fraudulent slots, and in this it has made progress. Except for a Communist propagandist who was sent to China as a condition of probation and a narcotics peddler who went to Formosa, there have been no deportations. The only prosecutions have been of people who interfered with the investigation or who committed perjury, blackmail, peonage or who engaged in the commercialized sale of citizenship papers. The greatest number of illegal immigrants have become resident aliens eligible for naturalization. And, in fact, many hundreds have already become naturalized citizens.

Chinatown thought of Huey Bing Dai as a traitor after his confession. He went into hiding, guarded by State Department agents.

But today he is a respected figure. In the larger sense, the immigrants were grateful to be able to confess in comfortably large numbers. For more than half a century, sometimes because of illegal immigration, they have insisted upon segregation from the rest of the American community. They have forgone the protection of wage and hour laws, denied many of their children higher education, and in some cases were even moved to obstruct regular health inspections, so that their tuberculosis rate has been twice that of their Occidental neighbors.

All of that is changing now. Chinatown, it seems, has been freed of the burden of its last secret.

THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR: REVISITED

"BUT HOW could it be simpler? *FOR THE LAST TIME,* Paul! It's ONE if by land, and *TWO* . . . . ."

"OH, COME NOW, Hancock! You've read the fine print THREE times already!"

"ABOUT THAT OPENING for Chief Security Officer, General Washington . . . . . if he'll accept the post, good old Ben Arnold. . . ."

"CONSIDERING YOU WROTE it during the heat of battle, Key, it's not too bad, but as a national anthem. . . ."

"LIKE I ALREADY SAID, we've got the red and white in stock, Miss Ross, so WHY raise a fuss just because the blue won't be here till Friday?"

—LOUIS SNYDER

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The art of loving

BY ERICH FROMM

WHAT IS LOVE? Is it a complex art? Or is it a matter of chance, something one falls into if one is lucky? People are starved for love, watch endless numbers of films about it, listen to hundreds of trashy love songs—yet hardly anyone thinks that there is anything that needs to be learned about love. People think that to *love* is simple, but that to find the right person to love—or be loved by—is difficult. They confuse the experience of *falling* in love with *being* in love.

If two persons who have been strangers, as all of us are, suddenly let the wall between them break down and feel as one, this moment of oneness is one of the most exhilarating experiences in life. Yet there is hardly any activity which is started with such tremendous expectations and which fails so regularly as love. The first step to avoid this failure is to become aware that love is an art. Like learning any art, if we want to learn how to love we must master its theory and practice and make them our main concern. Yet, in spite of our deep-seated craving

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Love is the most sublime plane of human existence. Yet most of us are unable to develop our capacities for love, for it requires maturity, self-knowledge and courage. In these excerpts from a renowned psychoanalyst's classic best seller, love is described as an art that needs to be learned

for love, almost all our energy is directed toward material aims and almost none to learning the art of loving.

The deepest need of man is to overcome his separateness, to leave the prison of his aloneness, achieving union and transcending his individual life. There are many solutions, the record of which is the history of religion and philosophy. These answers to some degree depend upon the stage mankind or individuals have reached between emotional infancy and maturity.

By far the most frequent solution is union based on *conformity*. This is the attitude that if each of us conforms in custom, dress and ideas to the pattern of the group, he will be saved from the frightening experience of aloneness. As a result of this approach, equality today means "sameness," rather than "oneness." Even men and women become the *same*, not *equals* as opposite poles. With the change, erotic love, based on this polarity, is also disappearing. Union by conformity is insufficient to calm the anxiety of separateness. The high rate among us today of alco-

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holism, drug addiction, compulsive sexuality and suicide is a symptom of this relative failure.

Mature love breaks through the walls which separate men. It overcomes man's sense of isolation, yet permits each man to be himself. In such love the paradox occurs that two beings become one and yet remain two.

Love is active, not passive; it is a "standing in," not a "falling for." Love is primarily giving, not receiving.

What is giving? The most widespread misunderstanding is that it means "giving up" something. A person whose character has not developed is willing to give, but only in exchange for receiving; giving without receiving for him is being cheated. Or else he gives in the sense of sacrifice, and for him, "It is better to give than to receive," means it is better to suffer deprivation than to experience joy.

For the productive character giving has a different meaning. In the very act of giving he experiences his strength, his wealth, his power. The most elementary example lies in the sphere of sex. The man gives his semen to the woman—he cannot help giving unless he is impotent. The woman gives herself too, and in the act of receiving, she gives. If she can only receive, she is frigid.

The most important sphere of giving, however, is not that of material things. It lies in the human realm where one gives that which is alive in him, his joy, his interest, humor and sadness. In giving he cannot help bringing something to life in the other person, and this reflects back to him. Giving implies making the other person a giver also, and they both share in the joy of what they have brought to life.

Sigmund Freud, the father of modern psychiatry, saw love exclusively as the expression of the sexual instinct. For him, desire was not one form of the need for love and union, but a chemically-produced tension in the body which is painful and seeks relief. Sexual desire in this concept is an itch; sexual satisfaction the removal of the itch. My criticism of Freud is not that he overemphasized sex, but that he failed to understand sex deeply enough.

Attraction between the sexes is only partly caused by the need for removal of tension. It is mainly the need for union with the other sexual pole, and this is by no means expressed only in sexual desire.

There is masculinity and femininity in *character* as well as in sexual function. In each individual *both* characteristics are blended, so that we each have some degree of the qualities of the opposite sex. Very often if the masculine character traits of a man are weakened because emotionally he has remained a child, he will try to compensate for this lack by emphasis on his male role in sex. The result is the Don Juan, who needs to prove his male prowess in sex because he is unsure of the masculinity of his character.

When the paralysis of masculinity is more extreme, sadism (domination and the use of force) becomes a main substitute. If feminine sexuality is weakened it is transformed

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into masochism (submission to a person or a power) or possessiveness.

The infant does not yet love. To him persons and things have meaning only in terms of satisfying or frustrating the wants of his body. Freud calls this *narcissism.*

Infantile love follows the principle "I love because I am loved"; mature love follows the principle "I am loved because I love." Immature love says "I love you because I need you." Mature love says "I need you because I love you."

EVENTUALLY the mature person comes to the point where he is his own mother and father, by building a motherly conscience in his capacity to love, and a fatherly conscience in his reason and judgment. In development from attachment to mother followed by closeness to father—and the eventual balance between the two—lies the basis for mental health and the achievement of maturity. In the failure of this development lies the basic cause of neurosis.

Love is an attitude which determines a person's relationship to the world as a whole, not just toward one person. If a person loves only one other person and is indifferent to the rest of his fellow men, his love is not love but an enlarged egotism. If I truly love one person I love all persons, I love the world, I love life. This is brotherly love and it underlies all other types of love.

In contrast to parental and brotherly love is *erotic love,* the craving for complete fusion with one other person. It is also perhaps the most deceptive form of love there is.

Sexual desire can be stimulated by the anxiety of aloneness. Sometimes it is aroused by vanity. The wish to conquer or be conquered, to hurt and even to destroy can be its source. Love is only one of the strong emotions which can stimulate sexual desire. Most people are easily misled to conclude they love each other when they want each other physically. Love *can* inspire the wish for sexual union, and when it does, the physical relationship is blended with tenderness. If the desire for physical union is not stimulated by love, it never leads to union in more than a transitory sense.

Mature erotic love should be essentially an act of will: to commit one's life completely to that of one other person. To love somebody is not just a strong feeling—it is a decision, a judgment, a promise.

No objective observer can doubt that such love is relatively rare today. Its place is taken by a number of forms of pseudo-love.

In any number of articles on happy marriage, the ideal is described as the smoothly functioning team. The marriage counselor tells us the husband should "understand" his wife and be helpful. He should comment favorably on her new dress and on a tasty dish. She in turn should understand when he comes home tired and disgruntled. She should listen attentively when he talks about his business troubles, should not be angry, but understanding, when he forgets her birthday. In its refuge from an otherwise unbearable sense of aloneness, the

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couple forms an alliance of two against the world and mistakes it for true love and intimacy.

In the generation before this "team spirit" became emphasized, it was believed that if two people learned to satisfy each other sexually they would love each other. This fitted the general illusion of the time that using the right techniques is the solution not only to technical problems of industry but of all human problems as well.

Love is not the result of adequate sexual satisfaction, but sexual happiness—even knowledge of so-called sexual technique—is the result of love. If an impotent or frigid person can emerge from fear or hate and become capable of loving, his or her sexual problems are solved. If not, no amount of knowledge about sexual techniques will help.

According to Freud, the uninhibited satisfaction of all desires would create mental health and happiness. But the facts demonstrate that men—and women—who devote their lives to unrestricted sexual satisfaction do not obtain happiness, but very often suffer from severe neurotic conflicts.

One common form of pseudo-love is *sentimental love,* experienced typically in the fantasies of magazine fiction, movies and love songs or daydreams, but never in the here-and-now relationship to a real person. How many engaged or newly married couples dream of bliss to take place in the future, while they are already beginning to be bored with each other!

It is frequently thought that love means the absence of conflict. But most destructive conflicts are often only disagreements on superficial problems. Usually we make much of them in attempt to avoid facing the *real* differences. Real conflicts are not destructive. When honestly faced, they lead to clarification from which both persons emerge with more strength and knowledge. Love is possible only if two persons communicate with each other from the center of their existence and do not try to avoid basic issues.

Most people today expect to be given prescriptions of "how to do it yourself." I am afraid anyone who reads this in that spirit will be gravely disappointed: to love is a personal experience. But there are some requirements for learning any art; discipline, concentration and patience, for example. Sensitivity to oneself helps too. Then, when one is aware of a sense of depression, one need not give in to depressive thoughts. Instead, one asks, "Why am I depressed?" Our own inner voice will soon tell us the real source of our upset.

The main condition for achieving mastery of the art of loving is overcoming the infantile outlook we call narcissism. The opposite to narcissism is objectivity, the ability to see people and things as they are, not as they are distorted by our desires and fears. The insane person or the dreamer fails completely in having an objective view of the world. But all of us are more or less insane; all of us see the world through some degree of narcissistic distortion.

To learn the art of loving we must

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devote our lives to the development of humility, objectivity and reason. We must become sensitive to the situations where we are not objective and learn to recognize the difference between reality and our distortions of it.

Love is an act of faith, and whoever is of little faith is also of little love. Rational faith is rooted in one's own experience, in confidence in one's own powers. Faith is an indispensable quality of any significant friendship or love. "Having faith" in another person means to be certain of the unchangeability of his fundamental attitudes—of his love. In the same way, we have faith in ourselves. Only the person who has faith in himself is able to be faithful to others.

To take the difficulties, setbacks and sorrows of life as a challenge which to overcome makes us stronger—rather than as an unjust punishment which should not happen to *us*—requires faith and courage. Then will we recognize that while we are consciously afraid of not being loved, our real, though usually unconscious, fear is of loving.

Love is a power which produces love. Impotence is the inability to produce love. The ability to love as an act of giving depends on a person's character development beyond dependency, self-love, the wish to exploit others or to hoard.

To love means to commit oneself without guarantee, to give oneself completely in the hope that our love will produce love in the other person. Love implies faith in our own powers and courage to rely on these powers to reach our goals. Who does not have these qualities is afraid of giving himself—and of loving.

A child learning to walk, falls, falls again and falls again, and yet it goes on trying, improving, until one day it walks without falling. What could the grown-up person achieve if he had the child's patience and its concentration in the pursuit of that most important to him—the art of loving!

REASON ENOUGH

WHILE ALBERT I. MAYER was Mayor of Seaside Park, New Jersey, he had occasion to preside over a community budget meeting. During the course of the meeting, the matter of the library tax came up for discussion and a citizen rose to oppose the tax on the ground that it was discriminatory.

"How is the library tax discriminatory?" the Mayor wanted to know. "Anyone can use the library. You can use the library."

"It's still discriminatory," the man insisted. "I can't read."

—JOHN REDDY

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BY JACK NEWCOMBE

IF FRANCE AND her Western allies are ever forced to fight an atomic war, they may make important use of the Maginot Line, an old underground fortress that proved tragically outmoded 20 years ago. One of man's most costly and most elaborate artificial barriers, it has been gradually restored to serve as a military base and huge fallout shelter for hundreds of thousands of civilians. The Maginot Line is the famous, 200-mile, concrete-and-steel chain of forts that France strung along its eastern frontier from Switzerland to Belgium. Started in 1929, it took seven years to construct at a cost of $2,000,000 a mile. The Line was never actually completed.

Deluded by their own publicity about this "military wonder," French Army leaders considered the defensive system impregnable. Yet in the spring of 1940, when Germany overran France in six weeks, few Maginot Line forts ever fired an effective round at the enemy. There was little the Maginot Line *could* shoot at, since the main German force simply raced around its northern flank.

Except for some looting by retreating Germans and practice detonations by advancing Americans, the Line sustained little damage in World War II. For a while, the French appeared embarrassed even to inspect the costly relic. But gradually, the Ministry of Defense began to clean up the rooms and tunnels and repair the long-silent communication and transportation systems, which include a 13-mile railway.

In 1954, NATO headquarters encouraged the French to restore the main forts so that they could be included in European defense plans. The ghost of France's unhappy past suddenly came alive again. Nuclear command posts were designated for some of the deeply entrenched rooms. A large radar scanning post was placed in an Alsace fort to check the movement of planes in Iron Curtain countries. A jet wing of the Royal Canadian Air Force, on NATO duty, used a section of the Line's northern installation to conceal its supplies. Other sections were

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A failure in World War II, the costly Maginot Line may soon redeem itself by serving as an atomic shelter and underground NATO base

marked for use as public shelters.

Recently the National Defense Committee of the French Senate called for a grant of 10.000.000 francs to re-equip part of the Line with the latest in armor-piercing guns. But the War Office was unwilling to accept the suggestion that it should re-occupy the Line as a permanent ground defense again. It is reported that under President Charles De Gaulle's aggressive plans to make France a nuclear power, the Maginot Line will be used to stockpile atomic weapons and to hide vital manufacturing plants. But French defense officials become evasive when asked anything about the Line. They don't like to talk about its past and they are under orders not to discuss its future.

The embarrassing history of the Maginot Line apparently taught the French a lesson. They believe there was too much talking and boasting about it in the 1930s. The Line was probably the worst-kept secret of the last World War. For example, the Government had severe penalties for sketching or taking pictures in the vicinity of the forts. Yet a sanctioned mystery movie, *Double Crime on the Maginot Line*, was shot on location and proceeds from the première provided comforts for the troops.

The location and construction of emplacements were masterpieces of camouflage, yet the labor force that built the Line had almost as many Czechs, Germans and Poles as French. From 1931 to 1933 there were 53 cases of espionage that directly involved the forts. And the electric contract for the whole works was given to a subsidiary of the Siemans Co. in Germany!

Of course, French military leaders were proud of the fortifications. One high-ranking officer suggested the Germans be invited to visit the forts because "their very strength was such to discourage aggressors." Allies were taken on full-dress tours of the Line as if it were a national monument. Prime Minister Churchill enthusiastically inspected the works from a glass-enclosed, upholstered railway car, while the Duke of Windsor was treated to a subterranean champagne dinner

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and concert. In a 1939 radio speech, Anthony Eden expressed the "world's gratitude" for the Line.

A wounded hero of World War I and a great French patriot, Minister of War André Maginot campaigned successfully to build the forts that bear his name. Maginot was determined that Germany would never again be able to invade France. "We must build a wall the devil himself cannot get through," he said.

Maginot was convinced of the need for a system of heavily armed casements and pillboxes. But he also argued that the forts must be backed by tanks and planes, both of which were in short supply when Germany struck in 1940. Maginot did not live to see the tragic end of his plan. He died in 1932.

The French spared neither material nor technique on the Line. Its exterior consisted of steel and concrete casemates, many of them ten feet thick, scattered at irregular intervals. The Line was not a continuous, palatial trench, but a pattern of interconnecting forts. The arsenal of a typical fort included everything from machine guns to heavy artillery. The larger guns in the more elevated casemates were manned by crews but maneuvered and fired electrically—as in naval warfare. Casemates for the heavy guns were often embedded in hillsides and were made of a combination of concrete, steel and earth, which had been tested to take direct hits from three 500 mm. projectiles landing in exactly the same spot.

Elevators linked the pillboxes to the deeply entrenched living quarters. Each fort was connected to the galley, sleeping rooms and recreation halls by tunnels. It was later discovered that the Line's tunnels were as long as the Paris Metro. A narrow-gauge railway carried supplies from post to post, and couriers of the Fortress Infantry, or "shellfish" as they were called, pedaled around the catacombs on bicycles.

Set back about ten miles from the German border in most places, the Line stretched from Belfort near Switzerland to Montmédy in the Ardennes below Belgium. The guns were placed so that, theoretically, they covered every possible avenue into France.

IN THE UNEASY PEACE before 1940, life in the Line was a combination of discomfort and luxury, laxity and discipline. Despite the excellence of construction in the Line, dampness was an annoying and omnipresent adversary. Moisture beads clung to newly polished boots and letters had to be written in pencil because ink would smear. The atmosphere was heaviest in the sleeping rooms, where the steel bunks were piled close together, as on a troop ship. When shown to his tiny bunk one recruit was told, "Just imagine you are a medieval monk."

Occupants of the Line were depressed by their abnormal surroundings—no windows, no breeze, no dawn or darkness. Officers in one station tried to overcome the drabness by decorating their bar to look like a yacht. The waiter was dressed as a sailor and outside the painted "porthole" was a tropical scene.

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Despite the all-electric kitchens and rumors of subterranean feasts, the food was little better than average military fare, although the soldiers got liberal wine rations which they supplemented with such local specialties as *kirsch* and *mirabelle*. The drinking bouts sometimes got so far out of hand that the High Command had to issue warning circulars.

Another problem, which future occupants of the Line must also face, was the laziness that gripped the troops. After a few weeks, Maginot Line soldiers grew listless and indifferent. The "shellfish" welcomed the chance to go above ground and tend their "asparagus beds," the maze of upright rails that served as tank traps. Some pillbox crews tried to brighten their surroundings by scattering flowers and "Maginot Roses" bloomed along casemate walls. One fort started a well-concealed vegetable garden, and a soldier left his fort during an artillery barrage when he suddenly remembered it was his day to weed.

Most of the troops shared the confidence of their leaders in the Line's invulnerability. But as threats of a Nazi invasion increased, Charles De Gaulle, an early critic of the Line, pointed up its basic weakness when he warned in 1934: "Watch the breach in the northeast. A slight error on the Moselle or the Meuse and we may suffer a bad defeat."

There is still controversy over why the Line was not extended across France's northeast frontier. Plans were made for its completion and 240,000,000 francs were earmarked for the job, but the Superior War Council—led by Marshal Henri-Philippe Pétain—turned them down. Pétain had great faith in the Ardennes Forest as a natural barricade and a general reluctance to sink forts in the rich industrial north.

As war approached there were incidents of laxity in the Line that should have jarred the French High Command. One evening in the summer of 1939, an impulsive young German tank driver decided to desert. He lost his way in the dark and kept going until he ran out of gas near Epinal. He had lumbered right through the Maginot Line without a challenge or a shot fired!

When Germany marched into the Rhineland in early March, 1936, French soldiers commandeered trucks, taxis, even horses, in their race to man the forts. Then they settled down to a long war of nerves. A strange air of non-belligerence hung over the Maginot Line and its German counterpart, the Siegfried Line as if the two arsenals had decided to sign a gentleman's agreement not to bother one another.

One of the first major Maginot Line barrages of the war was touched off by an exchange of insults. At forts near Basel, Switzerland, the French were entertained by musical programs piped over loud-speakers by the Germans. In their propaganda the Germans often slandered the British, but they were careful to leave the French alone. One day they began to brag about their conquest of Norway. The French became angry and beamed insults at Hitler over their loud-

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speaker. A German sharpshooter took a shot at the French loudspeaker. Suddenly the Maginot Line flared up with a massive barrage.

Most of the time the Line remained silent and isolated, while to the northeast, Germany crushed the bulk of the French Army. Two entire army groups were stationed in or directly behind the Line. They were badly needed elsewhere when Germany's 150 divisions, including 12 mechanized units, smashed into the Low Countries. A French force under General Corap left his pivotal position at the end of the Line to meet the Germans head-on—and was beaten. Thereafter the forts of France were nearly as useless as a picket fence as the Germans bulled ahead to the English Channel.

Not until French resistance was generally disorganized, however, did the Germans risk a frontal assault on the Line. One June 14, near Saarbrücken, assault troops crossed the Rhine under heavy artillery support and took a few forts manned by rear-echelon French units. Another crack in the Line occurred at Moderback when the Germans cut through the woods at night and captured a few emplacements. The following day the Armistice was signed.

The Maginot Line troops were so remote from the real fighting that many of them did not believe the war was over. Soldiers in one sector went on fighting for 17 days after the Armistice before the embarrassed French High Command could stop them, while near the Swiss border, a handful of French Alpine Chasseurs manned the fortress against the Germans while 30,000 Maginot Line troops pulled out and escaped to the south.

The conquering Germans were determined to leave the impression they had smashed the Maginot Line. They opened up the forts for tourist visits, and for home consumption made a film of the "surrender" of the Line by faking an artillery barrage and parading columns of soldiers dressed in French uniforms out of the forts.

After the Liberation, the Maginot Line remained a dank, damp mausoleum for France's unhappy past. But it has gradually assumed a new respectability. The French now realize that it may someday prove to be a sound investment after all.

HOW'S THAT AGAIN?

FROM A VERMONT newspaper: "Thirty-seven persons suffered seat exhaustion during a parade at Pittsfield, Massachusetts."

—A. E. DOWNEY

DECLARATION OF the Deputy Mayor of Scarborough, England, to some visiting convention delegates in town:

"The Mayor is out of town but, if he were here, I am sure he would be the first to apologize for his absence."

—HAROLD HELFER

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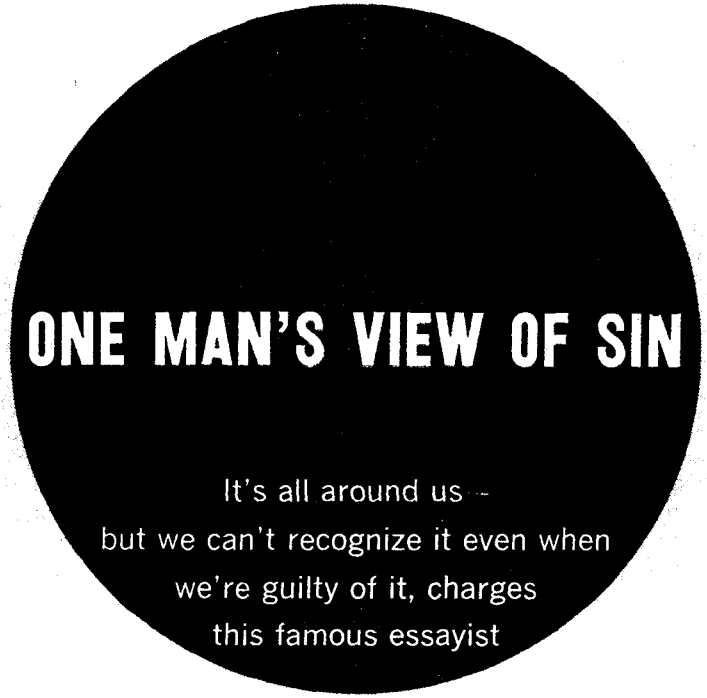

BY PHILIP WYLIE

YEAR AFTER YEAR, increasing numbers of us, including America's so-called "solid" citizens of the middle class—which now means almost everybody—grow less honest, less able to distinguish right from wrong. Since a nation that becomes increasingly confused about ethics is doomed unless the trend is reversed, it is vital to every one of us to understand our sins. Through that understanding we can discover the virtues we must regain.

It is easy to demonstrate the eroding evil that grows amidst us: universal use of commercial bribery and "payola" in one form or another; the unconscionable padding of expense accounts; automobile-damage fakery; income-tax

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cheating; petty thievery from the stalls of the supermarkets. Whatever form our amorality takes—and there are innumerable forms—it pervades our daily lives.

Some officials in the Bureau of Internal Revenue estimate that if they could afford to hire enough agents to track down the annual gypping in our income tax returns, they would recover enough money to keep the budget balanced and to start paying back the national debt!

When I was a youngster, cheating in school was regarded by almost everybody, cheaters included, as the lowest of deeds. Today, undergraduate cheating is widespread, commonplace, cynically accepted by many. Only recently the New York District Attorney's office exposed the fact that paid ghost writers were taking exams and writing theses for college students.

When the Charles Van Doren episode occurred, many newspapers throughout the country took "polls" among people picked at random. They asked what people thought of Van Doren, a Columbia University professor who acknowledged receiving answers in advance of his widely heralded, well-rewarded appearances on TV quiz shows.

More than half of all persons, in the polls I saw, either condoned what Van Doren did, or excused him! Not a few confessed that, in Van Doren's place, they'd have done the same. Many fools said they'd like the quiz shows back, "rigged or not"! Others asserted that "anybody" would have done what Van Doren did; and, further, that anybody who said he wouldn't do the same was a liar. Many students at Columbia vigorously objected when Columbia's officials removed Van Doren from his position. They also obviously could see little to condemn in the actions of their teacher.

The point about the quiz scandals is not simply that money corrupts people's actions or that TV is itself corrupt. The point is, it revealed that an apparent *majority* of us today have the ethical standards of jackals.

Plainly, our ancient ethics, those of Judaism and Christianity, are failing us more and more, even as we learn more and more about scientific truths and the world around us.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE to pinpoint all the causes of our growing dishonesty—hence of our dishonor and unreliability. But the main cause, plainly, is that millions of us have no way of deciding what act may be good—and what, evil. So I would like here to offer my personal definition of what I regard as the three greatest *causes* of sin:

First, self-deceit.

Second, the deceit of others—by whatever means.

Third, keeping a "closed" mind.

Self-deceit is, of course, simply self-cheating. True, no person can always be completely honest with himself. But the *only* person with whom one has an assured chance even to try to be entirely honest, *is* one's self.

The victim of self-deceit is willing to accept falsehood and delusion. He deludes himself, thereby making

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himself *untrustworthy* to others.

The self-deceiver has countless motives for his acts. Vanity, or egotism, is one. He "kids himself" about his thoughts, feelings, inner motives and outward acts because, according to his cockeyed thinking, the truth would "humiliate" him. So he endures the humiliation of living a lie.

Self-deceit is often "unconscious." Many of us have achieved so much skill in automatically refusing even to *try* to be honest with ourselves, that we manage to ignore and repress *how* dishonest we have become. We engage in elaborate evasions. We kid ourselves, and so, others.

Such uses of self-deceit are called "rationalization." The brain of any person who, for whatever "reason," *wants* to put a "different face" on a fact or an act, can and does erase from consciousness what is true and real. Whoever thus misuses his brain thereafter consciously believes only his invented lie. To him or her, the lie is now "truth."

A common example is the man who buys a car—which he cannot afford—for the actual purpose of impressing his neighbors. The man "tells himself," however, that he had to have the car for *business* reasons. That, not the truth, is what he believes afterward, with seeming sincerity.

Embezzlers, as a rule, are "rationalizers." They persuade themselves that their theft is a "secret loan" of funds they will increase (by gambling, playing the market, a "deal"). This will permit them to repay the "loan"—no one the wiser—and let them keep their "legal profit." Even when caught, embezzlers often remain firmly convinced of their "innocence." They rationalize the stolen money as "actually their due" by convincing themselves they were miserably underpaid in the job that led to embezzlement.

Self-deceit weaves in the mind a web of comparable rationalizations. In the end, it creates a personality without access to itself or its motives. You, if an habitual self-deceiver, no longer *know who you are* or what you may or may not do. Not to know yourself leads to "impulsive" acts of every sort which are not truly "impulsive." With self-knowledge, you could have foreseen the possibility of such acts.

Suppose you are a handsome man with a pleasant, pretty wife and two children. A couple moves in next door. You develop a powerful "thing" about the woman next door. And you see that she apparently reciprocates it. Being what you consider a "good husband," you deny to yourself that you have any passion for your new neighbor's wife.

Your own wife takes your kids to the seashore for a month. You stay in town to work. During that period, your neighbor is called away on business for ten days. All of a sudden—you and his pretty wife (if she's also a self-deceiver) are "swept off your feet." You have a blazing love affair. What next? You and she may forever imagine that "what happened" was "sudden," "inevitable" or "beyond control." That same bogus thinking will be your alibi if you are found out.

Actually, if you had not engaged

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in habitual self-deception, you would have recognized your own passion when it began. In that case, whatever your view of the "naturalness" or the "evil" of an ensuing affair, it would have occurred—or not occurred—according to your own *voluntary decision,* made on the basis of your idea of love, family, sex morals and of what you deeply consider to be sin—as well as virtue.

If you think the affair was sinful, even though you also think it was an "accident" (which it was not), you will have to live with its result. It will eat at you ceaselessly, giving you a wearing anxiety—which you cannot be rid of because you won't let yourself know the true explanation.

Most of us lack the courage to remain undeceived about our inner selves, our feelings, our actual motives and the sources of our acts. Yet, to the degree we are self-kidders, we are unalive. And our capacity for knowing others correctly is in exact proportion to our capacity for self-delusion. The saying "To thine own self be true" doesn't mean—as many imagine—"drop your inhibitions," or "let your hair down." The saying means, "To thine own self be *truthful*"—and it means, "Act according to that."

The next-most-evil deed in which we can engage, I believe, is to deceive others. Self-deceivers will, of course, deceive others and be unable to prevent it—since they don't know they're being deceitful. But millions of us deceive others for conscious reasons, which, again, we try to rationalize. And, again, the result is to add to our load of shames and anxieties a further burden that haunts and harries us but which, since the source is never admitted, we cannot name.

We commonly have false pretenses of speech and mannerism; we make up phony histories of ourselves as alibis for our faults and lacks. We use a thousand other methods and devices for deceiving other people—devised to create an impression that we are different and more impressive than we really are. Much of our American greed for material possessions—money, split-level ranch houses, two cars, private school education for our kids and so on—is due to just that one sin: an effort to deceive people.

Again, we in America excuse ourselves for other kinds of deceit. One often-used excuse is that "everybody else" is deceiving people in the same way. Many of us have even come to believe "the majority is always right"—even when it is plainly wrong. We deceive ourselves into believing that majority behavior, or what we want to believe is majority behavior, though crooked or evil, is "right," by falsely persuading ourselves that "rightness" is established by the majority.

Actually the majority is often relatively "wrong," by intent or through ignorance. When Einstein first originated his Special Theory of Relativity, he was the only man on earth who was that "right" about the relationship of mass, energy and light's speed. And in every area—ethics and morals, included—some man or some few people (witness

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the Biblical sages) are constantly more nearly right than all the rest.

Just *because* one man, or a few, *may* be "right," when all others are mistaken, we have our guaranteed Constitutional freedom. If majorities did determine "what is right," communism would be far more right in Europe than Christianity!

MANY OF US wickedly believe there are "levels" of honesty in relation to others. However, there cannot be one ethical code for business, another for love, another for family relationships, a fourth for fellow-believers or fellow-citizens, a fifth for foreigners and so on.

To think—if you sell, or advertise in order to sell, a product—that you can lie, or misrepresent the truth about it, means that you are obliged, first, to imagine you possess a right you are going to deny others. You have first to regard others as inferior to yourself, as naïve "suckers," legally open to treachery, before you are able to betray them.

That example of *self-deceit*—always a prior act when the deceit of others is to follow—has led to some of our greatest cruelties. Thus, the inferior-feeling Germans, in a self-deceiving attempt to be rid of real guilt and self-dissatisfaction, had first to pretend to themselves, then convince themselves and finally try to convince the world, that the Jews were to blame for all German shortcomings. Only after that could they proceed to murder 6,000,000 Jews. So whenever you purposely deceive others, you hold them inferior to yourself and without your rights. You have then taken the first step that led to such horror as Nazi genocide. For to betray anyone by deceit is to betray yourself, *first.*

My third-most-grievous sin, the "closed mind," is as commonplace as the other two. A closed mind is one that simply refuses to examine impersonally any new idea, fact, truth or evidence which it encounters, if it in any way disturbs or tends to refute whatever that mind happens to believe.

Many people, many *good* people, learn their virtues by following the highest ethics of various great religions. All such people actually have a single criterion, articulated in varied fashions in diverse religions, but with one meaning: "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." That is the ancient, still true and the most widespread standard for ethical conduct.

But people who will never let their minds accept fresh principles proven and established by science or research or study are sinners, in my view.

They are also cowards. It takes more courage than they possess to face, learn, accept and incorporate in the spirit new truths and new knowledge that shatter old beliefs. And such people—along with all others whose minds, at any point or any topic, are firmly and forever closed—do not, I think, really have much faith. For any genuine faith, I'm certain, embraces the idea that man *continues* to increase his knowledge and wisdom about the world around him.

It is the closed mind that most

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dangerously becomes the deceiver-of-self and so, the deceiver-of-others. For the closed minds among us believe they are "right." Therefore, they often act on that belief with every means, even sinister, to thrust their ideas of "rightness" on all others, whatever others believe.

I need only add one further thought to the "sins" I've listed, to explain my concept of a modern code of ethics.

All my "thought" requires is a restoration of the "time element" to the Golden Rule. Suppose we agree that the single form of actual immortality that all men know they can achieve is through children: your children, mine, everybody's children and theirs. Suppose we agree that, insofar as we human beings can manage and imagine, we should shape our individual lives primarily for the benefit of the next generation of humanity and those beyond. What, then?

Our new Golden Rule would say: "Do as you would have others do if you were to inhabit the future."

All your own affairs, if you followed such a rule, would concern, first, children—your own, those of all other people—and so, the world as you would be trying to shape it; not just for you, your family, your country and the immediate future of those alone, but for *everybody to come*. In such a case, you could not deceive yourself because you could not accomplish that purpose by self-deceits. You would not deceive others—because others, throughout the future, would be your primary concern.

You couldn't be close-minded, because you'd realize the goal of serving our common, human future plainly implied that what you know today would be added to, and changed, tomorrow; and you would also know (and prepare all young minds for the fact) that what the world's contemporary children are taught will be something else, perhaps unimaginable to you, in the same children's time.

So you would strive urgently to pass on to children, minds that would be and would stay entirely open, in order to use all new truth beyond your guessing; minds honest within and toward others, and minds full of love for man and the human future.

(Answers to Quiz on page 35)

1. "Romeo and Juliet"; 2. The Kentucky Derby; 3. The cranberry is a member of the heath family and wisteria is of the pea family; 4. "Abie's Irish Rose" played for 2,327 performances; 5. England; the opponents were the House of York, with a white rose for its badge, and the House of Lancaster with an emblem of the red rose; 6. The Rose of Sharon; 7. "The Yellow Rose of Texas"; 8. Thomas Moore; 9. Rosewood; 10. "The Rose Tattoo"; 11. Richard Strauss; 12. Rose Franken; 13. Rose-cut diamonds; 14. Brigham Young, but the quotation came from Isaiah; 15. Tokyo Rose; 16. Billy Rose; 17. "My Wild Irish Rose"; 18. Gertrude Stein; 19. "Rose Marie"; 20. "Le Spectre de la Rose" ("The Spectre of the Rose"); 21. "There's rosemary, that's for remembrance".

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INTERNATIONAL INCIDENTS

A STOREKEEPER in a small English village left a gas burner turned on in his shop one night, and upon arriving in the morning, struck a match to light it.

There was a terrific explosion and he was blown out through the door almost to the middle of the street.

A passerby rushed to his assistance and, helping him to rise, inquired if he was hurt.

The storekeeper gazed at his place of business which was now burning briskly, and said: "No, I'm not hurt. But I got out just in time."

—MRS. ELMER HIERS

IF YOUR CHILDREN sometimes balk at washing their hands before meals, tell them about Mohammedan school boys.

Like all others of their religion, they must wash hands, feet, face, nostrils, forearms and ears, and rinse the mouth *5 times a day*. This is called *Wadu*, or ritual cleansing before prayer. —*Quote*

AT AN INTERFAITH CONFERENCE, representatives of the various religious denominations were called on to explain the customs of their faith as a means of creating wider understanding.

A rabbi was asked to explain the significance of Yom Kippur, the Hebrew Day of Atonement. The rabbi pondered for some time, then answered, "Well, I guess you might describe it as a sort of Instant Lent."

—PAUL HERTZ

Research finds new fast way to shrink hemorrhoids without surgery

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In this unique outlet, which emphasizes talent instead of charity, senior citizens can display and sell their handmade wares with pride—and profit

BY HENRY LEE

IN BROOKLYN RECENTLY, a widow in her 80s doubtfully finished making a mink stole hanger and mailed the knickknack off to a unique store across the East River in Manhattan. A few days later, to her delight, she was notified that her hanger, priced at $4.95, seemed like a natural for the shop's Christmas trade. Working day and night, the widow fashioned enough hangers to net herself $395 over the holiday season.

This store "that sells things for old people" is the non-profit Elder Craftsmen Shop, an outlet where persons 60 and over can sell their handicrafts on a competitive basis in the brisk, unsentimental New York market. In contrast to some volunteer shops which offer such work on almost a charity basis, The Elder Craftsmen sets high standards in workmanship, style and material. "The aged don't want pity," says the store's director, Miss Eugenie d'Arsi. "They want self-respect. By selling competitively, the elderly feel a sense of achievement in that people are *not* buying out of sympathy."

Not long ago, for example, a dejected-looking man in his late 70s walked in and handed Miss d'Arsi a small wood-carved horse. "Suppose anybody would want one of these things?" he asked uncertainly.

"He was a retired streetcar conductor whose wife had just died,"

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Miss d'Arsi recalls, "and he was completely lost. Though he used only a knife and a file—and had never taken a lesson—his workmanship was excellent. We took several horses on consignment."

The carvings sold surprisingly well; now the ex-trolley conductor regularly turns out little horses and inlaid boxes in pear, walnut and other woods. "Most important," Miss d'Arsi says, "he has begun to smile."

Approximately 400 elderly artisans scattered through 200 U.S. cities use The Elder Craftsmen shop as a profitable outlet. If you wander through the attractive little store, located at 850 Lexington Avenue in New York City, you will find a bewildering profusion of 1,500 products on display. They range from 25-cent steel bookmarks to specially-ordered $400 hook rugs. You will also find hand-knitted gloves, silk ties, candlestick holders, ceramic ware and children's clothing. All the items, approved by professional designers, have one quality in common—smartness. This draws to Elder Craftsmen, shoppers who would normally patronize higher-priced stores: Cornelia Otis Skinner, Mrs. Raymond Massey, Mrs. Fredric March, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt and Mrs. Nelson Rockefeller.

Curiously, almost a third of the artisans are elderly men. One of the store's prize displays is a $300 needle-point cover for a card table which was painstakingly embroidered by a former pantryman on an ocean liner. And not long ago, a retired bricklayer came to the Shop with a hooked rug of such highly

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Answers to Sightseeing Quiz

(on page 81)

1. Huntington Museum, Pasadena, California, *Los Angeles Tour 1*
2. Statue of Liberty, New York, *Tour 4*
3. Juarez, Mexico, *Tour 3 from El Paso*
4. Kansas City, Mo., *Grand Circle Tour*
5. Minneapolis, Minnesota, *Tour 2*
6. Port Angeles, Washington, *Tour 1*
7. Nantucket Island, Massachusetts
8. Peachtree St., Atlanta, Ga., *Tour 1*
9. Quebec's Gaspe Peninsula. *Scenic Gaspe Holiday Tour*
10. Lake Mead, Nevada

RATE YOURSELF: 8 to 10—Excellent
5 to 7—Very good
3 to 4—Good
1 to 2—Poor

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contemporary design that experts from the Museum of Contemporary Crafts called it one of the best examples of its kind.

The store's all-time best seller, however, has been a stuffed imitation of the Cowardly Lion in *The Wizard of Oz*. The doll was created by a 93-year-old woman resident of a home for the aged. "She never made many, sometimes only one a month," says Miss d'Arsi, "but they sold almost as fast as we could get them on the counter. Recently, she became ill, and her design was given to a 'youngster' of 73 to carry on."

The elderly artisans also provide patient, personalized repair service for damaged handicraft items. They will fix antique ship models, string pearls, repair other jewelry, restore needle point, tapestries and hooked rugs, hem linens by hand or machine, monogram fabrics, make extra-soft linen towels for the chronically ill, clean paintings, rebind books and reproduce special articles brought in by customers.

Another personalized service that can be had for as little as $15 is a "primitive" appliqué reproduction of the customer's country estate, done from photographs. Mrs. Raymond Massey ordered two such paintings made of her home in Connecticut. No one at Elder Craftsmen has ever met the artist who does this appliqué work. An amputee, she never leaves her wheel chair. But her creations are so refreshingly primitive that one art authority is quietly making a collection of them.

The Elder Craftsmen Shop is an outgrowth of the Hobby Show for

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Older Persons, staged annually for over 12 years by the Community Council of Greater New York. So many elderly exhibitors—and customers—asked for a permanent facility that the Shop was established five years ago. Miss d'Arsi, a former consultant on recreational services for older people for the Federation of Protestant Welfare Agencies, has been its first and only director.

In the beginning, the Shop experienced rough going. Only organizational support from the Community Council, plus the dedicated work of volunteers, pulled it through. Today, its sales have doubled to some $31,000 annually.

Miss d'Arsi believes that the store owes much of its success to the work of lay and professional volunteers. For example, to insure smart design, the National Home Fashions League, a group of women executives in all phases of the home furnishings and housewares fields, has "adopted" the Shop as its philanthropic project. A former buyer at Lord & Taylor's in New York City, aids in the styling. Other advisers include a business consultant attached to the New York State Department of Commerce, a professional toy agent and the director of an arts-and-crafts school.

Because of its competitive approach, Elder Craftsmen must be demanding in what will be accepted on consignment from the elderly. Such traditional items as potholders and crocheted articles can no longer be sold. "But we always want *new* things and *new* people if they do meet the highly compet-

WHY DO YOU HAVE GRAY HAIR?

If you have gray hair three weeks from today, it's because you want it! There's not a reason in the world for you to look older than you feel—because of gray hair. The modern way to natural-looking hair color is Grecian Formula 16. Not an out-moded coal tar dye! Not a messy color rinse! But a colorless liquid for men and women that changes drab gray hair to youthful-looking color so gradually, so subtly you'll be delighted. Whether you were formerly a blond, brunette or redhead, Grecian Formula 16 will give your gray hair the natural-looking color pleasantly reminiscent of years gone by. And periodic applications will keep it that way.

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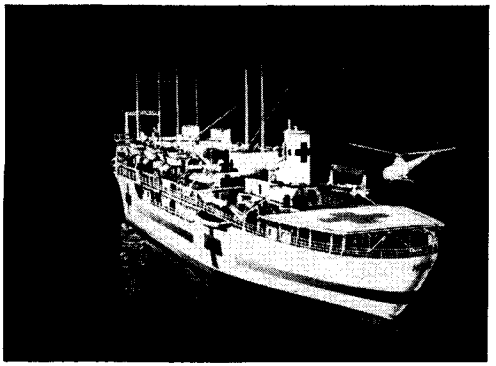

Help launch a ship called HOPE

In a San Francisco dry dock, workers are refitting a wartime hospital ship, now called the S.S. Hope. This huge, white ship is a bold new *people-to-people* project that will cost relatively little—and should win much lasting friendship for America.

It will be a seagoing medical center, staffed by Americans and fully equipped with our best facilities and drugs. It will serve primarily to train and assist local doctors and technicians—so that *they* can treat their own countrymen more effectively.

The S.S. Hope will go wherever it's invited—to *help people help themselves to better health.* It will work with doctors in countries like Indonesia, which has only one doctor for 80,000 people (compared to one for 700 in the U.S.).

Over 1,000 American medical specialists have already volunteered for Hope. To launch the ship—and keep it sailing—will take at least *a dollar apiece from 3½ million Americans.* Will *you* be one of them?

HELP LAUNCH HOPE

Send your contribution to
HOPE, Box 9808, Washington 15, D. C.

itive standards," Miss d'Arsi says.

For potential new contributors, the store supplies an application questionnaire which asks the type of article made, how long the work takes, cost of materials and suggested selling price. For accepted articles, Elder Craftsmen sets the retail price, 75 percent of which is returned to the maker when the merchandise is sold. The Shop retains 25 percent. In addition, it stipulates that finished articles must live up to the samples, that the price may be reduced if necessary and that the maker must take back unsold articles after a reasonable time.

While Elder Craftsmen earns about $7,500 a year in commissions, its rent, overhead and salaries come to considerably more than that. However, through occasional Foundation grants and support from some 300 members who have paid $10 or more to join the non-profit corporation, the Shop manages to keep its head above water.

Recently, the store has begun to make "competition" for itself, helping to establish a similar operation in Philadelphia and advising prospective sponsors in Massachusetts and California.

Thus encouraged, Elder Craftsmen has launched a new pilot project that may prove even more fruitful. To encourage preparation for retirement, the Shop is marketing wares made by people in their 60s and still employed. Right now, it feels, is the time to discover hidden talents and productive interests that will make the retirement years busy, profitable and happy.

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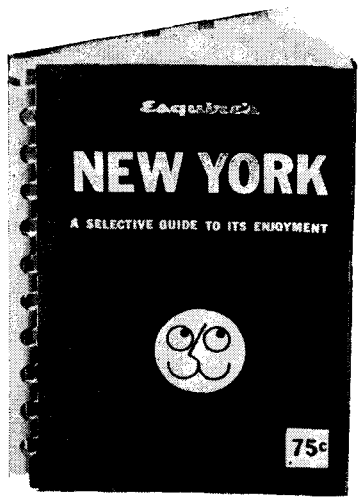

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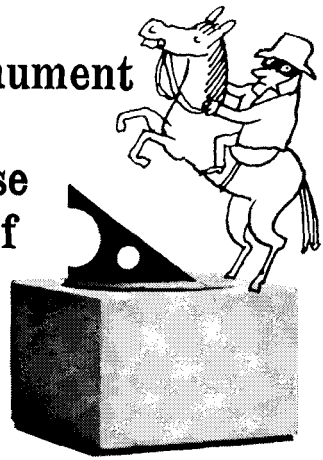
by Chester D. Campbell

Monument to a horse thief



EARLY IN THE 19th century, mere mention of the name John A. Murrell struck terror in the hearts of settlers in Tennessee and Mississippi. This notorious horse thief and cutthroat slashed a bloody path for a full decade. He was so despicable, legend has it, that when he died the people of Bledsoe County, Tennessee, couldn't bear to have his dust mingle with their fair soil. So they flung his corpse into the next county.

But if they thought that this was the end of John Murrell, they were grossly in error. For his ill-won fame is perpetuated today by one of the oddest memorials on record.

It had its origin in a bitter feud that gripped Nashville during the late 1800s. There, two closely allied railroads boasted a profitable monopoly until an upstart named Jere Baxter offered competition with his small Tennessee Central line.

Outspoken Major E. C. Lewis, an official of both powerful railroads, pulled every trick in the book to block Baxter. But Baxter proved a formidable foe. Refused permission to build a station in town or to lay his tracks through Nashville, he built a belt line around it. His fearless jousting with the wealthy rail magnates made Baxter a hero to the people of Nashville. And after his death in 1904, a group of citizens erected a bronze statue of him at a strategic intersection.

Old Major Lewis fumed like a ten-wheeler under a full head of steam. They had placed the memorial to his departed enemy a short distance from his home. And there Baxter stood on a lofty pedestal, looking down on the Major as he trudged to and from the office. It didn't take the old firebrand long to plot his revenge.

As chairman of the Nashville Park Board, he had a large granite marker topped by a smaller square of marble, erected in Centennial Park, scene of the state's 1897 Exposition. With appropriate pomp, Major Lewis unveiled his handiwork. His speech said, in essence: "The people of Nashville have seen fit to erect a memorial to a railroad thief, so I hereby dedicate this monument to John A. Murrell—horse thief."

The marker stands today amid the tulip beds in Centennial Park. And though a later Board chiseled off the inscription "Murrell," the memorial is probably the oddest any horse thief ever enjoyed.

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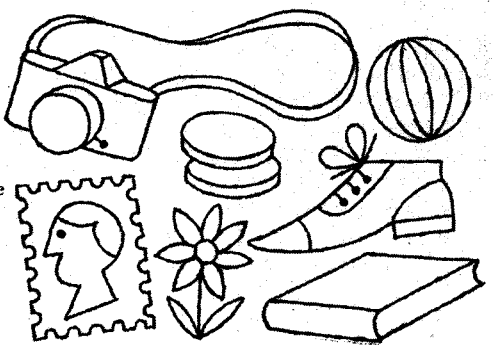
CORONET FAMILY SHOPPER



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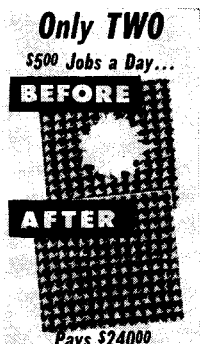
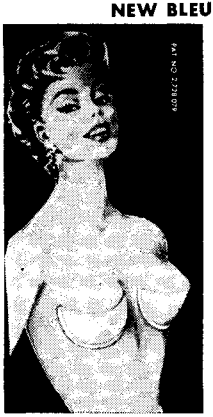


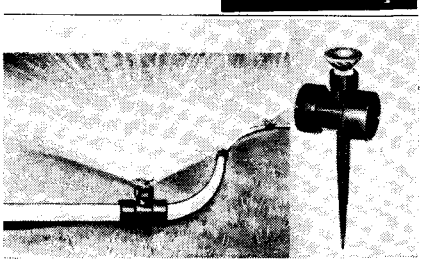
NEW BLEUMETTE BRA



Heavenly comfort! Just two cups to lift sag to youthful highlines. No shoulder straps. No wires, no bones. The ultimate in bosom loveliness . . . highlights natural beauty. Holds you firmly and securely with absolute comfort! Perfect for backless and strapless gowns on glamorous Special Occasions. Created by a top New York bra designer. Velvety soft and pliable yet sturdy material . . . Flesh Color . . . . . Sizes A, B and C . . . . . Package of 2 pair for only $2.98 postpaid with primer to restore adhesive edge of bra. Satisfaction guaranteed . . . Send check or MO to Bleumette, Inc., ... Department A-214 . . . . . 509 Fifth Avenue . . . . . New York 17, N. Y.

MORE DAZZLING THAN DIAMONDS

Diamonds cost at least $1000 for 1-carat, yet a comparable, selected 1-carat Capra Gem is only $27—tax inc.! Brilliantly beautiful hand-cut, hand-polished Capra Gems are priced within easy reach of all. These gems are truly a miracle of modern science. Learn all about how you can enjoy the magnificence of a dazzling Capra Gem, write today for our beautifully illustrated Free catalog. See . . . in actual size . . . the wide selection of men's and women's styles, settings, prices. Read about our easy payment plans to suit every budget. Send no money. You are under no obligation and no salesman will call. Capra Gem Company, Dept. CT-70, Box 5145, Philadelphia 41, Pennsylvania.



SPRINKLE UP TO 1500 SQ. FT., $1

New turbine-action Sprinkler spins a fine mist of water up to 1,500 square feet! Attaches to any hose. Set up singly, or in series . . . it's the world's lowest-priced sprinkler system. Versatile—can be moved where needed. Rugged, moulded-nylon design . . . can't clog, rust or get out of order! Guaranteed the most effective sprinkler you've ever used or money back! Only $1, postage paid . . . three for $2.79. Order Whirl-A-Jet from Sunset House, 658 Sunset Building, Beverly Hills, California.

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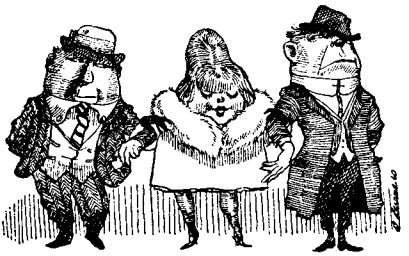


GRIN AND SHARE IT

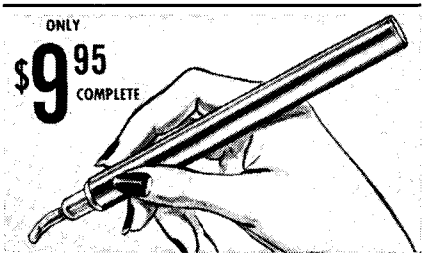
TWO WIVES were airing their troubles. Said the first: "My husband and I just don't get along."

"Why don't you sue him for incompatibility?" asked her friend, sympathetically.

"I would," replied the first, "if I could catch him at it." —GLORIA MASTERS

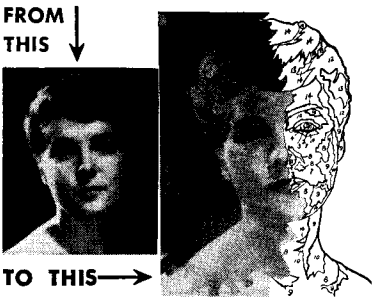
AN INSURANCE AGENT who was getting nowhere in his effort to sell a policy to a farmer finally said, "Look at it this way. How would your wife carry on if you should die?" "Well,"

(continued on page 184)



REMOVE UGLY HAIR FOR GOOD

Ease hair from lips, from chin, from any part of body. Hair roots destroyed almost instantly. By following safe, simple instructions, avoiding warts, moles, and other blemishes, you will be free of unwanted hair! Money back if the Hairgon Exolator's safe, gentle Self-Electrolysis method doesn't do what beauticians charge hundreds to do. No electric connections to plug in. $9.95 ppd., deluxe model $14.95 ppd. For C.O.D. send $1 deposit. Sloan & Peters Co., Dept. K-9, 11 E. 47 St., New York 17, N. Y.



OIL PORTRAIT KIT . . . $9.95

No Experience Necessary!

Send only $9.95 & a Photograph Portrait, Sharp Clear Snapshot or Color Slide (Any Size, Black and White or Color) to receive a "Portrait-Kit" which includes a 16" x 20" Canvas Panel Diagrammed to Paint the Portrait by Numbered Blanks; All Oil Paints; Two Fine Brushes; Full Instructions and Your Unharmed Photo. Indicate Hair and Eye Coloring. Our new Paint-By-Numbers Process (Pat. Pend.) Results in a Professional Style Portrait Without the Usual Patchwork Appearance. Thousands of Satisfied Customers. Send only $9.95 to:

PORTRAIT CRAFT
620 Avalon Mim Blvd.,
Wilmington 60, Calif.

All America Loves the KIT KAT KLOCK

Yes, the country's most popular electric novelty clock is tail-wagging its way into the homes and hearts of America. Rolling eyes, clock hands and grinning mouth glow in the dark. 15¼" high, 4" wide, self-starting synchronous electric motor—approved by Underwriters Laboratories and guaranteed for one year against defects, this accurate timepiece can blend into any room of your house. Available in Jet Black, Rustic Copper, Lime Yellow, Chinese Red, Pastel Pink or Pastel Blue. $11.95 ppd., Fed. Tax Incl. Dealers inquiries invited.

GALENTINE NOVELTY COMPANY
Dept. C, 519 E. Jefferson Blvd.
South Bend 17, Ind.

(Continued on next page)

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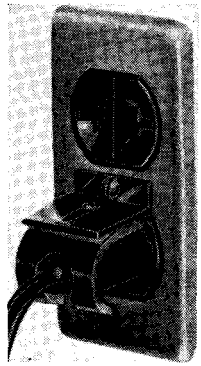
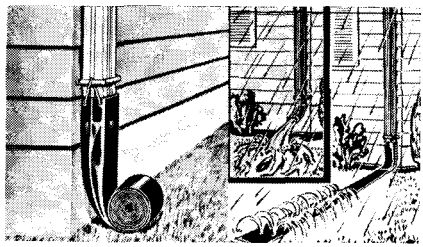
NEW! ELECTRICAL PLUG LOCK

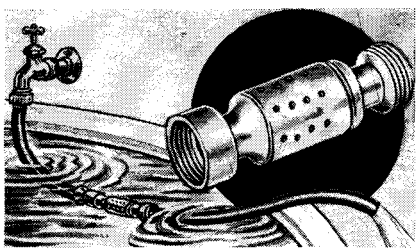


Unique! A wonderful contribution to our electrified civilization. Electrical Plug Lock connects to outlet, can save thousands of dollars in damages! It protects children from possible harm. It automatically eliminates the ever-present danger of accidentally disconnecting the refrigerator, freezer, electric signs, alarms, nite-lites, appliances, anything that plugs in. It locks the plug into the outlet and keeps it completely secure. Easy to install in a moment, adjusts for any size plug. The best insurance you can get! For homes, offices, factories, stores. 3 for $1.25 ppd. 6 for $2. Lord George Ltd., Dept. C-7, 1270 Broadway, New York 1, N. Y.



STOP RAIN WASHOUTS—$1.98

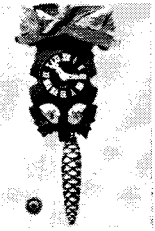
Rain-Drain eliminates gutted, gullied, washed out lawn areas around downspouts automatically! Rain-Drain is a 12 ft. rolled up green plastic sleeve . . . easily attached to downspouts. When water flows through downspout Rain-Drain unrolls carrying away the rushing water. Sprinkler holes at end soak and spray without damage. Wear-proof! Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back! Rain-Drain, only $1.98, postage paid. Order from Sunset House, 674 Sunset Building, Beverly Hills, California.



PUMP WATER DRY—SAVE MONEY $2.75

Without electricity or moving parts this suction drainer pumps 330 gallons of water per hour from flooded cellars, swimming pools, trenches, washing machines, boats, lily ponds, etc. Just attach with a garden hose to any screw type faucet, attach another section of hose to the discharge end, turn on the water and it goes to work. Only $2.75. Mail your order today. Medford Products, Dept. COR-3, Box 39, Bethpage, N. Y.

CUCKOO CLOCK



$3.95 DUTY FREE POSTPAID

CUCKOOS EVERY FIFTEEN MINUTES

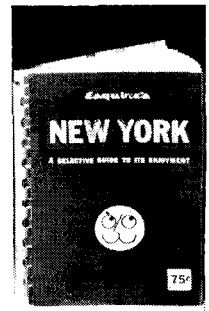
From the Black Forest of Germany direct to you . . . . Excellent time keeper. Lowest price ever. With weight and pendulum. Finished in Antique Walnut. Hand carved. Cuckoos in a pleasing lovely voice. Send $3.95 for Regular Model or send $5 for Deluxe Model. No C.O.D.'s. Sent Postpaid. Sold on Money Back Guarantee. Best Values Co., C 76, 403 Market St., Newark, New Jersey.

HOLDS AND SHOWS 24 CARDS!

CREDIT CARD ORGANIZER

Why fumble for credit cards? Organize them in this new, wafer-thin Credit Card Organizer and Pocket Secretary. Transparent pockets hold 24 or more cards, licenses, photos instantly accessible. Special pocket for Diner's Club and Am. Exp. books. Compartments for money, checks, time tables. Contains full-size reminder and alphabetical phone-address index. Slim and distinctive in Morocco Grain Miralong (jet black or sable brown). Free gold-plate initials. Only $3.95 gift-boxed, ppd. 2 for $7, 3 for $10. Diner's Club charge accepted. Money back guarantee. Novel Mfg. Co., Dept. C-8, 33 Second Avenue, New York 3, New York.

ESQUIRE'S NEW YORK GUIDE



Planning a visit to New York? Then you'll want a copy of Esquire Magazine's new Guide to the world's biggest and most interesting city. Its title is "Esquire's New York—A Selective Guide to Its Enjoyment." And enjoyment is exactly what you will get out of it, for this Guide is a joy to read—gay, witty and sparkling! When you visit New York, you'll double your fun by following the tips in the Guide on where to go, what to do, what to see, where to dine. Read famous writers such as Mort Sahl, Gay Talese, Joseph Wechsberg, Gerry Mulligan, and many others. To order your copy send 75¢ check, coins or money order (no stamps), to Reader Service Department, P. O. Box 402, Radio City Sta., New York 19, N. Y.

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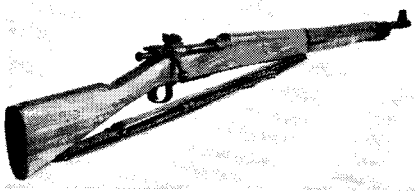
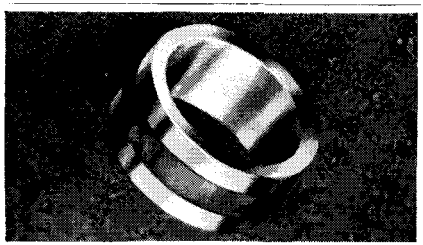


SURPLUS SALES

—of U.S. Government. Anyone can buy direct from U.S. Government Surplus Depots for himself or for resale, Cars, Jeeps, Trucks, Motorcycles, Tires, Tubes, Tents, Furniture, Shoes, Clothing, Hardware, Radios, TV's, Tools, Typewriters, and thousands of other items at a fraction of the cost. Save Dealer profits. For list of hundreds of U.S. Government Surplus Depots, located in every State and overseas, with Procedure "How To Buy", also how to get free surplus, Mail $2.00 to Surplus Sales, Box 954, Dept. 407, Dallas 21, Texas.



CHARMED CIRCLE

This stunning silver and turquoise band is the smartest of fashion accents . . . unusual and beautiful as a wedding or friendship ring. Hand made of Sterling Silver and inlaid with choice azure-blue-turquoise. An Heirloom gift. In all men's and women's sizes. Send actual ring size. Postpaid with Federal tax included. In Sterling Silver, $9.95; in solid 14 Karat Gold, $54.00. Send for Free new Fashion catalog. Miller's 4877 East Speedway, Dept. C-7, Tucson, Arizona.

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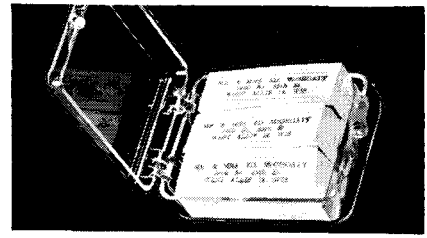
Keep yourself posted on latest stamp-world developments; keep your Scott catalogs current and up to date with the authoritative Scott's Monthly Journal. Carries latest prices, new-issue information, catalog changes, articles, illustrations, facts of interest to both the specialist and the average collector. 1 year (11 issues) $4. Canada $4.50. Foreign $5. Each copy sent by first class mail. Payment with order, please. Write today: Scott—Dept. CF—Portland Pl.—Boulder, Colorado.



PRINTED NAME & ADDRESS LABELS—$1

1000 sparkling gummed name and address labels nicely printed with your full name and address with a lovely plastic box for just $1, postpaid! Special: 3 orders for $2.00. 5 orders or more at 75¢ per order. Worth much, much more! Stick 'em on letters, checks, pkgs., etc. Big bargain! Makes a fine gift! 300 name and address labels 50¢. Same fine quality labels but no plastic box. Just 50¢ postpaid for 300 labels. Money back gaurantee. Tower Press, Inc., Box 591-KC, Lynn, Massachusetts.

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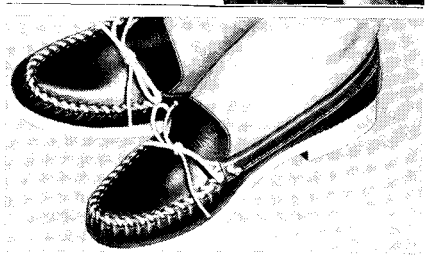
Don't let a weak or untrained voice hold you back in business or social life! Good voice and speech are the keys to self-confidence, poise, personality and financial success! Exclusive new method successfully tested by *thousands of executives* and public speakers, will add amazing strength and magnetism to your voice in a few short weeks or money back. Includes big LP training records, easy illustrated lessons and self-testing microphone. Takes only minutes a day at home. Free 16-page voice booklet. Send name, address, age today. No obligation; no salesmen. Hollywood Voice-Speech Institute, Studio N701, 5504 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, Calif.



LIKE WALKING ON AIR

Narrow as an arrow are handlaced moccasins for the lass who's hard to fit! Over 223 sizes in stock for the outdoor gal who likes to hike, or the gal who likes to relax indoors. Flexibly set on foam crepe soles in White, Smoke, Red, Taffytan or Black leather. Full and half sizes 3 to 13, AAAAAA to EEE widths. Guaranteed to delight! Naturally purchases can be exchanged. Fast delivery! Factory-to-you $5.95 plus 50¢ postage. (COD's accepted.) Moccasin-Craft, 58-CH Buffum St., Lynn, Mass.

(*Continued on next page*)

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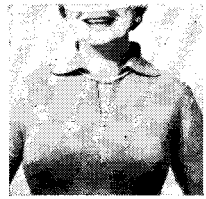
AFTER BREAST SURGERY

Look and feel normal again . . . even in bathing suit, sweater. Like natural breast, Identical Form adapts to body movements. Fits any well-fitting bra, never slips. Doctors recommend its equalized weight, normal contour. Regain complete comfort and confidence. Write for free lit., where-to-buy. Dept. C. Identical Form Inc., 17 W. 60 St., N. Y. 23, N. Y.



KILL THE HAIR ROOT!

Now you can destroy unwanted hair permanently, in the privacy of your home, with famous Mahler Epilator! Acclaimed by thousands who, after reading our instructions carefully, learned to use the Mahler safely and efficiently. Send 10¢ today (pstg. & hdlg), for "New Radiant Beauty." Mahler's Inc., Dept. 320J, Providence 15, R. I.

UP TO $300 EXTRA MONEY

Show fabulous new 1960 Self-selling Evans Christmas Card, Gift line, No-Money-Down, No-Risk Sample Starting Plan. Profits to 100%. Send today for saleable boxes to be paid for or returned-plus Free big Album Personalized cards, 2 big Order-Getting Illustrated Catalogs of over 300 items. Write now. New England Art Publishers, North Abington 79, Mass.

BUY REAL DIAMONDS THIS NEW WAY

"The talk of the country." Save up to 50% buying direct from one of the world's well-known diamond cutters. Over 5000 diamond ring styles $50 to $50,000. Ring mailed to you for inspection without payment if reference given. Credit Terms. Write for Catalog C-4, Empire Diamond Corp., Empire State Building, New York 1, N. Y. Free Diamond Catalog C-6.

INSURANCE FOR PEOPLE 60 TO 80

Let us tell you how you can still apply for a $1,000 life insurance policy to help take care of final expenses without burdening your family. You can handle the entire transaction by mail. No one will call on you. Simply mail postcard, giving year of birth, to Old American Insurance Company, Dept. L725M, 4900 Oak., Kansas City, Missouri.

(continued from page 181)

replied the farmer, "I don't reckon that's any concern of mine—so long as she behaves herself while I'm alive."

—ANTHONY HUNTER

A WOMAN DROVE DOWNTOWN and luckily found ample parking space right where she wanted to shop. She gaily backed in until she hit the car behind her with a loud bang. Then she pulled forward and smacked the car ahead. This crash drew the attention of a policeman who leaned in the window and asked, "Lady, do you always park by ear?"

—LEONARD HERMAN

SITUATION-WANTED AD clipped from a New York newspaper: "Girl would like job running elevator in office building. No previous experience. Would prefer low building."

—PATRICIA HUNT

A LARGE SUPERMARKET moved into a rural Mississippi town and opened with a flourish of posters, one of which read: Bacon 65¢ lb. A fix-it store down the street put up a sign: Bacon 60¢ lb. Back came the supermarket, Bacon 59¢. On this went until they were down to 40¢ a pound.

At this point the supermarket

SEE, NEARER, CLEARER AND LARGER

Wonderful new clip-on magnifiers fit over your regular prescription glasses. Help you see nearer, clearer and larger. Fits all glasses. Use in home, office or shop for fine print or fine work. Converts your distance glasses into reading glasses. Send $3.95 or order C. O. D. 30 Day Money Back Guarantee. Nu-Life Prod. Dept. C-259, Cos Cob, Conn.

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manager called on the small store's owner. "We'd better stop," said he, "or we'll cut our own throats." "I'm O.K.," said the little man. "Tell me," said his rival, "how can you do it?" "Well," the little fellow replied, "I don't sell bacon." —MRS. ADA DEMQUE

ONLY SILENCE met the switchboard operator's repeated response of "City Hall." Then, for the last time, she announced:

"City Hall, to whom do you wish to speak?"

A faltering female voice finally answered:

"I guess with no one . . . I found this number in my husband's pocket." —JUDY TRAVIS

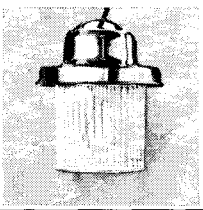
AN APPLICANT to the State Game Commission for a job as game warden included this explanation: "I am and have always been interested in the prevention of wild life." —MRS. NORMAN D. THORSON

A DEPARTMENT STORE had advertised 100 hats for sale at $1 each, and the millinery department was jammed with hysterical women.

One finally struggled through the mass of squirming bodies, reached a clerk and handed her $1. In her

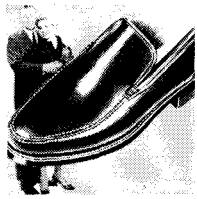
KILLS ALL FLYING INSECTS

Mosquito, Moth, Fly, etc. No Chemicals, Gasses. No Insect Recovery. Hang up Anywhere. Covers ½ Acre. Guaranteed. Should Last 25 Years. Plug Into Any 110V Outlet. Uses Up to 200W Lamp. Grid Costs 10¢ Month. Has Fly Attractor Dead Insect Tray . . . Cord Directions . . . Reasonable Price. Write . . . Sing Sing Bug Chair Inc., Box K 3708, Oak Park 37, Michigan.



IT'S GREAT TO BE TALLER

Just step into "Elevators" amazing height-increasing shoes, and be almost 2" taller. Important inches that bring new respect in business, admiration from her. "Elevators" look like other fine shoes; so tall men as well as short men wear them with no one the wiser. For free booklet of 34 styles write Brockton Footwear, Inc., Dept. 2-70, Brockton, Mass.



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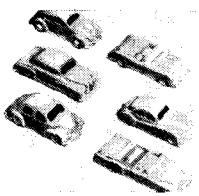
FREE FILM DEVELOPING *Introductory Offer*

Send us your Kodacolor film for Free developing when prints are ordered. Pay only for prints. 8 exp. roll $2, 12 exp. $3, reprints 25¢. Black & White 8 exp. roll 40¢, 12 exp. 60¢, reprints 5¢ ea. Quick Service. Movie Processing—8mm roll $1, Mag. 75¢. 35 mm slides—20 exp. $1. Send for Free folder; Fast-X-Foto, Dept. C, Box 7A, Jersey City, N. J.

WHY DRESS OLD-FASHIONED?

For only $10—we can change your double-breasted suits and overcoats into up-to-date narrow lapel, single-breasted styles. Also wide lapel, single-breasted suits made narrow lapel. No fitting necessary. Bring in or mail your coat with $5 deposit. Goodwin Master Tailors, 3248 3rd Avenue (at 163rd St.), Bronx 56, New York. WY1-4350. Open 9 AM to 7 PM.

40 MODEL CARS FOR ONLY $1.



Perfectly scaled models of foreign & American cars, brilliantly colored & detailed. A world of pleasure for any child or adult. No assembling nec. Unbreakable. Each car marked clearly with its own name: Jaguar, MG, Cadillac. All the cars kids dream about. Gift packaged. Just $1, plus 25¢ post. & handling. Sports Cars, Dept. M-1, 11 E. 47 St., N.Y.17, N.Y.

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No need to push up ever-sliding glasses. Keep your glasses snug-fitting with a pair of Ear-LOKS. Soft, elastic tabs stretch easily over ends of ear pieces. Invisible. Comfortable. Fit all plastic eyeglass frames, men, women & children. 59¢ a pair, 2 pairs $1.00. No C.O.D.'s. Satisfaction guaranteed. Dorsay Products, Dept. K, 200 W. 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

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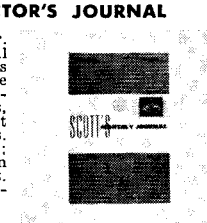
Published 11 times a year. Scott's Monthly Journal keeps all Scott catalogs up to date. Carries price changes, latest-issue information, illustrations, articles, facts of interest to enthusiastic collectors. $4 yearly; $4.50 Canada; $5 foreign. Payment with order, please. Scott—Dept. C-2—Portland Pl.—Boulder, Colorado.



other hand she held a hat. "Don't bother to wrap it," she said. "I'll wear it."

"But don't you want a bag for your old hat?" the clerk wanted to know.

"No, thanks," the beaming customer replied, "I just sold it."

—GEORGE MORRIS

AN ARKANSAS RAZORBACK is about the toughest critter known to man, according to an Ozark hillbilly who tells this story:

"One day a big boar found a case of dynamite and ate a dozen sticks of it. He wandered on up to the barn and, just for pure cussedness, bit our best plow mule. Quick as lightning the mule turned around and kicked him square in the stomach. Ordinarily, it wouldn't have bothered the hog a bit, but the dynamite went off, the corn crib was wrecked, windows broken for miles around and the

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mule came down in the next county.

"Believe you me, for the next few days we had a mighty sick hog on our hands." —MRS. ELMER HIERS

A SHOP in New York City's Greenwich Village sells African ponchos advertised as "Me, Janes" and harem slacks called "Gunga Jeans." —WALTER ROSS

AN EARNEST YOUNG MINISTER, always eager to improve his sermons, bought a tape recorder and recorded one of his Sunday morning services. After supper that evening, he set up the recorder, seated himself in an easy chair, and awaited the playback.

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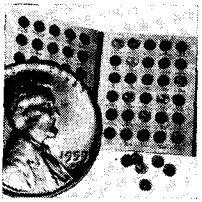
When he awoke some time later, the choir was just starting the closing hymn. —MRS. DEANE BINDER

FIND PENNIES—WORTH DOLLARS



Coin collecting is lots and lots of fun and can be extremely profitable, too. This Lincoln penny album is worth $50 or more when completed. Fill 89 spaces with Lincoln pennies; dates and marks are printed in album. Only $1.00 postpaid from No-El Enterprises, Dept. C, Post Office Box 7, North Hollywood, California.

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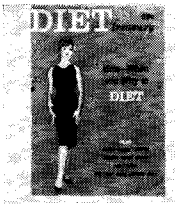

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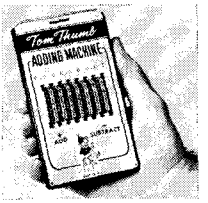

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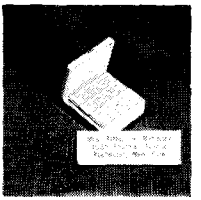

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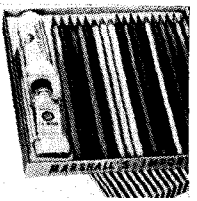

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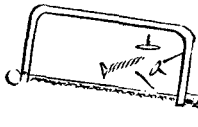
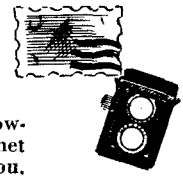


SHOPPING GUIDE

Classified



The special Shopping Guide below offers you a showcase of many unique products and services. Coronet hopes you will find items of interest and value to you.

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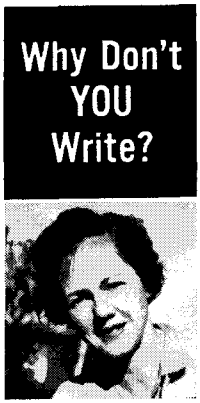

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Layman's law

BY WILL BERNARD

WHAT THE LAYMAN LACKS in legal training, he often makes up for in legal instinct . . .

IN A NEW ENGLAND STATE some years ago, a lawyer received this letter from a client:

"Dear Sir: My boy got struck by an automobile numbered 48,726B. If the owner is rich, sue him at once. The boy wasn't bruised any, but on your notifying me that you have brought suit, I will hit him in two or three places with a hammer. Yours truly . . ."

IN ENGLAND, a woman was arrested for stealing a shopping basket from a new-fangled supermarket. In court, she won an acquittal by pointing out that a sign over the pile of baskets said: "PLEASE TAKE ONE."

BETTER BUSINESS BUREAU officials in Indiana got a request from a woman for the name of a shyster lawyer. She explained: "I figure it will take a crooked one to win my case."

IN IRELAND, a retired major was at odds with the irascible man next door. One stormy night, the major's chimney toppled onto the neighbor's house, doing considerable damage. Without waiting for a complaint, the major sent over this message: "Send me back my bricks immediately, or I shall put the matter in the hands of an attorney."

IN NORTH CAROLINA, a convicted felon succeeded in getting the judge to cut his jail sentence from 13 years to 12 years, by reminding His Honor that 13 is an unlucky number.

IN MICHIGAN, a husband, with all due respect for a court order forbidding him to lay a hand on his wife, butted her with his head.

IN ILLINOIS, a law was passed forbidding vegetable peddlers from crying their wares in city streets. But one ingenious peddler found a way to do business as usual. He named his horse "Cabbages" and covered his route shouting: "Whoa, Cabbages! Whoa, Cabbages!"

IN NEBRASKA some years ago, a man spied a wild goose passing over his house. On a sudden impulse, he honked his car horn. Sure enough, the goose circled closer.

"Bring me my shotgun!" he cried to his wife. As she handed him the gun, she reminded him that hunting was strictly forbidden within city limits. The man climbed into his car and began driving toward open country, drawing the goose after him by honking as he went. Finally he parked, gave the goose a farewell honk, and brought her down in proper legal fashion.

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